

# Southern Belle

Scotty McCreery

Somewhere down south, there's a swinging screen door  
Sundressed beauty on a hot front porch  
Knocking one back, baby, oh my Lord, have mercy  
Shooting out gravel, saying oh, my stars  
She's Dukes of Hazzard in her daddy's car  
Amazing Grace in a Mason jar, have mercy You can go around the block  
'Round the town, 'round the world  
But there's nothing like a down home girl Ain't nothing ring like a southern belle  
Those angels singing down in the Bible Belt  
Well, brother, if loving those sweet tea  
Blue-jean dreams is wrong  
Well, I can't help it  
Ain't nothing ring like a southern belle Saturday night with the red lipstick  
Just like Scarlett, she's gone with the wind  
Sunday morning with the honey biscuits, have mercy You can go around the block  
'Round the town, 'round the world  
But there's nothing like a down home girl Ain't nothing ring like a southern belle  
Those angels singing down in the Bible Belt  
Well, brother, if loving those sweet tea  
Blue-jean dreams is wrong  
Well, I can't help it  
Ain't nothing ring like a southern belle Baby, swing low, making me high  
Wanna catch your heart like a firefly  
Hold on to you for the rest of my life  
Have mercy  
My baby swinging low, it's making me high  
Wanna catch your heart like a firefly  
Hold on to you for the rest of my life Ain't nothing ring like a southern belle  
Those angels singing down in the Bible Belt  
Well, brother, if loving those sweet tea  
Blue-jean dreams is wrong  
Well, I can't help it  
Ain't nothing ring, no  
Nothing rings like a southern belle  
Oh, like a southern belle  
Well, brother, if loving those sweet tea  
Blue-jean dreams is wrong  
Guess I'll be wrong with my southern belle

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