

The Trouble With Girls

Scotty McCreery

The trouble with girls is they're a mystery
Something about em puzzles me
Spent my whole life trying to figure out
Just what them girls are all about
The trouble with girls is they're so dang pretty
Everything about them does somethin' to me
I guess that's the way it's supposed to be
They smile that smile
They bat those eyes
They steal you with hello
They kill you with goodbye
They you with one touch
And you can't break free
Yeah the trouble with girls
Is nobody loves trouble much as me
They're sugar and spice and angel wings
Hell on wheels in tight blue jeans
A Summer night down by the lake
An old memory that you can't shake
They're hard to find yet there's so many of em
The way that you hate that you already love em
I guess that's the way it's supposed to be
They smile that smile
They bat those eyes
They steal you with hello
They kill you with goodbye
They you with one touch
And you can't break free
Yeah the trouble with girls
Is nobody loves trouble much as me
The way they hold you out on the dance floor
The way they ride in the middle of your truck
The way they give you a kiss at the front door
Leave you wishing you coulda gone up
And just as you walk away
You hear that sweet voice say
Stay
They smile that smile
They bat those eyes
They steal you with hello
They kill you with goodbye
They're the perfect drug
And i can't break free
Yeah the trouble with girls
Is nobody loves trouble much as me

