

I'm Still a Guy

[Brad Paisley](#)

When you see a deer, you see Bambi
And I see antlers up on the wall
When you see a lake you think picnics
And I see a large mouth up under that log
You're probably thinkin' that you're gonna change me
In some ways, well, maybe you might
Scrub me down, dress me up
Oh, but no matter what, remember, I'm still a guy
When you see a priceless French painting
I see a drunk naked girl
When you think that riding a wild bull sounds crazy
And I'd like to give it a whirl
Well, love makes a man do some things he ain't proud of
And in a weak moment I might
Walk your sissie dog, hold your purse at the mall
But remember, I'm still a guy
And I'll pour out my heart, hold your hand in the car
Write a love song that makes you cry
Then turn right around, knock some jerk to the ground
'Cause he copped a feel as you walked by
I can hear you now talkin' to your friends
Sayin' yeah, girls he's come a long way
From draggin' his knuckles and carryin' a club
And buildin' a fire in a cave
But when you say a back rub means only a back rub
Then you swat my hand when I try
Well, now what can I say at the end of the day
Honey, I'm still a guy
And I'll pour out my heart, hold your hand in the car
Write a love song that makes you cry
Then turn right around knock some jerk to the ground
'Cause he copped a feel as you walked by
These days there's dudes gettin' facials
Manicured, waxed and botoxed
With deep spray-on tans and creamy lotiony hands
You can't grip a tackle box
Yeah, with all of these men linin' up to get neutered
It's hip now to be feminized
But I don't highlight my hair, I've still got a pair
Yeah honey, I'm still a guy
Oh, my eyebrows ain't plucked, there's a gun in my truck
Oh thank God, I'm still a guy
Yeah boy

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