Honky-tonk Dancing Machine

Tracy Byrd

I could tell she was a hot rod
When she walked in all alone
Made a pit stop at the front bar
In a puff of smoke was goneI followed her smell of perfume
'Cause she was too far out of sight
Tried to catch up but the girl was running
One hell of a race tonightShe's a real low maintenance
Country music beat driven
Honky-tonk dancing machine
All it takes to keep her tuned up
Is boots and Wrangler jeansShe scoots about fifty times around the floor
On one shot of Jim Beam
She's a real low maintenance
Country music beat driven
Honky-tonk dancing machineThere's a guy on every corner
Watchin' her make the bend
Hopin' he'll be the next one
To take her for a spinShe's not the kind that can be hot wired
With money or romance
Got a body build for pleasure
But all she wants to do is danceAnd she's a real low maintenance
Country music beat driven
Honky-tonk dancing machine
All it takes to keep her tuned up
Is boots and Wrangler jeansShe scoots about fifty times around the floor
On one shot of Jim Beam
She's a real low maintenance
Country music beat driven
Honky-tonk dancing machineShe scoots about fifty times around the floor
On one shot of Jim Beam
She's a real low maintenance
Country music beat driven
Honky-tonk dancing machineShe's a real low maintenance
Country music beat driven
Honky-tonk dancing machine

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/