Blue Blooded Woman

Alan Jackson

She loves a violin, I love a fiddle
We go separate ways but we meet in the middle
Don't see eye to eye but we're hand in hand
A blue blooded woman and a redneck man
The lady I love loves silk and satin
She was raised uptown with a silver spoon
Well, I was born on a farm just south of Jackson
We had an old Ford tractor and a country moon
And she loves a violin, I love a fiddle
We go separate ways but we meet in the middle
Don't see eye to eye but we're hand in hand
A blue blooded woman and a redneck man
She's Saks Fifth Avenue perfection

Caviar and dignified
Well, I live my life in Wal Mart fashion
And I like my sushi southern fried
And she loves a violin, I love a fiddle
We go separate ways but we meet in the middle
Don't see eye to eye but we're hand in hand
A blue blooded woman and a redneck man
And she loves a violin, I love a fiddle
We go separate ways but we meet in the middle
Don't see eye to eye but we're hand in hand
A blue blooded woman and a redneck man
But she's a blue blooded woman, I'm a redneck man

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