

She stands there in her biker boots
They're leather and they're black
On her head a baseball cap
Ponytail coming out the back
That little black dress really hugs her curves
The way all the boys wish they could
Drinking Texas beer from a longneck bottle
Damn that girl looks good

When she leaves you you'll be crying - (chorus)
Tears like the Chickasha flood
She's an Oklahoma girl she's got her own kind of style
She's got red dirt in her blood

Sometimes she cheers for the Sooners
She cheers for the Cowboys, too
But there's one weekend every year
Her loyalty gets confused
She hangs out by the swimming pool
In a pink bikini she's a sight
Before she swam in Lake Thunderbird
That swimsuit had been white

- Chorus -

Her daddy taught her how to stand her ground
Her mama taught her how to fight
She works real hard everyday
She loves to dance at night
She gets into the music
Swaying to the beat of the song
Try to keep up and she'll wear you out
She can do that dance all night long

When she leaves you you'll be crying - (chorus)
Tears like the Chickasha flood
She's an Oklahoma girl she's got her own kind of style
She's got red dirt in her blood

When she leaves you you'll be crying
Tears like the Chickasha flood
Mistreat her and she'll kick your ass
She's got red dirt in her blood