

# Reba McEntire, He Gets That Room

He Gets That From Me

His early mornin' attitude  
You have to drag him out of bed  
Only frosted flakes will do  
He gets that from me  
Yeah, he gets that from me

His curly hair and his knobby knees  
The way the sun brings those freckles out  
Talk and talk never miss a beat  
Yeah, he gets that from me  
He gets that from me

He looks at me with those big brown eyes  
He's got me in the palm of his hands  
And I swear sometimes  
It's just like you're here again  
He smiles that little crooked smile  
There's no denying he's your child  
Without him I don't know what I'd do  
He gets that from you  
Oh, he gets that from you

How he loves your old guitar  
Yeah, he's taught himself to play  
He melts my heart  
Tells me he loves me every day  
And cracks jokes at the perfect time  
Makes me laugh when I want to cry  
That boy is everything to me  
He gets that from you  
He gets that from you

Last night I heard him pray  
Lord, help me and mama make it through  
And tell daddy we'll be okay  
He said he sure misses you  
He sure misses you  
He really misses you  
He gets that from me