Hot Mess

Tyler Farr

Clothes scattered across the bedroom floor
Soaking wet towel hanging on the door
Looks like a hurricane just came through
Her makeup covers up
Every inch of the counter top
Sheâ€™s slappinâ€™ on a little bit of strawberry lip gloss
Sheâ€™s ready to rock

Sheâ€™s my hot mess, in a sundress
Got my heart beating out of my chest
Country girl come to town looking like a rock star
Sheâ€™s got hazel eyes and a wild side
Lightinâ€™ up the room with her smokey little smile
Burninâ€™ up and down, turning them heads
Sheâ€™s my little hot mess.

When she gets to dancin' to the band,
Them shoes gonna wind up in her hand,
Barefoot and groovin' like nobody's watchin'
She gonna cut up and drink a little,
Play them boys like a bluegrass fiddle
The rave of the party's at,
Oh she's right there in the middle.

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Every guy in here tonight, wants to take her home
But in the morning sheâ€™s gonna wake up, with my t-shirt on.

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