

Big Boy Toys

Aaron Tippin

I'd hook my wagon to my trike and I'd head across the yard
To my big sandbox where I worked real hard
Playing all day with my little toy trucks
Backhoes, bulldozers, earth-moving stuff
That was my whole life when I was a kid
But when I grew up, I guess I never really did
I like

Big boy toys, motors and lights
Knobs and switches and a four-wheel-drive
Running up the road or crawling across the farm
And when they break down, I jack them up in the yard
Pull out my tools, my pride and joy
Man, you gotta love them big boy toys

Now, sometimes baby just can't understand
The mud on my boots and the grease on my hands
I try to explain how it makes me feel
The awesome power of my hands on the wheel
If I can't find the words to set things right
I just scoot over and I let my baby drive
She likes

Big boy toys, motors and lights
Knobs and switches and a four-wheel-drive
Running up the road or crawling across the farm
And when they break down, I jack them up in the yard
Pull out my tools, my pride and joy
Man, you gotta love them big boy toys

Yeah, it's boats and cars, tractors and trucks
Gasoline and diesel fuel a running through my blood
I like

Big boy toys, motors and lights
Knobs and switches and a four-wheel-drive
Running up the road or crawling across the farm
And when they break down, I jack them up in the yard
Pull out my tools, my pride and joy
Man, you gotta love them big boy toys
Man, you gotta love them big boy toys

Big boy toys