

She likes it when I call in sick to work  
Spend the whole day hanging with her  
I might get fired but that's alright  
I'm doing what she likes

She likes it when I bring home fresh fajitas  
And mix up a pitcher of margaritas  
Catch a kind of buzz that lasts all night  
Doing what she likes

She likes hearing how good she looks in them blue jeans  
Little kisses, sweeter than sweet tea  
Things I whispered in her ear, oh my  
I like doing what she likes

Like running my fingers through her long hair  
Lighting watermelon candles upstairs  
Letting them burn and holding her all night  
I like doing what she likes

She likes it when I get past second gear  
Sees gravel flying in the rearview mirror  
Sometimes I'm pushing 95  
Doing what she likes

And she likes it when I find a road that's dark  
Can we pull up somewhere and park?  
Turn the radio on and turn off the lights  
Keep doing what she likes

She likes hearing how good she looks in them blue jeans  
Little kisses, sweeter than sweet tea  
Things I whispered in her ear, oh my  
I like doing what she likes

Like running my fingers through her long hair  
Lighting watermelon candles upstairs  
Letting them burn and holding her all night  
I like doing what she likes

She likes it when I sing her old silly songs  
And throwing words where they don't belong  
Sometimes we laugh until we almost cry  
Doing what she likes  
Doing what she likes

She likes hearing how good she looks in them blue jeans  
Little kisses, sweeter than sweet tea  
Things I whispered in her ear, oh my  
I like doing what she likes

Like running my fingers through her long hair  
Lighting watermelon candles upstairs  
Letting them burn and holding her all night  
I like doing what she likes

Yeah, I like doing what she likes  
Hmm, yeah