

# Chicken & Biscuits

## Colt Ford

Lord have mercy, here she comes  
Behind the wheel of a pickup truck  
Mud slingin', she's singin'  
Country girl just doin' her thing and  
Ain't nothin' like a backwoods baby  
Drive my tractor, drive me crazy  
Likes huntin', loves fishin'  
And she can hold her own in the kitchen  
And by the way boys, did I mention  
She's pretty as a field of daisies  
She's sweeter than watermelon wine  
Way hotter than the Alabama asphalt  
And when I get her in these arms of mine  
Lord have mercy, I love her kisses  
Man, I can't get enough  
Kinda like chicken and biscuits  
She can rock them high heel shoes  
But she'd rather wear cowboy boots  
Cut-off jeans and a baseball hat  
Them city girls can't do it like that  
Off the chain on a Friday night  
Dancin' and drinkin', ain't scared to fight  
But Sunday mornin' comes rollin' around  
Singin' in the choir is where she's found  
Y'all I'm so proud, 'cause there ain't no doubt  
She's pretty as a field of daisies  
She's sweeter than watermelon wine  
Way hotter than the Alabama asphalt  
And when I get her in these arms of mine  
Lord have mercy, I love her kisses  
Man, I can't get enough  
Kinda like chicken and biscuits  
Hey sweet thing, let me hold you close  
There's somethin' that you need to know  
When it comes to lovin' you  
There ain't nothin' that I'd rather do  
She's pretty as a field of daisies  
She's sweeter than watermelon wine  
Way hotter than the Alabama asphalt

And when I get her in these arms of mine  
Lord have mercy, I love her kisses  
Man, I can't get enough  
Kinda like chicken and biscuits

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