

# All A Man Needs

Buddy Brown

Sometimes all a man needs is tobacco and a room where he can swear  
About all the ways of world and politics blowing smoke up in the air  
Sometimes all the needs is an hour in his truck  
With the radio turned down  
And a big old winding nothing out the windshield  
Might turn it all around

And he ain't trying to be no outlaw it's the way that he was made  
Just a good dose of testosterone up in his DNA  
And he's soldier in a battle he's a ball game in a chair  
Sometimes all a man needs is tobacco and a room where he can swear

Sometimes all the man needs is the Bible and a preacher by his side  
Who won't judge him for evil things he's done 'bout 2000 times  
Sometimes all a man needs is a friend that ain't gonna blow smoke up his ass  
And he'll let him know that woman that he's got is the best he'll ever have

And he ain't trying to be no outlaw it's the way that he was made  
Just a good dose of testosterone up in his DNA  
And he's soldier in a battle he's a ball game in a chair  
Sometimes all a man needs is tobacco and a room where he can swear

And he might go off the deep, hell I say just let him go  
Make a campfire in the woods ride his Harley down the road  
Then we all get so pent up we're forgetting who we are  
Till we lay down on our backs all night staring at the stars

Girl I ain't trying to be no outlaw it's the way that I was made  
Just a good dose of testosterone up in my DNA  
And I'm a soldier in a battle, I'm a ball game in a chair  
Sometimes all a man needs is tobacco and a room where he can swear

And a room where I can sway  
A room where I can swear  
Room where I can swear