# Tracy Byrd, Honky-Tonk Dancing Machine

(Mark Nesler/Tracy Byrd)

I could tell she was a hot rod when she walked in all alone
Made a pit stop at the front bar, in a puff of smoke was gone
I followed her smell of perfume, cause she was too far out of sight
Tried to catch up but the girl was running one hell of a race tonight

She's a real low maintenance, country music beat driven, honky-tonk dancin' machine
All it takes to keep her tuned up is boots and Wrangler jeans
She scoots about fifty times around the floor on one shot of Jim Beam
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There's a guy on every corner, watching her make the bend
Hoping he'll be the next one to take her for a spin

She's not the kind that can be hot wired with money or romance
Got a body for pleasure, but all she wants to do is dance

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