

Sawdust on Her Halo

Tracy Lawrence

All week long, she loves to stay at home and hold me
She hangs her buckle in the closet, keeps her boots up on the shelf
Heaven knows the good Lord sent me an angel
But every Saturday night, she wants to raise a little hell
She likes kickin' up a lil' sawdust on her halo
Yeah, she'll whirl and twirl and twist and turn
While the jukebox plays and moans
Well, she paints on them tight blue jeans
And brings out the devil in me
She likes kickin' up a lil' sawdust on her halo
You can find her in the choir loft every Sunday
Winkin' at me, with two sore feet inside her high heel shoes
Every Saturday night, she'll dance 'til closing time
And still be there in the morning for Sunday school
She likes kickin' up a lil' sawdust on her halo
Yeah, she'll whirl and twirl and twist and turn
While the jukebox plays and moans
Well, she paints on them tight blue jeans
And brings out the devil in me
She likes kickin' up a lil' sawdust on her halo, kick it up, darlin'
She likes kickin' up a lil' sawdust on her halo
Yeah, she'll whirl and twirl and twist and turn
While the jukebox plays and moans
Well, she paints on them tight blue jeans
And brings out the devil in me
She likes kickin' up a lil' sawdust on her halo
Kickin' up a lil' sawdust on her halo
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