

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