

Workin' Man

Loretta Lynn

I never thought of calloused hand as bein' soft and warm
Or a hairy chest as a place of rest and shelter from a storm
I never pictured dreams come true and rawhide boots and jeans
Here I am with a workin' man and he's workin' miracles on me

Oh workin' man you took my hand then you set me free
You're the somethin' I'm so glad I live to be
So love don't always wear the face we might expect to see
Oh workin' man your love works on me

I never really saw myself as someone who could share
My feelings with a gentle giant expecting him to care
But something in his big blue eyes says it's okay
Go ahead and there you'd slow and let me love your cares away

Oh workin' man you took my hand then you set me free
You're the somethin' I'm so glad I live to be
So love don't always wear the face we might expect to see
Oh workin' man your love works on me