Country Man

Gore Gore Girls

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 kinda 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 ipod's loaded down with Hoobastank
Don't be a tape player hater girl we're grooving to Hank
Hey, I'm a country man
A city boy can't do the things I can
I can hotwire your tractor and plough up your land
Hey baby, I'm a country man
You like the ivy league, Humvee, tennis sweater type
But girl, I'm here to tell you don't believe the hype
Hey I'm a country man
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 hunting me a good ole' country girlfriend
Why don't you come and join me in my new deer stand
Hey baby, I'm a country man
Hey baby, I'm a country man

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