

# No Woman of Mine

Kyle Park

I was raisin' Hell in Nashville  
With a damn good friend of mine  
Talkin' 'bout the ideal woman  
Who might walk in tonight  
Brunettes, blondes, redheads  
And everything in between  
Tell me  
Who's the woman of your dreams

He said, "I'm lookin' for an angel  
Who's a devil in disguise  
Rich enough to buy the bank  
And easy on the eyes"  
I said you may be lookin'  
For somebody long and lean  
But I'll fill you in  
On what a woman is to me

Yeah, she's wearin faded blue jeans  
And Tony Lama boots  
Behind the wheel of a pick-up truck  
Playin' Merle Haggard tunes  
And if she don't know how to two-step  
And she's never learned to ride  
Then let me tell you, son  
That she ain't no woman of mine

I don't need no princess  
Or no daddy's girl  
I need a bona fied, backwoods, down-home lovin'  
If she's gonna rock my world  
The kind of woman who don't mind goin' out on a Saturday night  
Put the pedal to the metal and kick it into four wheel drive

Yeah, she looks her best in a cotton dress  
And Tony Lama boots  
Behind the wheel of a pick-up truck  
Playin' a Waylon tune  
And if she don't know how to two-step  
And she's never learned to ride  
Then let me tell you, son  
That she ain't no woman of mine

Oh she's wearin faded blue jeans  
And Tony Lama boots  
Behind the wheel of a pick-up truck  
Playin' Chris Ledoux  
And if she don't know how to two-step  
And she's never learned to ride  
Then let me tell you, son  
That she ain't no woman of mine  
Oh now let me tell you son that she ain't no woman of mine