

God Made Girls

RaeLynn

Somebody's gotta wear a pretty skirt,
Somebody's gotta be the one to flirt,
Somebody's gotta wanna hold his hand so God Made Girls

Somebody's gotta make him get dressed up,
Give him a reason to wash that truck,
Somebody's gotta teach him how to dance,
So God made girls.

He needed something soft and loud and sweet and proud
But tough enough to break a heart
Something beautiful, unbreakable, that lights up in the dark

So God made girls, God made girls
He stood back and told the boys, "I'm 'bout to rock your world."
And God made girls (for singing in your front seat)
God made girls (for dancin' to their own beat)
He stood back and told the boys, "I'm 'bout to rock your world."
And God made girls.

Somebody's gotta be the one to cry
Somebody's gotta let him drive
Give him a reason to hold that door so God made girls

Somebody's gotta put up a fight,
Make him wait on a Saturday night
To walk downstairs and blow his mind,
So God made girls.

Something that can wake him up and call his bluff and drag his butt to church
Something that is hard to handle
Somethin' fragile to hold him when he hurts

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And God made girls (for singin' in your front seat)
God made girls (for dancin' to their own beat)
He stood back and told the boys, "I'm 'bout to rock your world."
And God made girls

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Somebody's gotta be the one to flirt,
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And God made girls

Somebody's gotta wear a pretty skirt,
Somebody's gotta be the one to flirt (and God made girls, yeah)
Somebody's gotta wanna hold his hand