My Kind Of Music

Eskimo

Oh, I met this girl, I swear was close to perfect
I could see the ring, the dress and the whole nine yards
I had a country station on and she reached and turned it
Said she couldn't stand the sound of a steel guitar
We hit the town to catch an early movie
And ol' Crisp Chris Dobson played the leading role
I said "That's my man" she said, "Who's he?"
I jumped up and said, "Girl, we gotta go"
She don't like to play my kinda music
She's never heard a Walen Jennings song
And she's never been a fan of Willie Nelson
So there ain't no way in hell we'll get along
She told me she thinks country musics hokey
She said, "You can't dance to it and all the songs are sad
I cocked my eyebrow and said, "You must be jokin'
Ain't no excuse for havin' taste that bad"
Then I asked her if she'd heard of Alan Jackson
And she said, "Didn't he sing that song called where were you?"
I said, "Ya but girl, that man's a livin' legend"
And she said, "Really? I thought he was new"
Now she don't like to play my kinda music
She's never heard of David Allan Coe
But she can't get enough of Whitney Houston
And I'm thinkin' Lord, that's all I need to know
That ain't the way
So when the night was over I walked her to her door
And I bid that girl an overdue farewell
And without a goodnight kiss I jumped back in my truck
Turned on some hank and cranked it loud as hell
Now she don't like to play my kinda music
She don't know Sunday morning comin' down
She can't see what's so cool about he stopped lovin' her today
Or angel flying to close to the ground
She told me that she sorta likes the Eagles
She couldn't name one hit by Johnny Cash
No, she don't like to play my kinda music
So I had to tell that girl to kiss my ass

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