Copenhagen Angel

Chris LeDoux

Well, she rolls her own cigarettes with the work of just on hand
She acts mean and she cusses, I know she wish she were a man
She got her teeth knocked out by a bucking horse
And when I told her that It made her look toughShe just grinned and said, "I like it that way"
And then she loaded up her lip with snuff
She's my snoose queen, she's my Copenhagen angel
She's my Beech Nut bunny, she's my Red Fox brush hogShe can ride a bareback horse and she can really hook into a bull
She never misses her saddle bronc out and she rides it like a spurrin' fool
She team ropes with the best of them ties a calf in 9.3
She'll dogs steers just for fun and make a fool out of you and me
She's my snoose queenOh well, a buckle polisher she's dang sure not
She wins her own in all the tough spots
Chasing cowboys just ain't her style
It's winnin' the prize money that makes her smile

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