Buck

Keith Whitley

Buck, you're a whole lot a man
Just take a look at your great big hands
You know you can crush poor me in two
But gentle, oh, so gentle are the things you doI say I never have to worry 'bout you goin' out
There ain't no other woman, ain't no need to doubt
So early to bed and early to rise
I know just what you're thinkin' by the look in your eyesI say Buck, so sweet is your back
I like to wash you and kiss you when you're wet
So hold me close and squeeze me till I sigh
Please love me, honey, till the day I dieI say, Buck, there ain't no other man around
Get your lover gal to calm right down
No question 'bout the way I feel for you
So gentle, oh, so gentle are the things you doOh so gentle, oh, so gentle are the things you do
Oh so gentle, oh, so gentle are the things you do

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