

There's something 'bout the feel
Of glass on steel
Like hands on the hips of a woman
You start at the top and work your way down
You strike a chord and get her goin'

She's looking round the room,
Lookin' a little thirsty
Wonderin' who's buying tonight

Well I whip out the bills
And lookin' for thrills
And say, "Hey, baby, I'm your guy."

Slide that shot across the bar and pay the man four dollar fifty
Slide them heels on the dance floor, that's why rednecks drink whiskeys,
Slide on over here 'cause you're lookin' so so damn pretty,
Slide on into second girl, I don't mind getting a little bit dirty,

Slide oh
Slide oh

Well that band's kickin' ass,
She's shakin' hers
And that beer's flowin' like water
That'll make me stay
That look in her eyes
She ain't worried about tomorrow

Slide on out the door gonna leave my keys at the bar
Slide on in a cab well honey my place ain't far
Slide on over here 'cause you're lookin' so so damn pretty
Slide on in the third, I don't mind gettin' a little bit dirty

Slide oh
Slide oh

Slide that dress off ya, girl,
A little birthday suit dainty,
Slide under them sheets girl,
I got the velvet, a little bit fancy
Slide on over here 'cause you're lookin' so so damn pretty,
Slide on into home, I don't mind gettin' a little bit dirty,
Slide oh
Slide oh