This ole boy by Craig Morgan

My kind of killing time

She sweetens my tea and she butters my biscuit

Fill in the gaps

She got her smile on	I am who I am and buddy 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 better get to picking out a ring
My lips are where her (1) go	This ole boy got it (8) on
She loves when we go to the (2) and get in the	Got the good Lord smiling on me
vater	Her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine
And buddy she is hotter than (3)	Got me buzzing like a bee
4) in July	She's got her pretty little head on my shoulder
Man (5) I'm with her I can't get enough of her	Nobody else gets to hold her
I got to kiss her and I got to hug her	But this ole boy
And brother she's mine all mine	Yeah, this ole boy got it going on
This ole boy got it going on	Got the good Lord smiling on me
Got the good Lord smiling 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 hold her
(6) else (7) to hold her	But this ole boy
But this ole boy	Yeah (9) ole boy
We're in my old Ford oh Lord	Nobody but (10) ole boy
Holes in my floor board	This ole boy
But she don't seem to mind	
We park in a hay field, fog up the windshield	



- 1. kisses
- 2. river
- 3. south
- 4. Georgia
- 5. when
- 6. Nobody
- 7. gets
- 8. going
- 9. this
- 10. this

Fill in the gaps