

# 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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