



SHOTGUN GIRLS THE JANE DEAR GIRLS

Album: Real Fine Place

Songwriters: RUTTAN, DERIC / LEVERETT, DANELLE

Yeah, yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
I like to hold your hand up high on the ferris wheel.
And how front porch swingin' with you makes me
feel. Yeah.
But when you pull up in your big old truck,
I can't climb up in it fast enough.

[Chorus]

Cuz' I'm your shotgun girl along for the ride,
Your dashboard drummer on a Saturday night.
Crank it up Waylon, Willy and Merele,
So throw one arm around me now Honey.
We'll sling that gravel just like Bonnie and Clyde.
I'd ride with you all around the world,
Cuz' boy I'm your shotgun girl.
Yeah I'm your shotgun girl.

They're not a piece of road round here we ain't
burned down.
Except that stretch that heads on out-a town.
Yeah, whenever you need to feel that freedom,
Leave a little room for me.

Cuz' I'm your shotgun girl
Along for the ride,
Your dashboard drummer on a Saturday night,
Crank it up Waylon, Willy and Merele,
So throw one arm around me now Honey.
Sling that gravel just like Bonnie and Clyde.
I'd ride with you all around the world.
Cuz' boy I'm your shotgun girl.
Yeah I'm your shotgun girl.

[Chorus]

I'm your shotgun girl along for the ride.

Your dashboard drummer on a Saturday night.
Crank it up Waylon, Willy, and Merele.
So throw one arm around me now Honey
We'll sling that gravel just like Bonnie and Clyde.
I'd ride with you all around the world.
Cuz' boy I'm your shotgun girl.

I'm your shotgun girl.
Yeah ye yeah yeah yeah yeah
I'm callin shotgun baby.
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yea yeah.