

Guns & Roses

Drew Baldrige

High heels and a black dress
Standing out by the mail box
Waiting on a pair of blue jeans, old boots and a burned out head light
Coming round the corner hot
Like a bull in a China shop
And she's standing there like a chandelier
In a ball room, all dolled up I'm a 12 gauge and she's a wild flower
Gravel and gold but somehow we own it
That kiss hits feels so legit, I'm talking hundred percent
Yea all I really know is
When we're together its right
We fit together just like
Rain and dancing, sand and oceans, dust and diamonds, guns and roses
Guns and roses, guns and roses, guns and roses
I can clean up pretty good, but she's a drop dead magazine cover
And you can tell with a quick look
One of these things is not like the other I'm a 12 gauge and she's a wild flower
Gravel and gold but somehow we own it
That kiss hits feels so legit, I'm talking 100 percent
Yea all I really know is
When we're together its right
We fit together just like
Rain and dancing, sand and oceans, dust and diamonds, guns and roses She loves rock and roll
And I love a gypsy soul
I'm a 12 gauge and she's a wild flower
Gravel and gold but somehow we own it
That kiss hits feels so legit, I'm talking 100 percent
Yea all I really know is
When we're together its right
We fit together just like
Rain and dancing, sand and oceans, dust and diamonds, guns and roses
Guns and roses, guns and roses, guns and roses
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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