

Her Life's a Song

Alan Jackson

She loves the music, tells the tales of her heart
And she listens closely to the beats and the parts
She likes the songs that make her cry
And ones that pick her up and make her high. She likes the hip-hop, she loves to rock it,
Shes got the country in her iPod on her pocket.
She loves the guitar, she likes the fiddle,
She even likes the ones where theyre just talking rhyme and riddles.
And she sings along when shes driving home going all alone,
Her lifes a song. And she likes the songs that take her back and make her want,
Sometimes she just wants to dance and move on
She taps her feet and sheds a tear
Plays air guitar and raises a beer. She likes the hip-hop, she loves to rock it,
Shes got the country in her iPod on her pocket.
She loves the guitar, she likes the fiddle,
She even likes the ones where theyre just talking rhyme and riddles.
And she sings along when shes driving home going all alone,
Her lifes a song. At times she sings I know just how she feels
A broken heart on a love song that kills. She likes the hip-hop, she loves to rock it,
Shes got the country on her iPod in her pocket.
She loves the guitar, she likes the fiddle,
She even likes the ones where theyre just talking rhyme and riddles.
And she sings along when shes driving home going all alone,
Her lifes a song. She likes the hip-hop, she loves to rock it,
Shes got the country on her iPod in her pocket.
She loves the guitar, she likes the fiddle,
She even likes the ones where theyre just talking rhyme and riddles.
And she sings along when shes driving home going all alone,
Her lifes a song.
Yeah, her lifes a song.

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