

# Trace Adkins, All Hat, No Cattle

See that boy standing there by the dance floor  
He's lookin' like the Marlboro Man  
Starched shirt, starched jeans, big trophy buckle  
And an empty Copenhagen can  
He's talkin' cowboy this and cowboy that  
Well I'll bet one thing's for sure  
The only stampede that he's ever seen  
Is the clearance at the western store  
All hat and no cattle, that boy just ain't real  
All boots and no saddle, don't know how to make a cowgirl feel  
Think I'm gonna tell him to pack up his act  
And go back where he came from  
'Cause all hat and no cattle ain't gonna get it done  
He's just a smooth-talkin', long-tall slow-walkin'  
Srugstore-made-up dude  
So honey don't you fall for that fake Texas drawl  
He ain't right for you  
What you need's a man that ain't just a hat stand  
When you get him home  
Well, I don't look like much, but I can sure saddle up  
And ride with you all night long  
All nat and no cattle, that boy just ain't real  
All boots and no saddle, don't know how to make a cowgirl feel  
Think I'm gonna tell him to pack up his act  
And go back where he came from  
'Cause all hat and no cattle ain't gonna get it done  
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