

# She Treats Her Body Like A Temple

Confederate Railroad

She takes spinning class, she cooks low fat  
Always passes on the butter pats  
She's regimented, resolute  
Looks dang good in her birthday suit

She wishes I would walk the line  
But most the time I don't  
She treats her body like a temple  
And I treat mine like a honky tonk

I cuss and smoke and tell bad jokes  
And hang out with the band  
The only exercise I get  
Is curling 12 ounce cans

Her motto is, 'Just do'  
And mine's, 'Do what you want'  
She treats her body like a temple  
Hey, I treat mine like a honky tonk

She never goes no where till she does her hair  
And takes the time to find the perfect thing to wear  
Me, I'm out there on the town  
In day old Bermuda's with the zipper down

She smells like a field of flowers  
And I smell like a swamp  
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Aw boys, don't quit on me now