

**Good Directons**  
**Billy Currington**

Capo: 3rd Fret

(verse 1)

I was sittin there, **D** sellin turnips on a flatbed truck  
**F#m**  
Crunchin on a pork rind when she pulled up  
**G** **A** **Bm**  
She had to be thinkin this is where rednecks come from

(verse 2)

**D**  
She had Hollywood written on her license plate  
**F#m**  
She was lost and lookin for the interstate  
**G** **A** **D**  
Needin directions and I was the man for the job

(Chorus)

**G** **A**  
I told her way up yonder past the caution light  
**G** **A**  
There s a little country store with an old coke sign  
**G** **A** **Bm**  
You gotta stop and ask Miss Bell for some of her sweet tea  
**G** **A**  
Then a left will take you to the interstate  
**G** **A** (one strum)  
And a right will bring you right back here to me

(verse 1 chords)

I was sittin there, thinkin bout her perty face  
Kickin myself for not catching her name  
I threw my hat and thought, you fool, it could have been love

(verse 2)

I knew my old Ford couldn t run her down,  
she probably didn t like me anyhow  
So I watched her disappear into a cloud of dust

(Chorus)

(bridge)

**G** **A**  
Is this Georgia heat playin tricks on me  
**Bm** **A**  
Or am I really seein what I think I see

**G**

**A**

**Bm A G**

The woman of my dreams comin back to me

(Chorus chords)

She went way up yonder past the caution light

Don t know why, but somethin felt right

When she stopped and asked Ms. Bell

For some of her sweet tea

Mama gave her a big ol glass and

Sent her right back here to me

**G**

**A**

**NC**

Thank God for good directions, and turnip greens