

# 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