Confederate Railroad, She Treats Her Body Like

She takes spinning class, she cooks low fat Always passes on the butter pats She's regimented resolute Looks dang good in her birthday suit She wishes I would walk the line But most the time I don't She treats her body like a temple And I treat mine like a honky tonk

CHORUS

I cuss and smoke and tell bad jokes
And hang out with the band
The only exercise I get is curling 12 ounce cans
Her motto is just do it
Mine's do what you want
She treats her body like a temple
And I treat mine like a honky tonk

She never goes no where till she does her hair And takes the time to find the perfect thing to wear Me I'm out on the town In day old Bermuda's with the zipper down She smells like a field of flowers And I smell like a swamp She treats her body like a temple And I treat mine like a honky tonk