

Sawdust On Her Halo

Tracy Lawrence

All week long, she loves to stay at home and hold me
She hangs her buckle in the closet,
Keeps her boots up on the shelf
Heaven knows the good Lord sent me an angel..ooh
But every Saturday night, she wants to raise a little hell

She likes kickin up a lil sawdust on her halo
Yeah, she'll whirl and twirl and twist and turn while the jukebox plays and moans..
Well, she paints on them tight blue jeans
And brings out the devil in me..
She likes kickin up a lil sawdust on her halo

You can find her in the choir loft every Sunday,
Winkin at me, with two sore feet inside her high heel shoes
Every Saturday night, she'll dance til closing time
And she'll be there in the morning for Sunday School

She likes kickin up a lil sawdust on her halo
Yeah, she'll whirl and twirl and twist and turn while the jukebox plays and moans..
Well, she paints on them tight blue jeans
And brings out the devil in me..
She likes kickin up a lil sawdust on her halo
Aww..kick it up darlin'!

She likes kickin up a lil sawdust on her halo
Yeah, she'll whirl and twirl and twist and turn while the jukebox plays and moans..
Well, she paints on them tight blue jeans
And brings out the devil in me..
She likes kickin up a lil sawdust on her halo
Ooh..kickin up a lil sawdust on her halo!