

She's Just Like That

Joe Nichols

She likes daisies over diamonds
You oughta see her face when I bring em home
She spends most her morning talking to Jesus
And at night it's wine and an old Keith Whitley song
Yeah, she makes me sing along

She's just like that
That's just how she is
She's a honeysuckle sweet but boy she's a ball of fire
She's pure as rain, on Sunday
And for me, well she'd walk through hell and back
She's just like that.

She don't complain about too much,
But ain't afraid to stop me when I'm in the wrong.
Puttin' up with me ain't always easy,
How that woman does it, heaven only knows.
Cause hell, I sure don't.

She's just like that
That's just how she is
She's a honeysuckle sweet but boy she's a ball of fire
She's pure as rain, on Sunday
And for me, well she'd walk through hell and back
She's just like that.

She's just like that
That's just how she is
She's a honeysuckle sweet but boy she's a ball of fire
She's pure as rain, on Sunday
And for me, well she'd walk through hell and back
She's just like that.
She's just like that.