

She Treats Her Body Like A Temple

Confederate Railroad

She takes spinning class, she cooks low fat
Always passes on the butter pats
She's regimented, resolute
Looks dang good in her birthday suit

She wishes I would walk the line
But most the time I don't
She treats her body like a temple
And I treat mine like a honky tonk

I cuss and smoke and tell bad jokes
And hang out with the band
The only exercise I get
Is curling 12 ounce cans

Her motto is, 'Just do'
And mine's, 'Do what you want'
She treats her body like a temple
Hey, I treat mine like a honky tonk

She never goes no where till she does her hair
And takes the time to find the perfect thing to wear
Me, I'm out there on the town
In day old Bermuda's with the zipper down

She smells like a field of flowers
And I smell like a swamp
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Aw boys, don't quit on me now