## **Girls Like That**

## **Travis Tritt**

Five foot nine, long legs clear up to there
High heel shoes, short skirt with her shoulders bare
It's easy to see she's got her style down pat
Got a way of walkin' like a wild bobcat
Well, you gotta love the Lord for makin' girls like that

She likes pickup trucks and longnecks and she loves to dance She can steal your heart in a second with a single glance Skin tight jeans and a cowboy hat Hit a boy harder than a baseball bat Well you gotta love the Lord for makin' girls like that

Well I wouldn't call myself a righteous man
But I thank heaven every chance I can
For sending Eve to Adam when this old world first began

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You can find them on a city street or down a country road Natural born beauties turning heads everywhere they go Take your breath away like a tire gone flat Make a man cry like a little spoiled brat Well you gotta love the Lord for makin' girls like that

Yes, you gotta love the Lord for makin' girls like that Well, you gotta love the Lord for makin' girls like that