

God Must Be A Woman

Travis Tritt

It's the way that you sneak a Kleenex to me
When a sad song gets in my eye
You say it's alright, you got no appetite
When it's down to the last piece of pie
It's the way that you never remember
The things I would rather forget
How you grin and shrug your shoulders
When it's time to start over again

God must be a woman
You're probably a lot like her
Your grace is so amazing
An angel here on earth
You're so much like your maker
She sent you down to lay a crown on me
God must be a woman
Only mamas have a love that runs so deep
Watching out for drunks and babies and fools
And castaways like me

Some heavenly rain must soak in your brain
And come out as the sweet things you say
You stitch me back up when life plays too rough
Give my hand a little squeeze when we pray
And the I love you's that you told me
They would probably stretch to the moon
You multiply what matters
And divide the pain bt two