

# She Treats Her Body Like a Temple

## Confederate Railroad

She takes spinning class, she cooks low fat  
Always passes on the butter pats  
She's regimented, resolute  
Looks dang good in her birthday suit  
She wishes I would walk the line  
But most the time I don't  
She treats her body like a temple  
And I treat mine like a honky tonk  
I cuss and smoke and tell bad jokes  
And hang out with the band  
The only exercise I get  
Is curling 12 ounce cans  
Her motto is, 'Just do'  
And mine's, 'Do what you want'  
She treats her body like a temple  
Hey, I treat mine like a honky tonk  
She never goes no where till she does her hair  
And takes the time to find the perfect thing to wear  
Me, I'm out there on the town  
In day old Bermuda's with the zipper down  
She smells like a field of flowers  
And I smell like a swamp  
She treats her body like a temple  
And I treat mine like a honky tonk  
I cuss and smoke and tell bad jokes  
And hang out with the band  
The only exercise I get  
Is curling 12 ounce cans  
Her motto is, 'Just do'  
Mine's, 'Do what you want'  
She treats her body like a temple  
And I treat mine like a honky tonk  
Her motto is, 'Just do'  
Mine's, 'Do what you want'  
She treats her body like a temple  
I treat mine like a honky tonk  
She treats her body like a temple  
I treat mine like a honky tonk  
Aw boys, don't quit on me now

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>