

You Never Know

Alan Jackson

You can let a gal with freckles on her face
String your blonde hair and a 20 inch waist
Caught my eye like a little red car
She shook my hand and she grabbed my heart

Lord, you never know, no, you never know
You never know when love's gonna walk right through that door

Brunette hair and big brown eyes
Perfect little bottom like a rollercoaster ride
Waiting on her table with her lazy anchor on
Big tip, later, lord she let me drive her home

Lord, you never know, no, you never know
You never know when love's gonna walk right through that door
You never know, you never know

I was down in Atlanta on a Sunday afternoon
Backed into a Honda with a woman dressed in blue
First she wasn't happy but the chemistry began
Two Daiquiri's later, lord, we're walking hand in hand

Lord, you never know, no, you never know
You never know when love's gonna walk right through that door

So the moral to the story is you better be aware
Love might hit you 'fore you ever know it's there
So keep your motor running and keep it in gear
Listen real close she might just whisper in your ear

Lord, you never know, no, you never know
You never know when love's gonna walk right through that door
No, you never know, ah, you never know
You never know when love's gonna walk right through that door
You never know when love's gonna walk right through that door