

Brad Martin, That's a Woman

(Brad Martin/R. Williamson/A. Laney)

She's been working all day, you'd never know
It's over now as she changes clothes
Leaves it all behind, that old 9 to 5
Already waiting when I come in, asking how my day has been
Knowing all the time, hers was worse than mine

Now that's a woman, that's a woman

Such a pretty face, no makeup on
Dancing round the house to the radio
In my favorite shirt, it looks better on her
Crossing her legs and painting her toes
Sitting in the middle of the living room floor
Putting on a show, she don't even know

Now that's a woman, that's a woman

She's got sexy little ways, sassy little moods
But all I know is her love is true

When we lay down late at night
In my arms, she holds on tight
Whispers low, baby I love you so

Now that's a woman, that's a woman
Now that's a woman, that's my woman