

She Thinks My Tractor's Sexy

Upchurch

Plowing these fields in the hot summer sun
Over by the gate yonder here she comes
With a basket full of chicken and a big cold jug of sweet tea
I make a little room and she climbs on up
Open up a throttle and stir a little dust
Just look at her face she ain't a fooling me

She thinks my tractor's sexy
It really turns her on
She's always staring at me
While I'm chugging along
She likes the way it's pulling while we're tilling up the land
She's even kind of crazy 'bout my farmer's tan
She's the only one who really understands what gets me
She thinks my tractor's sexy

We ride back and forth 'til we run out of light
Take it to the barn put it up for the night
Climb up in the loft sit and talk with the radio on
She said she's got a dream and I asked what it is
She wants a little farm with a yard full of kids
One more teeny weenie ride before take her home

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Naw she isn't into cars or pickup trucks
But if it runs like a Deere, man, her eyes light up

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