

# Whole Damn Thing

Chuck Wicks

Everybody says she is a wild card, a heart ache,  
the kinda girl, you never know, where she's gonna land.  
Oh now she's going out, and making friends,  
it never stops, it never ends,  
the kinda girl, to slow it down, or drag you out on the dance floor, to dance around. Oh, cause  
she's a cold beer, and football, a red dress, that just falls,  
oh she's, oh she's, a bit of rain, and a lot of fire,  
a good laugh, and a bad liar.  
Oh she's, oh she's the whole damn thing.  
She's the whole damn thing.  
She's the kinda girl who makes a man do anything,  
like fall in love, and get ya thinkin' bout the next step.  
And you're wakin' up, it's burnt toast, a soft touch, that just knows, how to bring you back from  
a bad day.  
And she's the kinda girl who ain't ever goin' away,  
no she ain't ever goin' away Cause she's a cold beer, and football, a red dress, that just falls,  
Oh she's, oh she's a bit of rain, and a lot of fire,  
a good laugh, and a bad liar  
oh she's, oh she's the whole damn thing.  
She's the whole damn thing.  
Yeah she is. She's up and down, and back and forth, across the street, a way downtown.  
She's the whole damn thing.  
All the things I've never known, I finally got, and I won't let go,  
cause she's the whole, the whole damn thing.  
Oh she's a cold beer, and football, a red dress, that just falls,  
oh she's, oh she's a bit of rain, and a lot of fire,  
a good laugh, and a bad liar  
Oh she's, oh she's the whole damn thing.  
She's the whole damn thing.  
My baby she's the whole damn thing

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>