

He Gets That from Me

[Reba McEntire](#)

His early mornin' attitude
You have to drag him out of bed
Only frosted flakes will do
He gets that from me
Yeah, he gets that from me His curly hair and his knobby knees
The way the sun brings those freckles out
Talk and talk never miss a beat
Yeah, he gets that from me
He gets that from me He looks at me with those big brown eyes
He's got me in the palm of his hands
And I swear sometimes it's just like you're here again He smiles that little crooked smile
There's no denying he's your child
Without him I don't know what I'd do He gets that from you
Oh, he gets that from you How he loves your old guitar
Yeah, he's taught himself to play
He melts my heart, tells me he loves me every day And cracks a joke at the perfect time
Makes me laugh when I want to cry
That boy is everything to me He gets that from you
He gets that from you Last night I heard him pray
"Lord, help me and mama make it through
And tell daddy we'll be okay"
He said he sure misses you
He sure misses you He really misses you
He gets that from me

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