

## 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  
And raise a few  
More girls like you...

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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Put it on your hand, grab a piece of land  
And raise a few  
More girls like you  
Yeah...