

# My Kind of Music

Ray Scott

Well, I met this girl I swore was close to perfect  
I could see the ring, the dress and the whole nine yards  
I had a country station on and she reached and turned it  
Said she couldn't stand the sound of a steel guitar  
We hit the town to catch an early movie  
And ol' Kris Kristofferson played the leading role  
I said "That's my man," she said, "Who's he?"  
I jumped up and said, "Girl, we gotta go"  
She don't like to play my kind of music  
She's never heard a Waylon Jennings song  
And she's never been a fan of Willie Nelson  
So there ain't no way in hell we'll get along  
She told me she thinks country music's hokey  
She said, "You can't dance to it and all the songs are sad"  
I cocked my eyebrow and said, "You must be jokin',  
Ain't no excuse for havin' taste that bad"  
Then I asked her if she'd heard of Alan Jackson  
And she said, "Didn't he sing that song called 'Where Were You?'"  
I said, "Yeah, but girl, that man's a livin' legend"  
And she said, "Really? I thought he was new"  
Naw, she don't like to play my kind of music  
She's never heard of David Allan Coe  
But she can't get enough of Whitney Houston  
And I'm thinkin' Lord, that's all I need to know  
Kick it...Dan the Man...So when the night was over, I walked  
her to her door  
And I bid that girl an overdue farewell  
And without a goodnight kiss, I jumped back in my truck  
Turned on some Hank and cranked it loud as hell  
Naw, she don't like to play my kind of music  
She don't know "Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down"  
She can't see what's so cool about "He Stopped Lovin' Her Today"  
Or "Angel Flying Too Close to the Ground"  
She told me that she sorta likes the Eagles  
She couldn't name one hit by Johnny Cash  
Naw, she don't like to play my kind of music  
So I had to tell that girl to kiss my ass

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