

She Cranks My Tractor

Dustin Lynch

She's a wild rose waiting on me at the end of the road
Between the water tower and the power lines
We're a cloud of dust once I get her buckled in my pickup truck
She's ten pounds of sugar in a five pound sack
A Hollywood looker in a John Deere cap I go fast, she hollers faster
She's the first one up the hayloft ladder
A girl like that's what a country boy's after
She cranks, she cranks, she cranks my tractor
She cranks, she cranks, she cranks my tractor Burning the backroads, sucking jet fuel from the
radio
Cows and corn field flying by
Gate's locked, hop the fence
Sneak past the barn where the riverbank bends
She's the best skinny dipper that you're ever gonna find
She can hit the branch with her bra every time, and
I go fast, she hollers faster
She's the first one up the hayloft ladder
A girl like that's what a country boy's after
She cranks, she cranks, she cranks my tractor
She cranks, she cranks, she cranks my tractor She's ten pounds of sugar in a five pound sack
A long straight away on a quarter mile track
She got a kiss that'll hit you like a heart attack
I got the rifle she's got the rack and I go fast, she hollers faster
She's the first one up the hayloft ladder
A girl like that's what a country boy's after
She cranks, she cranks, she cranks my tractor
I go fast, she hollers faster
She's the first one up the hayloft ladder
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Hang on Girl

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