

## Mrs. Garland

Travis Garland

If I had to write a list  
Of all the things I can't resist  
I'd write you  
No one's made me feel like this  
Call me out on all my shit  
Until you

Girl you know that you're so fly  
Where'd you come from (And I)  
Excuse me miss (And I)  
It's girls like you  
Didn't know that y'all exist  
Done playing games  
Really want to give you my last name oh

Cause I think you just might be Mrs. Garland  
And I'd be crazy not to put a ring on it

There's no make up, in sweats  
And she's still the baddest chick  
In my room  
When she flashes me that smile  
So spontaneous and wild  
Man I'm through

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I really want to give you my last name oh

Cause I think you just might be Mrs. Garland  
And I'd be crazy not to put a ring on it

So what you talkin' 'bout  
Let's go  
Get a bible girl  
Let's roll  
Get you a white dress  
You know you know you know  
Let's hit the chapel  
what you say?

Girl I can't explain the way that you  
Explain what you be doing to me  
Just give me your hand  
I'm waiting on your answer  
We could spend forever ok

Cause I think you just might be Mrs. Garland  
And I'd be crazy not to put a ring on it  
Cause I think you just might be Mrs. Garland  
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So what you talkin' 'bout

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And I  
And I