

It Takes People Like You (To Make People Like Me)

Buck Owens

It takes people like you to make people like me
From the great Rocky Mountains to the shores of the sea
From the sands of the desert to the tall oak tree
It takes people like you to make people like me

Though skies may turn gray for a while
You can brighten each day with a smile
And wherever you go I want you to know

It takes people like you to make people like me
It takes people like you to make people like me

From the snows of Alaska down to sunny Tennessee
And from New York City to Los Angeles
It takes people like you to make people like me
Though skies may turn gray for a while

You can brighten each day with a smile
And wherever you go I want you to know
It takes people like you to make people like me