



JACK OWEN EIGHT SECOND RIDE

Come on

I said, "Hey girl, what's your name

Haven't I seen you before?

I recognize them dark green eyes

When you dosie doed across the floor"

"Are you alone or are you with someone?"

She said, "As a matter of fact I'm not"

So I took her hand that's when it all began

And we headed towards the parking lot

And she said, "Hey boy, do you mind taking me home tonight

'Cuz I ain't never seen a country boy with tires on his truck this high

I said, "Climb on up but honey watch the cup that I spitttin' my dip inside

And hold on tight 'cuz it's gonna be wilder then any eight second ride"

We went ridin' around rockin'

To the sound of a country boy can survive

And I knew then she was my kinda girl

'Cuz she was singin' every single line

Then she slid on over put my hand on her shoulder

And I asked her what she wanted to do

She said, "It really don't matter where we go

Just as long as I'm ridin' with you"

She said, "Hey boy, do you mind taking me home tonight

'Cuz I ain't never seen a country boy with tires on his truck this high

I said, "Climb on up but honey watch the cup that I spittin' my dip inside

And hold on tight 'cuz it's gonna be wilder then any eight second ride"

So we headed out to Old Tobacco Road

Put the tailgate down and we made love

She said "A true country boy is hard to find

But I found one wilder then any eight second ride"

She said, "Hey boy, do you mind taking me home tonight

'Cuz I ain't never seen a country boy with tires on his truck this high

I said, "Climb on up but honey watch the cup that I spittin' my dip inside

And hold on tight 'cuz it's gonna be wilder then any eight second ride

Yeah, hold on tight 'cuz it's gonna be wilder then any eight second ride"

Association Varoise de Danse Country