

## 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