

# 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, lotiony 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/>