

My Baby Loves Boys

© 2007 Will Stanley

One thing about my baby, she don't hate men
In fact she likes hanging out with the guys
We curse and talk sports and belch and pass wind
She don't even roll her eyes.

I met her at a power pull, Allis-Chalmers versus John Deere
I leaned over and gave her a can and said, Hey doll, how 'bout a beer
The tactic worked, and now she's mine, my little bundle of joy
I succeeded almost without trying, cuz my baby loves boys and their ploys

Instrumental

She loves my pickup truck, my snow machine and my bike
The rider mower, the ATV, and she lets me have the remote at night.
When I want something, I can't afford, she ain't no killjoy
She puts it on her credit card, cuz my baby loves boys and their toys.

Instrumental

Bridge: No battle of the sexes any more
Cuz we're both on the same side, and it sure ain't war

I guess I must be the boss
Cuz I can do whatever I feel
She don't make me ask directions when I'm lost
And If I get drunk it ain't no big deal

When we go out on Saturday night, and I play air guitar
She thinks it's a beautiful sight, though everybody else, shakes their head and stares
When we get home, that's when we really rock, me yelling like a cowboy
She don't stop until I pop, cuz my baby loves boys and their noise.

Instrumental

If we ever have children, I hope they'll be boys
Cuz my baby loves boys and their toys
My baby loves boys and their noise
My baby loves boys.