

My Kind of Crazy

Brantley Gilbert

She says,
Look, baby, I'm a rock star"
Grabs my old guitar
Playing it upside down Dancing 'round in front of our TV
I can't see the ballgame
So I just wave my lighter around and say
"Yeah, rock on, baby I'd rather watch you anyway"
"But when you're done can I come backstage
And get you to sign your name
On that Zeppelin shirt of mine you're wearing? I'll never wash that thing again"
Yeah, and she's my kind of crazy
The little games she plays
Lord, they never get old
She's too cute to get on my last nerve
The way she throws her little fits
Poking out her lip, biting mine when we kiss
There ain't a fight that she can't win That's my baby and she's my kind of crazy
You ought to see her in my pickup
Oh, she's gotta have that radio up
Bless her heart, she can't sit still Head in my lap, bare feet on the windshield
Says, "Come on, baby, let me drive"
Now honey, it's a stick shift Remember what you did last time, oh
Yeah, and she's my kind of crazy
The little games she plays
Lord, they never get old
She's too cute to get on my last nerve
The way she throws her little fits
Poking out her lip, biting mine when we kiss
There ain't a fight that she can't win That's my baby and she's my kind of crazy
She never lets me rest, she keeps me up all night
Known to roll me off the bed, steal the covers off my side
But I hear her wake up, sleepy head
And I open up my eyes and it's all worth the while
Yeah, and she's my kind of crazy
The little games she plays
Lord, they never get old
She's too cute to get on my last nerve
The way she throws her little fits
Poking out her lip, biting mine when we kiss
There ain't a fight that she can't win
That's my baby and she's my kind of crazy

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