

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 a 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 a 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