

# My Kind Of Crazy

Brantley Gilbert

She says, "Look, baby, I'm a rock star"  
Grabs my old guitar  
Playing it upside down  
Dancing 'round in front of our TV  
I can't see the ballgame  
So I just wave my lighter around and say  
"Yeah, rock on, baby  
I'd rather watch you anyway"  
"But when you're done can I come backstage  
And get you to sign your name  
On that Zeppelin shirt of mine you're wearing?  
I'll never wash that thing again"  
Yeah, and she's my kind of crazy  
The little games she plays  
Lord, they never get old  
She's too cute to get on my last nerve  
The way she throws her little fits  
Poking out her lip, biting mine when we kiss  
There ain't a fight that she can't win  
That's my baby and she's my kind of crazy  
You ought to see her in my pickup  
Oh, she's gotta have that radio up  
Bless her heart, she can't sit still  
Head in my lap, bare feet on the windshield  
Says, "Come on, baby, let me drive"  
Now honey, it's a stick shift  
Remember what you did last time, oh  
Yeah, and she's my kind of crazy  
The little games she plays  
Lord, they never get old  
She's too cute to get on my last nerve  
The way she throws her little fits  
Poking out her lip, biting mine when we kiss  
There ain't a fight that she can't win  
That's my baby and she's my kind of crazy  
She never lets me rest, she keeps me up all night  
Known to roll me off the bed, steal the covers off my side  
But I hear her wake up, sleepy head  
And I open up my eyes and it's all worth the while

Yeah, and she's my kind of crazy  
The little games she plays  
Lord, they never get old  
She's too cute to get on my last nerve  
The way she throws her little fits  
Poking out her lip, biting mine when we kiss  
There ain't a fight that she can't win  
That's my baby and she's my kind of crazy

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>