

# 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 'em does something to me  
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

They're sugar and spice and angel wings  
And 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

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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  
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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 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