

# Alan Jackson, Blue Blooded Woman

She loves a violin, I love a fiddle  
We go separate ways but we meet in the middle  
Don't see eye to eye but we're hand in hand  
A blue blooded woman and a redneck man

The lady I love loves silk and satin  
She was raised uptown with a silver spoon  
Well, I was born on a farm just south of Jackson  
We had an old Ford tractor and a country moon

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She's Saks Fifth Avenue perfection  
Caviar and dignified  
Well, I live my life in Wal-Mart fashion  
And I like my sushi southern fried

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She's a blue blooded woman, I'm a redneck man.