Country Side

Jason Blaine

You'll know her,
When you see her.
She'll be the one in the scuffed up boots.
Old ball cap, ponytail through the back,
Groovin' to a Garth Brooks tune.
Her first car was a truck,
She ain't afraid to sling it in the mud.Ooh, ooh, ooh
That's the thing about my baby,
Ooh, ooh, ooh,
You can blame it on her raisin',
She'll get a little unwound on a Friday night,
Coke in the crown,
The moon in the shine.
Lord I love how she ain't shy,
Showin' off her country side.She'll meet her friends out,
Get a little loud,
'Round about Friday night.
My shotgun,
A couple cold ones,
Out where the stars shine bright.
Favourite blue jeans,
Frayed and torn,
Out there with the crickets,
And the cattle and the corn.Ooh, ooh, ooh,
That's the thing about my baby,
Ooh, ooh, ooh,
You can blame it on her raisin',
She'll get a little unwound on a Friday night,
Coke in the crown,
The moon in the shine.
Lord I love how she ain't shy,
Showin' off her country side.It gets late,
That look in her eyes,
Says she wants to get lost,
Take a little ride.
Ain't no telling what we might find,
When she scoots over in the dashboard lights
Shows a little more of that country side...Ooh, ooh, ooh,
Ooh, ooh, ooh,Ooh, ooh ooh,

That's the thing about my baby,
Ooh, ooh, ooh,
You can blame it on her raisin',
She'll get a little unwound on a Friday night,
Coke in the crown,
The moon in the shine.
Lord I love how she ain't shy,
Showin' off her country side.
Showin' off her country side.

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