

Tim McGraw, Something Like That

(Track 9 - Time 3:03)

(Rick Ferrell/Keith Follese)

It was Labor Day weekend I was seventeen
I bought a Coke and some gasoline
And I drove out to the county fair
When I saw her for the first time
She was standing there in the ticket line
And it all started right then and there
Oh, a sailer's sky made a perfect sunset
And that's the day I'll never forget
I had a barbeque stain on my white tee shirt
She was killing me in that miniskirt
Skippin' rocks on the river by the railroad tracks
She had a suntan line and red lipstick
I worked so hard for that first kiss
And a heart don't forget something like that
Well it was five years later on a southbound plane
I was headed down to New Orleans
To meet some friends of mine for Mardi Gras
When I heard a voice from the past
Comin' from a few rows back
And when I looked, I couldn't believe just what I saw
She said I bet you don't remember me
And I said only every other memory
I had a barbeque stain on my white tee shirt
You were killing me in that miniskirt
Skippin' rocks on the river by the railroad tracks
You had a suntan line and red lipstick
I worked so hard for that first kiss
And a heart don't forget something like that
Like an old photograph
Time can make a feeling fade
But the memory of a first love
Never fades away
I had a barbecue stain on my white tee shirt
She was killing me in that miniskirt
Skippin' rocks on the river by the railroad tracks
She had a sun tan line and red lipstick
I worked so hard for that first kiss
A heart don forget, no a heart don forget
I said a heart don forget something like that
Oh, not something like that