

Joe Nichols, Independent Girl

You can hear that rag top
Humming down the blacktop
Anytime night or day
Well, she keeps her motor running
And her tops down sunning
The girl's sure got a way.

I said the wind blows through her hair
Well, she ain't gotta care
In this old weary world
Well, I guess you could say
In her own way
She's an independent girl.

She don't care about diamonds
She don't care about pearls
She's an anti-innocent,
Self sufficient, independent girl.

See her daddy was a miner
And her momma was a shiner
And she too had her way
Oh, but he went blind
And lost his mind
She drove him to an early grave.

Well, if she comes through
Your town, motor running, top down
Careful she could change your world
'Cause let me tell you boys
She's an independent girl.

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