

# 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

'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 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