

Brooks & Dunn, She Likes Get Out Of Town

Lookin' at her 'phone; desk tappin' her feet.
Kinda girl your Mamma likes to meet.
A Sunday school dress cuttin' up tight.
When the weekend comes, she's like a red tail-light.

She likes to get out of town.
Yeah, she likes to get out of town.
She's got a little red ragtop she just bought.
Just forty-five minutes from her two days off...
She's watchin' the clock just a-countin' it down...
That girl likes to get out of town, mm.

She's got a little glove box with everything she needs.
Got some red lipstick an' some multi-color beads.
Got some party girlfriends like to keep it unwound.
That girl likes to get out of town.

She likes to get out of town.
Yeah, yeah, she likes to get out of town. (Ooh yeah.)
They got a motel room with a single bed...
Just a-singin' down the road goin' out of their heads.
Gonna turn it on up, time to party on down.
That girl likes to get out of town.

(Instrumental Break)

Yeah, yeah, my, my.

Big front's closed, says the city limits sign.
Yeah, yeah, do tell...
Tell this little angel... don't raise a little L L L L.

She's got a second cousin that keeps her on the 'phone.
Got an ex-boyfriend that won't leave her alone.
Oh, but it won't hurt 'em what they don't know.
What goes on the road stays on the road.

She likes to get out of town. (Yeah, yeah.)
Yeah, she likes to get out of town. (Ooh yeah.)
She was born to shake it an' it's not her fault.
But the competition just loves to talk.
She's so tired of them puttin' her down.
That girl likes to get out of town. (That girl.)

She likes to get out of town. (Yeah, yeah.)
Yeah, she likes to get out of town. (Ooh yeah.)
It's time to crank it on up, time to party on down.
That girl likes, (That girl.)
That girl likes to get out of town. (That girl.)
(Get out of town.)
Yeah, she likes to get out of town. (Yeah, yeah.)
Gonna crank it on, crank it.
(Ooh yeah now.)