

Luke Bryan, Country Man

You need hands, rough not soft
To come and warm you up in that cold hayloft
Let me hold you little darling in my big strong arms
Can't get these kind of muscles anywhere but a farm

Hey I'm a country man a city boy can't do the things I can
I can grow my own groceries and salt cure a ham
Hey baby I'm a country man

I've got a jeep with camouflage seats
That way nobody sees us parked back up in these trees
Your little i-pod loaded down with Hoobastank
Don't be a tape player hater girl were cruising to Hank

Hey I'm a country man a city boy can't do the things I can
I can hot-wire your tractor and plow up your land
Hey baby I'm a country man

You like the ivy league hum-v tennis sweater type
But girl I'm here to tell you don't believe the high

Hey I'm a country I can wrestle hogs and gators with my two bare hands
Girl you better move quick I'm in high demand
Hey baby I'm a country man

Hey I'm a country man huntinh me a good ole'
country girlfriend
Why don't you come and join me in my new deerstand
Hey baby I'm a country man
Hey baby I'ma country man