

# Man Like That

Brooke Eden

I was new in town  
Cruisin' around  
Didn't see the four way stop  
I swerved and hit a curb  
Heard my right rear tire go pop  
When like a scene from a movie screen  
He was there in an old ball cap  
White night in torn blue jeans  
On his knees fixin' my flat

Always dreamed about a man like that  
A down home stand up kinda guy  
A man like that  
John Wayne John Deere and apple pie  
Head full of smarts and a big ol' heart  
Strong enough to love me back  
Always dreamed about a man  
A man like that

He was real polite  
He said "Friday night  
I know a place with a real good band"  
When he picked me up in his pick up truck  
He asked me if I knew how to dance  
I said "a two step or two how 'bout you"  
He said "ma'am I ain't half bad"  
Spun me round the floor til a quarter to four  
[?] in a cowboy hat

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Girls he ain't no cheata  
He loves me sweata  
Than I ever been loved before  
He don't do drama  
He loves his mama  
They don't make 'em like that anymore

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