

Another Dumb Love Song

Jessie James Decker

Palm trees and beautiful hips
Man it dosen't get any better than this
Sun settin' like fire on the Viper Room
Old Lemmy holed up at the bar
And Johnny Depp pickin' on an old guitar
Man I wish old Keith would've taught em how to keep it in tune I came here lookin' for love
But all I found was sex and drugs
Strung out, broke down, homesick and thinkin' of you There ain't nothin' like a Tennessee mountain top
Some straight shootin' neighbors that don't name drop
With a preacher man prayin' for peace but still packin' a gun
Singing karaoke in a double wide
With smoke so thick it'll burn your eyes
Oh oh, my sweet Lord I'll warn ya
Fall in love with an angel
You'll end up in California
High tide I felt so alive
Until I spent six hours on the 405
In a jacked up rocky ridge straight rollin' coal
But then I, I turned up the radio
And hear a bunch of... that's got no soul
All pop and hip-hop but no damn rock n roll I came here lookin' for love
But ended up on a bathroom rug
On my knees prayin' God please see me through There ain't nothin' like a Tennessee mountain top
Some straight shootin' neighbors that don't name drop
With a preacher man prayin' for peace but still packin' a gun
Singing karaoke in a double wide
With smoke so thick it'll burn your eyes
Oh oh, my sweet Lord I'll warn ya
Fall in love with an angel
You'll end up in California
There ain't nothin' like a Tennessee mountain top
Some straight shootin' neighbors that don't name drop
With a preacher man prayin' for peace but still packin' a gun
Singing karaoke in a double wide
Some sweet southern sugar right by my side
Oh oh, my sweet Lord I'll warn ya
Fall in love with an angel
Fall in love with an angel, yeah
Fall in love, fall in love, fall in love, love, love

With an angel
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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