

Buck Owens, It Takes People Like You To Make

It takes people like you to make people like me
From the great Rocky Mountains to the shores of the sea
From the sands of the desert to the tall oak tree
It takes people like you to make people like me
Those skies may turn grey for a while you can brighten each day with a smile
And wherever you go I want you to know
It takes people like you to make people like me
[ac.guitar]
It takes people like you to make people like me
From the snows of Alaska down to sunny Tennessee
And from New York City to Los Angeles
It takes people like you to make people like me
Those skies may turn grey...
It takes people like you to make people like me