

Travis Tritt, Girls Like That

Five foot nine, long legs clear up to there
High heel shoes, short skirt with her shoulders bare
It's easy to see she's got her style down pat
Got a way of walkin' like a wild bobcat
Well, you gotta love the Lord for makin' girls like that
She likes pickup trucks and longnecks and she loves to dance
She can steal your heart in a second with a single glance
Skin tight jeans and a cowboy hat
Hit a boy harder than a baseball bat
Well you gotta love the Lord for makin' girls like that
Well I wouldn't call myself a righteous man
But I thank heaven every chance I can
For sending Eve to Adam when this old world first began
Well I wouldn't call myself a righteous man
But I thank heaven every chance I can
For sending Eve to Adam when this old world first began
You can find them on a city street or down a country road
Natural born beauties turning heads everywhere they go
Take your breath away like a tire gone flat
Make a man cry like a little spoiled brat
Well you gotta love the Lord for makin' girls like that
Yes, you gotta love the Lord for makin' girls like that
Well, you gotta love the Lord for makin' girls like that