

Country Man

Luke Bryan

You need hands, rough not soft
To come and warm you up up in that cold hayloft
Let me hold you little darling in my big strong arms
Can't get these kind of muscles anywhere but a farm
Hey I'm a country man a city boy can't do
the things I can
I can grow my own groceries and salt cure a ham
Hey baby I'm a country man I've got a jeep with camouflage seats
That way nobody sees us parked back up in these trees
Your little i-pod loaded down with Hoobastank
Don't be a tape player hater girl were cruising to Hank
Hey I'm a country man a city boy can't do the things I can
I can hot-wire your tractor and plow up your land
Hey baby I'm a country man You like the ivy league hum-v tennis sweater type
But girl I'm here to tell you don't believe the high
Hey I'm a country I can wrestle hogs and
gators with my two bare hands
Girl you better move quick I'm in high demand
Hey baby I'm a country man
Hey I'm a country man huntinh me a good ole'
country girlfriend
Why don't you come and join me in my new deerstand
Hey baby I'm a country man
Hey baby I'm a country man
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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