

The Truth About Men

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We don't like to go out shoppin',
We don't care what's on sale.
We just want to sit with a bag full of chips,
Watchin' the NFL.
When you come over at half-time,
An' say: "Does this dress fit too tight?"
We just look you in the eye with a big fat lie,
An say: "Uh, uh: Looks just right."

Well, that's the truth about men.
Yeah, that's the truth about us.
We like to hunt and golf on our days off,
Scratch, an' spit, an cuss.
It don't matter what line we hand you,
When we come draggin' in.
We ain't wrong; we ain't sorry,
An' it's probably gonna happen again.

We hate watchin' "Steel Magnolias".
We like "Rambo" an' "Die Hard 4".
Jump up and down like fools when we see the new tools,
At the Home Depot store.
We don't really wanna take you to dinner,
At some fancy restaurant.
The only reason we do is 'cause we know it leads to,
The one thing that we all want.

Well, that's the truth about men.
Yeah, that's the truth about guys.
We'd rather play guitars and work on cars,
Than work on the problems in our lives.
An' though we might say it to you,
Every now and then,
We ain't wrong; we ain't sorry,
An' it's probably gonna happen again.

Well, if you want to know what we're all thinkin',
It's nothing too complex.
It's just somethin' cold for drinkin',
And a whole lot of s-e.....

Yes, that's the truth about men.
Yeah, that's the truth about us.
We like to hunt and golf an' drive around, lost,
Scratch, an' spit, an' a whole lot of other disgustin' stuff.
It don't matter what line we hand you,
When we come a-crawlin' in.
We ain't wrong; we ain't sorry,
An' it's probably gonna happen again.

We ain't wrong; we ain't sorry,
An' it's probably gonna happen;
Sure, it's gonna happen;
You know it's gonna happen again.
An' that's the truth about men.