

# 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 do I 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 eyes I 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 die I 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 do Oh 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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