



# THE JANE DEAR GIRLS SHOTGUN GIRLS

Album: Real Fine Place

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 yeah  
I'm callin shotgun baby.  
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yea yeah.