

# She's Just Like That

Joe Nichols

She likes daisies over diamonds  
You oughta see her face when I bring em home  
She spends most her morning talking to Jesus  
And at night it's wine and an old Keith Whitley song  
Yeah, she makes me sing along  
She's just like that  
That's just how she is  
She's a honeysuckle sweet but boy she's a ball of fire  
She's pure as rain, on Sunday  
And for me, well she'd walk through hell and back  
She's just like that.  
She don't complain about too much,  
But ain't afraid to stop me when I'm in the wrong.  
Puttin' up with me ain't always easy,

How that woman does it, heaven only knows.  
Cause hell, I sure don't.  
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