This ole boy by Craig Morgan

Fill in the gaps

| She got her smile on | I am who I am and buddy she gets it |
|---|---|
| Dog (1) nothing in the world's wrong | I ain't gotta change a thing |
| Rolling (2) a country road | I don't know if it could get any better |
| She's my shotgun rider | But man if it does then I reckon |
| I'm the lucky dog beside her | I better get to picking out a ring |
| My lips are where her kisses go | (7) ole boy got it going on |
| She loves when we go to the (3) and get in the | Got the good Lord smiling on me |
| water | Her big (8) eyes and the sweet red wine |
| And buddy she is hotter (4) south Georgia in July | Got me buzzing like a bee |
| Man when I'm with her I can't get enough of her | She's got her pretty little head on my shoulder |
| I got to kiss her and I got to hug her | Nobody else (9) to hold her |
| And brother she's mine all mine | But this ole boy |
| This ole boy got it going on | Yeah, this ole boy got it going on |
| Got the good Lord smiling on me | Got the good Lord (10) on me |
| Her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine | Her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine |
| Got me buzzing like a bee | Got me buzzing like a bee |
| She's got her pretty little head on my shoulder | She's got her pretty little head on my shoulder |
| Nobody else gets to (5) her | Nobody else gets to hold her |
| But this ole boy | But this ole boy |
| We're in my old Ford oh Lord | Yeah this ole boy |
| Holes in my (6) board | Nobody but this ole boy |
| But she don't seem to mind | This ole boy |
| We park in a hay field, fog up the windshield | |
| My kind of killing time | |
| She sweetens my tea and she butters my biscuit | |



1. gone

- 2. down
- 3. river
- 4. than
- 5. hold
- 6. floor
- 7. This 8. blue
- 9. gets
- 10. smiling

Fill in the gaps