

Smoking Jacket

Miranda Lambert

I want a man with a smoking jacket and
A deeper pocket with money to burn
I want a man who knows his status
And he makes a habit of loving me till it hurtsHe might be heavy on the pedal
But he knows how to take it slow
He might be quite continental
But he shows going to take me home
Yes, he isI want a man with a smoking jacket and
A car thats classic living bourgeoisie
I want a man whose heart is tragic
But he makes his magic every night on meWe go together just like nicotine and Chanel
And when he lights up I'm his lucky strike
Waiting for him to exhaleI want a man with a smoking jacket and
A deeper pocket with money to burn
I want a man who knows his status
And he makes a habit of loving me till it hurtsVelvet and refined, he's defined to hold me
I don't need a diamond, I like wearing his smoke ringsI want a man, I want a man
I want a man
I want a man with a smoking jacket
And he lights his matches with keroseneI want a man, I want a man
I want a man with a smoking jacket
I want a man, I want a man
I want a man with a smoking jacket

Songwriters

MIRANDA LAMBERT, NATALIE HEMBY, LUCIE SILVAPublished by

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