

Brooks & Dunn, She's The Kind Of Trouble

Well you might say trouble is my middle name
I can't get ahead of the game
Runnin' on empty and I'm runnin' late
Bossman's yelling won't give me a break
I could write a book about getting behind
But there's one kind of trouble that I don't mind

She meets me after work when the sun goes down
She's the kind of trouble that makes the world go 'round
Total strangers, even my best friends, bird-dog my baby when she walks in
She's a little slice of heaven, and hell on heels
And never gonna walk the line
Oh, but she's the kind of trouble that I don't mind

We're dancing to the band and from the time we start
They circle like hungry sharks
They're cuttin' in quick as I can cut 'em loose
I could get jealous but it ain't no use
She can't help it 'cause she's so fine
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She's hanging out the window on the way back home
She yells at everybody just come on along
Party at my place just follow the truck
We'll be cuttin' a rug 'til the sun comes up
She's a little slice of heaven, hell on heels
And never gonna walk the line
Oh but she's the kind of that I don't mind