

Her

Cole Swindell

That girl walks into a party
Looking like a million in a dress from Target
The reason why every head in the whole room turns
That's her
Red light little white Honda
Strawberry blonde that she got from her mama
Blowing out the window then she's gone in a beautiful blur
That was her

That cheap box wine, she's drinking it
Friday night, she's bringing it
Old school song, she's singing it
Dust on the bar, wrong words, that's her
That lights down, hair down heart attack
Yeah, that's her, oh but that
How'd I ever meet her?
Wrapped around her little finger, that's me
Just lucky to be with her

That girl at the concert dancing
Clapping with her flip-flops, feet in the grass
Yeah, the only band anybody's watching is the one on her shirt
That's her
That girl that girls wanna hate
All the boys wanna date
They can't 'cause I ain't
Never ever gonna give her a reason to leave
'Cause all I need is her

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Friday night, she's bringing it
Old school song, she's singing it
Dust on the bar, wrong words, that's her
That lights down, hair down heart attack
Yeah, that's her, oh but that
How'd I ever meet her?
Wrapped around her little finger, that's me
Just lucky to be with her

Right here
Her lipstick on the rim of my bed
Even the stars of the night this clear

Ain't falling like I'm falling for her, yeah

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Friday night, she's bringing it
Old school song, she's singing it
Dust on the bar, wrong words, that's her
That lights down, hair down heart attack
Yeah, that's her, oh but that
How'd I ever meet her?
Wrapped around her little finger, that's me
Just lucky to be with her
Yeah, I'm just lucky to be with her
I'm talking 'bout that girl
Yeah, that's her

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>