## SUB ingles

They smile, that smile

## Fill in the gaps

## The trouble with girls by Scotty McCreery

| The trouble with girls is they're a mystery       |                   |                | And they bat those eyes                        |              |            |
|---|-------------------|----------------|--|--------------|------------|
| Something (1) them puzzles me                     |                   |                | They steal you with "hello"                    |              |            |
| Spent my whole life trying to figure out          |                   |                | They kill you with "good bye"                  |              |            |
| Just what (2) girls are all about                 |                   |                | They hook you with one touch                   |              |            |
| The trouble with girls                            |                   |                | And you can't break free                       |              |            |
| Is they're so dang pretty                         |                   |                | Yeah, the (7)                                  |              | with girls |
| Everything about them does something to me        |                   |                | Is nobody loves trouble as much as me          |              |            |
| But I guess that's the way it's suppose to be     |                   |                | The way they hold you out on the dance floor   |              |            |
| They smile, that smile                            |                   |                | The way they ride in the middle of your truck  |              |            |
| They bat those eyes                               |                   |                | The way they give you a kiss at the front door |              |            |
| (3) steal you with "hello"                        |                   |                | But if you're wishing you could've gone up     |              |            |
| They kill you with "good bye"                     |                   |                | And just as you walk away                      |              |            |
| They hook you with one touch                      |                   |                | You hear that sweet voice say: "stay"          |              |            |
| And you can't break free                          |                   |                | They smile, that smile                         |              |            |
| Yeah, the trouble with girls                      |                   |                | And they bat those eyes                        |              |            |
| Is nobody loves trouble as much as me             |                   |                | They steal you with "hello"                    |              |            |
| They're (4) a                                     | and spice and and | gel wings      | (8)  | kill you (9) | "good bye" |
| And hell on heels and tight blue jeans            |                   |                | They're the perfect drug                       |              |            |
| A summer night, down by the lake                  |                   |                | And I can't break free                         |              |            |
| An old (5)  | (6) ye            | ou can't shake | Yeah, the trou                                 | ıble (10)    | girls      |
| They're hard to find, yet there's so many of them |                   |                | Is nobody loves trouble as much as me          |              |            |
| The way that you hate, that you already love them |                   |                |  |              |            |
| But I guess that's the way it's suppose to be     |                   |                |  |              |            |



- 1. about
- 2. them
- 3. They
- 4. sugar
- 5. memory
- 6. that
- 7. trouble
- 8. They
- 9. with
- 10. with

## Fill in the gaps