This ole boy by Craig Morgan

She sweetens my tea and she butters my biscuit

Fill in the gaps

She got her smile on	ram who ram and (4) she gets it
Dog gone nothing in the world's wrong	I ain't gotta change a thing
Rolling down 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 (5) get to (6) out a ring
My lips are where her kisses go	This ole boy got it going on
She loves when we go to the (1) and get in the	Got the good Lord smiling on me
vater	Her big (7) eyes and the sweet red wine
And buddy she is hotter than south Georgia in July	Got me buzzing like a bee
Man when I'm with her I can't get (2) 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 gets 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 (3) smiling on me	Got the good Lord smiling on me
Her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine	Her big (8) eyes and the sweet red wine
Got me buzzing like a bee	Got me buzzing (9) a bee
She's got her pretty little head on my shoulder	She's got her pretty (10) head on my
Nobody else gets to hold her	shoulder
But this ole boy	Nobody else gets to hold her
We're in my old Ford oh Lord	But this ole boy
Holes in my floor board	Yeah this ole boy
But she don't seem to mind	Nobody but this ole boy
We park in a hay field, fog up the windshield	This ole boy
My kind of killing time	



- 1. river
- 2. enough
- 3. Lord
- 4. buddy
- 5. better
- 6. picking
- 7. blue
- 8. blue
- 9. like
- 10. little

Fill in the gaps