

# Homegrown Honey

Darius Rucker

"Homegrown Honey" Sitting at a bar in New York City  
Everybody here looking New York pretty  
But you're the kinda girl that's got that something  
Dancing to the groove like it just ain't nothing  
They ain't never seen nothing quite like you  
Long stem legs in your cowboy boots  
Throwing back whiskey straight, no water  
Girl there ain't nothing hotter  
Ooh, I dig the way that you move  
You shake it down to your roots  
Did your momma teach you how to do that thing you do  
Yeah, nothing sweeter than wild  
I'll take a sip of that smile  
I'll bet the boys at home can't leave you alone  
You little homegrown honey, honey, honey  
You're so money, money, money  
You got a country road Carolina soul  
Baby you're just so homegrown  
Trying to think of something cool to say  
Turned around and saw you walking my way  
Pulled me on the floor saying "Son it's on"  
And we were dancing all night long  
To a sweet old Alabama song  
Ooh, I dig the way that you move  
You shake it down to your roots  
Did your momma teach you how to do that thing you do  
Yeah, nothing sweeter than wild  
I'll take a sip of that smile  
I'll bet the boys at home can't leave you alone  
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You got a country road Carolina soul  
Baby you're just so homegrown  
Trying to think of something cool to say  
Turned around and saw you walking my way  
Pulled me on the floor saying "Son it's on"  
And we were dancing all night long  
To a sweet old Alabama song Ooh baby, baby, baby  
You're driving me crazy, crazy, crazy  
I'm a long way away from where I'm from  
But baby you feel like home Ooh, I dig the way that you move  
You shake it down to your roots

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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