

She's My Ute

Lee Kernaghan

Kickin' past the dealers on the edge of town
Saw a lot of pretty pickups
Not a Ute to be found
Twim cam Jap fours
A bloke'd be nuts
Give me a six or an eight
A four wheel mate
The dents and the dust
And the grasshopper guts

She's got holes in the muffler
And a gear-box clunk
I've cursed her and called her a piece of old junk
When the work's been done at the end of the day
She's my Ute I'll keep it that way
She's my Ute and she's here to stay

You can see them blow-ins
In their four by fours
Jumpin' up and down 'bout a scratch on the door
But I've got a yarn for every dent
A big red roo, pig or two
A hole in the roof that Col shot through

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And a gear-box clunk
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Well I had a girl but she laid down the law
She said you can't keep that dirty old Ute anymore
There comes a point when a man's gotta choose
Well I told her straight
I'll stick with my mate
She's been gone a year
But the Ute's still here

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Lyrics submitted by timothy lagarde.

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