

What Are We Doing In Love

Mark Chesnutt

You say country like it's a bad thing, tease me baby for the way I am.

Uptown, uptight, you're way a living.

I can never be that kind of man.

You got your powdered up painted on lipstick.

I got a hole in my brand new jeans.

You'd never be caught dead in a pickup.

I'd get mud in your limousine. Chorus So what are we doing love.

You tell me, cause I give up.

The odds are stacked a hundred to one.

So what are we doing in love. Sweet tea, cornbread, fried green tomatoes, football, nascar, Redman chew.

You're sweet champagne and caviar kisses.

I'm cheeseburgers and 90 proof.

I'm a dirt poor redneck cowboy.

You're a woman of the world.

I don't know what you see in my brown eyes.

You can do so much better than me. Chorus Why do you love me?

I give up baby. Chorus

Songwriters

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