

# She's My Kind of Crazy

## Emerson Drive

She's got a butterfly tat on the back of you-know-where  
I let her lie about her why it landed there  
That's what you get for getting tipsy at the county fair  
My baby's my kind of crazy

Billion dollar smile and a five hundred dollar car  
Talks to Jesus every morning before it starts  
Hates the way it drives, loves the way it parks  
By the river in the moonlight listening to the am station  
Cause the antenna's missing

She's my kind of Sunday driving  
Rolling down the back roads, hanging out the window  
Riding with her hair in the wind and her hands in the sky  
Like she's flying  
She's my kind of ponytail pretty  
Sounds like the country, looks like the city  
I march along to whatever out of town drum she plays me  
She's my kind of crazy

Bet her a hundred she couldn't hood surf my truck  
I had to pay but she just kept showing me up  
She did it twice, said "you owe me a couple hundred bucks,  
but keep your money, I'll take an IOU  
on an ice cream cone and some high heel shoes"

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My kind of dangerous  
My kid of say whatever is on your mind  
She's my kind

She's my kind of Sunday driving

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My kind of crazy  
My kind of say whatever is on your mind  
She's my kind of crazy

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Lyrics submitted by Emily Lander.

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