

# Make 'Em Like You

Dallas Smith

Got the style and the class and your foot on the gas  
Of the '57 Chevy that I saw your granddaddy  
On a Sunday morning in a black and white picture  
Baptized by the river, wishing he was here 'cause...

They don't make 'em like that anymore  
Anymore, they don't make 'em like you  
You're so small town pretty, it's a dog-gone pity  
What's all them other boys gonna do?  
'Cause you're one of a kind, make you stop on a dime  
Yeah you're sexy, you're classy, you're cool  
No, they don't make 'em like that anymore  
Anymore, they don't make 'em like you  
They don't make 'em like you  
They don't make 'em like you

I'm talking slicker than cash, coming out of the dash  
Watch 'em stare when they pass, yeah their neck's breaking  
You know I can't blame 'em with the top down singing  
You got everybody thinking she's a ring of fire ringing

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Front porch swinging  
Home made ice cream  
And got the preacher man preaching  
Whole church out singing

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