

Cowboys Are My Weakness

Trisha Yearwood

You'll never hear me knockin' an old pair of boots
A man who wears his Wranglers for a Sunday suit
The kind that ain't afraid to get dirt on his hands
And brings you fresh daisies and a coffee can

I like a man to ride me 'round pick-up style
Tip his hat and wink at me and shoot me a smile
Take me two-steppin' at the honky tonk
Yeah, that kind of man ain't hard to want

'Cause cowboys are my weakness
Gimme some down home, rugged sweetness
A little bit of outlaw, a little bit of Jesus
Cowboys are my weakness

I love to hear my name inside a southern drawl
A man who takes his time, you know what I mean y'all
Gets a little rowdy, a little out of hand
But when he's around your mama he says, "Yes ma'ama"

A doer not a talker, he's tried and he's true
The salt of the earth, but if he's sweet on you
He'll treat you like you're the only woman alive
Yeah, high up in the saddle's one hell of a ride

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I wanna be the lady
He loves with all his heart and soul
I wanna be the lady
He keeps warm when the nights get cold

Yeah, cowboys are my weakness
Gimme some down home, rugged sweetness
A little bit of outlaw, a little bit of Jesus
Lord, help me Jesus
Cowboys are my weakness
Yeah, they're my weakness