

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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Excuse me miss (And I)
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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
And I'd be crazy not to put a ring on it

So what you talkin' 'bout

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And I