

# Julianne Hough, Jimmy Rae McGee

Jimmy Ray McGee, used to lean on his old Corvette  
Light up a cigarette  
And ask, why I hadn't loved him yet  
Jimmy Ray McGee was the first-string quarterback  
A real player and that's a fact  
But I wasn't having none of that  
Can't remember all the times on a Saturday night on my parents couch  
Had the house to ourselves sittin' through a movie and making out  
He said, I had something that he couldn't live without it  
And I can't say, I didn't think about it  
Jimmy Ray McGee asked me to the senior prom  
But I went on another boy's arm  
Heard he made someone else a mom  
Oh, Jimmy Ray McGee disappeared from our hometown  
Another daddy out running around  
Doing everything but settling down  
Oh, yeah  
When I was seventeen thought, I thought too much 'bout the choices I made  
From the clothes I wore, to the friends I picked, to the boys I'd date  
I guess in the end it was worth all the worry  
Though it hurts to wait, it can hurt worse to hurry  
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Light up a cigarette  
And ask, why I hadn't loved him yet