The Truth About Men

Tracy Byrd

We don't like to go out shoppin'
We don't care what's on sale
We just want to sit with a bag full of chips
Watchin' the N.F.L.
When you come over at half time
An' say, "Does this dress fit too tight?"
We just look you in the eye with a big fat lie
An say, "Uh, uh, it looks just right"
Well, that's the truth about men
Yeah, that's the truth about us
We like to hunt and golf on our days off
Scratch, an' spit, an cuss
It don't matter what line we hand you
When we come draggin' in
We ain't wrong, we ain't sorry
An' it's probably gonna happen again
We hate watchin' "Steel Magnolias"
We like "Rambo" an' "Die Hard 4"
Jump up and down like fools when we see the new tools
At the Home Depot store
We don't really wanna take you to dinner
At some fancy restaurant
The only reason we do is 'cause we know it leads to
The one thing that we all want
Well, that's the truth about men
Yeah, that's the truth about guys
We'd rather play guitars and work on cars
Than work on the problems in our lives
An' though we might say it to you
Every now and then
We ain't wrong, we ain't sorry
An' it's probably gonna happen again
Well, if you want to know what we're all thinkin'
It's nothin' too complex
It's just somethin' cold for drinkin'
And a whole lot of S E
Yes, that's the truth about men
Yeah, that's the truth about us
We like to hunt and golf an' drive around, lost

Scratch, an' spit, an' a whole lot of other disgustin' stuff
It don't matter what line we give you
When we come a-crawlin' in
We ain't wrong, we ain't sorry
An' it's probably gonna happen again
We ain't wrong, we ain't sorry
An' it's probably gonna happen
Sure, it's gonna happen
You know it's gonna happen again
An' that's the truth about men
You know it, son
Tell 'em how it is Tracy

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