

Rhinestoned

Maggie Antone

Rhinestoned cowgirls don't need nobody else
She'd rather roll one up than drink from the top shelf
She'd rather be high without a care in her mind
Riding a mustang into the moonlight

They call her a loner
Buskin' her ass through the lone-star state
Grindin' her weed on a runaway freight
There's no place like home
She's a high class stoner
Head held high, but she hangs low
Shining bright through a cloud of smoke
She's Rhinestoned

Gave him her all and didn't get nothing back
So she slammed that door and smoked one last cigarette
Started her car and she hits the gas
Ripped the rear-view off and never lookin' back
He'd never be enough
And baby just because

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She's as good as gone, and now he knows
That she left a long time ago
She's gone, She's gone
It's kind of hard to face the facts
When all she does is turn her back
She goes like smoke

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Buskin' her ass through the lone-star state
Grindin' her weed on a runaway freight
There's no place to go
She's a high class stoner
Head held high, but she hangs low
Shinin' bright through a cloud of smoke
She's Rhinestoned