

# 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 they're so dang pretty  
Everything about them does somethin' to me  
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 you with one touch  
And you can't break free  
Yeah the trouble with girls  
Is nobody loves trouble much as me  
They're sugar and spice and angel wings  
Hell on wheels in 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  
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 you with one touch  
And you can't break free  
Yeah the trouble with girls  
Is nobody loves trouble much as me  
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  
Leave you wishing you coulda 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 much as me

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

