

Charlie Rich, Easy Look

She's got that easy look
Anytime you're ready kind of easy look
She wears that look for every man to see, it's killing me
'Cause that woman with that easy look belongs to me
She sits there at the bar
Her feelings standing bare
Open as a see-through dress
She always wears
She's got that, come on look
Her eyes, an open book
She knows I know
But I don't think she really cares
She's got that easy look
That anytime you're ready kind of easy look
She wears that look for every man to see, Lord, it's killing me
'Cause that woman with that easy look belongs to me
That woman with that easy look belongs to me