

# 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 picnic  
And I see a large mouth up under that log  
You're probably thinking that you're going to change me  
In some ways well maybe you might  
Scrub me down, dress me up all but no matter what  
Remember I'm still a guy  
When you see a priceless French painting  
I see drunk, naked girls  
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 sissy dog, hold your purse at the mall  
But remember, I'm still a guy  
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 talking to your friends  
Saying "Yeah girls he's come a long way"  
From dragging his knuckles and carrying a club  
And building a fire in a cave  
But when you say a backrub means only a backrub  
Then you swat my hand when I try  
Well, 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 getting facials  
Manicured, waxed and botoxed  
With deep spray-on tans and creamy lotiony hands  
You can't grip a tackle-box  
With all of these men lining up to get neutered  
It's hip now to be feminized  
I don't highlight my hair  
I've still got a pair  
Yeah honey, I'm still a guy  
All my eyebrows ain't plucked  
There's a gun in my truck  
Oh thank God, I'm still a guy

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