Dirty

Tyler Farr

I was driving that tractor, spittin my 'bakker
Had some roads to hoe
500 acres but my sweet potato kept blowin up my phone
Said how much longer are ya gonna be
Get your butt in gear
Forget that shower I'll see ya in an hour
Boys now listen here

She likes a greasy ol ball cap
Beer cans in the back
Truck drivin kinda man
Country in his roots n dust on his boots
And hard working calloused hands
Aw she she ain't worried
For a girl so perty
Aw she sure does like it...dirty

Had reservations and a table waitin but she didn't wanna go
Said she don't drink wine, rather sip shine and ride on ol back roads
My buddy Dallas he got a cabin down on the riverside
She said she ain't scared so I took her there and she took me for a ride!

Ya she's a down home, turn me on, real as a country song, bait her own hook kinda girl
River bank rope swinger, eats her chicken with her fingers, hazard county queen when my pick up ain't clean

No she ain't worried
For a girl so perty
Aw she sure does like it...dirty

So I turned on the radio, played her something nice and slow, tried to get her in the mood
She said she didn't wanna slow dance, two step or hold hands, you know what I wanna do

I wanna roll down the windows, crank it til the speakers blow, by now you outta know
Ya play me somethin that a rocks, knocks me outta these flip flops, get some mud between my toes

Oh I ain't worried, I might be perty but I sure do like it...dirty

Ha ha ha
She likes it dirty
That's right

She likes it dirty ya'll
Straight up, dirty
C'mon

Lyrics submitted by lisa perrigo.

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