

Jamey Johnson, Rebelicious

Hey, kinda like that banjo.
Crank that stuff up a little.
Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about.

The way she looks, the way she walks;
That southern twang; that dirty talk.
Rides Harley's, reads Vogue.
She got a tattoo on her ankle, rebel flags on her toes.
One shake of that hip could make a puppy dog vicious.
Mmm, hmm, mmm: rebelicious.

She'll take Jack over martinis,
Skinny dippin' over bikinis.
That hard body, soft smile,
Could send a big man to his knees and drive them little boys wild.
She likes them tiny little skirts, an' the way the preacher's boy blushes:
Mmm, mmm: rebelicious.

She's a long tall, shopping-mall,
Barbie-doll trailer park queen.
Mouthwaterin',
'Bout hotter than anything I've ever seen.

(Ah,)
(Ooh.)

She's an outlaw livin', ready an' willin',
Sun-tanned redneck, miss hittin'.

You got a mansion, you drive a vet.
You wear a Rolex, hell, she ain't impressed.
She like deer stands, beer cans,
Baits are on the hook when she fishes:
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm: rebelicious.

Aw, that's what I'm talkin' about man.
Cheap sunglasses, a pick-up truck; convertible.
What is that thing? a sixty-nine?
Mmm, not a tan line on anything I can see: whoo.
Hey, I bet you she knows David Allen Coe.