

# Rascal Flatts, Dry Country Girl

A tall drink of water in a cotton dress  
That preacher's daughter, she sure is blessed  
As sunlight passes through the fabric so soft  
You can imagine what goes through my thoughts  
She says there'll be time for all of that  
When my dress is white and your suit is black

[Chorus]

There's so many fish in the sea  
And I know it's a great big world  
But I couldn't help but fall in love so hard  
For my dry county girl  
For my dry county girl, yeah

It's widely known that I have my flaws  
While she's the Joan of Arkansas  
Her lips won't touch the demon wine  
But her eyes are full of pure moonshine  
And I get drunk just holding her hand  
I get high thinking I could be her man

[Repeat Chorus]

For my dry county girl  
Lord, I fell so hard  
For my dry county girl  
For my dry county girl, yeah  
Yeah, talking about my

[Fade]