

Reba McEntire "He Gets That From Me"

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"He Gets That From Me"

His early mornin' attitude
You have to drag him out of bed
Only frosted flakes will do
He gets that from me
Yeah, he gets that from me

His curly hair and his knobby knees
The way the sun brings those freckles out
Talk and talk never miss a beat
Yeah, he gets that from me
He gets that from me

He looks at me with those big brown eyes
He's got me in the palm of his hands
And I swear sometimes
It's just like you're here again
He smiles that little crooked smile
There's no denying he's your child
Without him I don't know what I'd do
He gets that from you
Oh, he gets that from you

How he loves your old guitar
Yeah, he's taught himself to play
He melts my heart
Tells me he love me every day
And cracks jokes at the perfect time
Makes me laugh when I want to cry
That boy is everything to me
He gets that from you
He gets that from you

Last night I heard him pray
Lord, help me and mama make it through
And tell daddy we'll be okay
He said he sure misses you
He sure misses you
He really misses you
He gets that from me

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