

The Gothest Girl I Can (Acoustic Version)

Corb Lund

I'm gonna get the gothest girl I can
With the pale white rockabilly tan
You know the kind, the ones you find
In the country metal punk rock band
She might be into hot rod cars
Or leather fetish bondage bars
She's dirty, pretty, the hippest in the city
She's the gothest girl I can
The gothest girl I can, the gothest girl I can
The gothest girl I, the gothest girl I, the gothest girl I can
I'm gonna lose these country blues
With the gothest girl I can
I'm gonna get the gothest girl I can
Black lips and Bettie Page bangs
Horn rimmed glasses and an ass that'll pass
For a glimpse at the promised land
She's kinda into all things noir
Wants me to get a pompadour
Well, maybe baby, but she ain't no lady
She's the gothest girl I can
I live right, I live good like a nice boy should
I put my trust in our Lord's plan
I live right, I live just like a young boy must
Like I should, but I tell ya, man
Somethin's gotta give 'cause the right way to live
Isn't hittin' it, you understand
I need a wild, wild lover, the kind that scares your mother
I need the gothest girl i can
Thrift store vampire chic
It's night every day of the week
Stop, stare, dead flowers in her hair
She's the gothest girl I can
She got old skool blue tattoos
And big black boots on, too
Polka dot dress and flames on her chest
She's the gothest girl I can
It's kinda hot when she calls me 'doll'
And 'daddy' at the swing dance ball
She's neat, nifty like nineteen fifty
She's the gothest girl I can
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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