

Hot Mess

Tyler Farr

Clothes scattered across the bedroom floor

Soaking wet towel hanging on the door

Looks like a hurricane just came through

Her makeup covers up

Every inch of the counter top

She's slappin' on a little bit of strawberry lip gloss

She's ready to rock

She's my hot mess, in a sundress

Got my heart beating out of my chest

Country girl come to town looking like a rock star

She's got hazel eyes and a wild side

Lightin' up the room with her smokey little smile

Burnin' up and down, turning them heads

She's my little hot mess.

When she gets to dancin' to the band,

Them shoes gonna wind up in her hand,

Barefoot and groovin' like nobody's watchin'

She gonna cut up and drink a little,

Play them boys like a bluegrass fiddle

The rave of the party's at,
Oh she's right there in the middle.

She's my hot mess, in a sundress
Got my heart beating out of my chest
Country girl come to town looking like a rock star
She's got hazel eyes and a wild side
Lightin' up the room with her smokey little smile
Burnin' up and down, turning them heads
She's my little hot mess.

Every guy in here tonight, wants to take her home
But in the morning she's gonna wake up, with my t-shirt on.

She's my hot mess, in a sundress
Got my heart beating out of my chest
Country girl come to town looking like a rock star
She's got hazel eyes and a wild side
Lightin' up the room with her smokey little smile
Burnin' up and down, turning them heads
She's my little hot mess

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>