

# Country Man

[Luke Bryan](#)

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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