

Willie Nelson

Steve Moakler

You ain't from California, but you got that sunshine smile
You got me riding on a hazy, baby-blue heatwave
If I'd known you back when the west was wild
We'd be gold rush outlaw renegades

But here we are tonight, and look what I found
An angel flying just little too close to the ground

Yeah, you're sweet like honey, deep-pocket money
Gonna spend it all on you till I'm broke on love
You got a kiss like confetti, it burns likes whiskey
Ain't a moonlight, one-night, two-beer buzz
Yeah, girl, you're messing me up
I'm on a high Willie Nelson'd be jealous of

Yeah, I don't need that smoke
Girl, you got my head in the clouds
Feel like a highwayman with the ragtop down
Just so you know, I'd like to see where this thing goes
Yeah, you and me, we're on a roll
I'm all lit up off just one hit of us

Yeah, you're sweet like honey, deep-pocket money
Gonna spend it all on you till I'm broke on love
You got a kiss like confetti, it burns likes whiskey
Ain't a moonlight, one-night, two-beer buzz
Yeah, girl, you're messing me up
I'm on a high Willie Nelson'd be jealous of
Messing me up

Yeah, since you came through town
Oh, now there ain't no coming down
No, no

Yeah, you're sweet like honey, deep-pocket money
Gonna spend it all on you till I'm broke on love
You got a kiss like confetti, it burns likes whiskey
Ain't a moonlight, one-night, two-beer buzz
Yeah, girl, you're messing me up
I'm on a high Willie Nelson'd be jealous of

Oh, yeah, girl, you're messing me up
I'm on a high Willie Nelson'd be jealous of