

A Whole Lot More to Me

Craig Morgan

Yea, I know everything there is to know about a truck
I've drank my share of beer on an ole tail gate
I grew up on an ole dirt road so I know where they go, yes I know
I've worn out my jeans on a tractor on the farm, and I know how
to play in the hay in the barn
But there's so much more to me, baby wait and see

Cause I like a good Cabernet from an Apple Valley vine
Late night sushi by candlelight
I've got a Versace suit and a half dozen silk ties
I like long walks on the beach while holding hands
Kicking off my boots, digging my toes in the sand
I know baby, soon enough you will see
There's a whole lot more to me, yea

Well, I can split wood, I know how to build a fire, and I've been known to play in the mud
Got a cane pole, fishing hole, and I know how to take it slow, really slow
I've hoed every row of this tall, yellow corn
It's the way I was raised since the day I was born
But there's so much more to me, baby wait and see

I like a Carmel Macchiato under a Cafe sign
A Broadway show with you by my side
I like Caviar and a tall glass of Champagne
Well, I know my way around Rodeo Drive
Yea, I've driven every mile of that Pacific Coast line
I know baby, soon enough you will see
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