

Perfect Storm

[Brad Paisley](#)

If she was a drink
She'd be a single-barrelled
Bourbon on ice
Smooth with a kick
A chill and a burn all
At the same time She's Sunday drive meets
High speed chase
She ain't just a song
She's the whole mix tape
She's so complicated
That's the way God made her
Sunshine mixed with
A little hurricane And she destroys me in that t-shirt
And I love her so much it hurts
I never meant to fall like this
She don't just rain she pours
That girl right there's
The perfect storm I know how to make her laugh
Or blush, or mad at me
But that's OK there ain't no one
More beautiful angry And she loves just as deep
As she goes when she's down
The highs match the lows
Can't have one without the other
And I love her just the way
God made her
Sunshine mixed with
A little hurricane And she destroys me in that t-shirt
And I love her so much it hurts
I never meant to fall like this
But she don't just rain she pours
That girl right there's
The perfect storm She's the girl of a lifetime
A guy like me spends his whole life
Looking for, that girl right there's
The perfect storm
Woah-oh-oh
Woah-oh-oh
(She destroys me in that t-shirt)

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