

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