

I'm Still a Guy

Brad Paisley

When you see a deer, you see Bambi
And I see antlers up on the wall
When you see a lake, you think picnics
And I see a largemouth up under that log
You're probably thinking you're gonna change me
In some ways well, maybe you might
Scrub me down, dress me up
Ah but no matter what
Remember I'm still a guy
When you see a priceless French painting
I see a drunk naked girl
You think that riding a wild bull sounds crazy
And I'd like to give it a whirl
Well love makes a man do some things he ain't proud of
And in a weak moment I might
Walk your sissy dog, hold your purse at the mall
But remember I'm still a guy
And I'll pour out my heart
Hold your hand in the car
Write a love song that makes you cry
Then turn right around
Knock some jerk to the ground
'cause he copped a feel as you walked by
I can hear you now talking to your friends
Saying, "Yeah girls he's come a long way"
From dragging his knuckles and carrying a club
And building a fire in a cave
But when you say a backrub means only a backrub
Then you swat my hand when I try
Well now what can I say at, the end of the day
Honey, I'm still a guy
And I'll pour out my heart
Hold your hand in the car
Write a love song that makes you cry
Then turn right around
Knock some jerk to the ground
'cause he copped a feel as you walked by
These days there's dudes getting facials
Manicured, waxed, and botoxed
With deep spray on tans and creamy, lotioney hands
You can't grip a tackle box
Yeah with all of these men lining up to get neutered
It's hip now to be feminized
But I don't highlight my hair
I've still got a pair
Yeah honey, I'm still a guy
My eyebrows ain't plucked
There's a gun in my truck

Oh thank God I'm still a guy

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>