

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 their so dang pretty
Everything about 'em does something to me
But I guess that's the way it's supposed to be And they smile, that smile
And they bat those eyes
They steal you with, "hello"
They kill you with, "goodbye"
They hook you with one touch
And you can't break free
Yeah, the trouble with girls
Is nobody loves trouble as much as me They're sugar and spice and angel wings
Hell on wheels and 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
But 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 hook you with one touch
And you can't break free
Yeah, the trouble with girls
Is nobody loves trouble as much as me, yeah, yeah 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
But if you're wishing you could have 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 as much as me

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