

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