

I Luv Ya

Billy Ray Cyrus

You wake up, your hair's a mess
You're all legs in my old t-shirt
Ah, that's when you look the best
Oh, I luv ya Fuzzy slippers, coffee mug
Rubbin' your eyes you say don't look
I swear I could eat you up
Girl, I luv ya You don't need no red dress mama
You don't need no big hairdo
A natural born beauty just the way you are
With twenty-two freckles and a rose tattoo Out in the garden in garden gloves
Dirt on your cheek, a smile on your face
In the middle of buttercups
Baby, I luv ya You don't need no red dress mama
You don't need no big hairdo
A natural born beauty just the way you are
With twenty-two freckles and a rose tattoo Cindy Crawford, she's all right
Julia Roberts, ah, she just ain't my type
You on the couch in them old Levis
Girl, I luv ya Just what you are
Just what I like
God, I luv ya

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