

More Girls Like You

Kip Moore

Well, I've been living like a wild old mustang
Out in Montana fields
Might've earned me a bad reputation
But never stopped these wheels
From going and rolling too far
Running and gunning a little too hard
So unreigned, so untamed, yeah

So God made girls like you make guys like me
Wanna reach for the brightest star, set it on a ring
Put it on your hand, grab a piece of land
And raise a few
More girls like you

Your soul is pure golden
Must've been true love you were grown in
Sent the sun rays to a dark place
On the same day, yeah, God made

Girls like you make guys like me
Wanna reach for the brightest star, set it on a ring
Put it on your hand, grab a piece of land
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It's been a while since I stopped and prayed
But Lord have mercy look at her
He sure didn't make no mistake when he put that angel on Earth
Yeah, God made

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Yeah...