

# Chris Knight, Hard Candy

Her hair was as black as pike county cold  
And her lips were as red as blood on the snow  
She wore short vinyl skirts and them boots to her knees  
And she lived in the holler across the mountain from me  
Hard Candy so sweet  
And I could never get enough  
Hard Candy so easy  
For me to love  
Wild horses couldn't keep her old man outta jail  
From bootlegging whiskey his sons helped him sell  
And growing up in that holler wasn't nothing but hot  
Fightin' roosters and Kerr dogs tied up in the yard  
Hard Candy so sweet  
And I could never get enough  
Hard Candy so easy  
For me to love  
One night on the mountain back in the pine trees  
Candy let down her guard, she said she loved me  
We left the holler when her old man got put back in jail  
And she told all her brothers to go straight to Hell  
Hard Candy so sweet  
And I could never get enough  
Hard Candy so easy  
For me to love