

She Likes To Get Out Of Town

Brooks & Dunn

Looking at her phone desk, tappin' her feet
The kind of girl your mama likes to meet
A Sunday school dress buttoned up tight
When the weekend comes she's like a red taillight
She likes to get outta town
Yeah, she likes to get outta town
She's got a little red ragtop she just bought
Just forty-five minutes from her two days off
She's watching the clock just countin' it down
That girl likes to get outta town
She's got a little glove box with everything she needs
Got some red lipstick and some Mardi Gras beads
Got some party girlfriends like to keep it unwound
That girl likes to get outta town
She likes to get outta town
Yeah, she likes to get outta town
They've got a motel room with a single bed
Just a singin' down the road goin' out of their heads
Gonna turn it on up
Time to party on down
That girl likes to get outta town
Yeah, yeah, my, my
Big funs close as the city limit sign
Yeah, yeah, do tell
Daddy's little angel gonna raise a little
Well, well, well, well
She's got a second cousin that keeps her on the phone
Got an exboyfriend that wont leave her alone
Oh but it wont hurt em what they don't know
What goes on the road, stays on the road
She likes to get outta town
Yeah, she likes to get outta town
She was born to shake it and its not her fault
But the competition just loves to talk
She's so tired of them puttin' her down
That girl likes to get outta town
She likes to get outta town
Yeah, she likes to get outta town
It's time to crank it on up
Time to party on down
That girl likes to that girl likes to get outta town
Gonna crank it, gonna crank it

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