

# 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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