

# My Baby's Guns N' Roses

## Brantley Gilbert

You got your hair down  
I got this top back  
Kissing on my neck  
Girl you gotta stop that

We in the front seat  
You want that back seat  
You gotta pick one you  
Can't expect me  
To keep my hands to myself

She ain't into wine and dining  
She's shooting whiskey singing Sweet Child O' Mine  
We riding 95 she sitting shot gun pretty  
Turning this town in Paradise City  
going wild and solo  
Just as fast as thing goes  
Boy heaven she knows  
She my rock star and she knows it  
My baby's Guns N' Roses

She's got that wild side  
That troubles in her blood  
Thinks I'm an outlaw  
That's double trouble son

She likes to rock hard  
She likes to kiss soft  
Hot as a barrel on a a 12 gauge shotgun  
Hold it as long as its steady

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She's shooting whiskey singing Sweet Child O' Mine  
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Shes dancing with the devil  
In the cold November rain  
She's knocking on heaven's door son  
You better not call her name

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She's shooting whiskey singing Sweet Child O' Mine  
We riding 95 she sitting shot gun pretty  
Turning this town in Paradise City  
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