

Billy Ray Cyrus, I Luv Ya

(Jeffrey Steele, John Hobbs, Michael Dulaney)

You wake up, your hair's a mess
You're all legs in my old t-shirt
Ah, that's when you look the best
Oh, I luv ya

Fuzzy slippers, coffee mug
Rubbin' your eyes, you say don't look
I swear I could eat you up
Girl, I luv ya

Chorus:
You don't need no red dress, Mama
You don't need no big hairdo
A natural born beauty just the way you are
With twenty-two freckles and a rose tattoo

Out in the garden in garden gloves
Dirt on your cheek, A smile on your face
In the middle of buttercups
Baby, I luv ya

--- Instrumental ---

Chorus:
You don't need no red dress, Mama
You don't need no big hairdo
A natural born beauty just the way you are
With twenty-two freckles and a rose tattoo

Cindy Crawford, she's all right
Julia Roberts, ah, she just ain't my type
You on the couch in them old levis
Girl, I luv ya

Just what you are
Just what I like
God, I luv ya...