

# God Must Be A Woman

Travis Tritt

It's the way that you sneak a Kleenex to me  
When a sad song song gets in my eye  
You say it's alright, you got no appetite  
When it's down to the last piece of pie  
It's the way that you never remember  
The things I would rather forget  
How you grin and shrug your shoulders  
When it's time to start over again

God must be a woman  
You're probably a lot like her  
Your grace is so amazing  
An angel here on earth  
You're so much like your maker  
She sent you down to lay a crown on me  
God must be a woman  
Only mamas have a love that runs so deep  
Watching out for drunks and babies and fools  
And castaways like me

Some heavenly rain must soak in your brain  
And come out as the sweet things you say  
You stitch me back up when life plays too rough  
Give my hand a little squeeze when we pray  
And the I love you's that you told me  
They would probably stretch to the moon  
You multiply what matters  
And divide the pain bt two