

# You Can Tell A Man By His Truck

JJ Lawhorn

Red clay mud caked up on the door  
Twelve gauge buckshot rollin' in the floorboard  
Turkey feather flappin' up in the visor  
Every Friday night she's a dirt road rider

You can tell a man by his truck  
F one fifty painted on the fender  
Gun rack rattling in the window  
You can tell a man by his truck  
It's got scratches and dents, just like him  
Come hell or high water gonna keep on rolling  
You can tell a man by his truck, yes uh

Backwoods baby sittin' in the front  
She likes the way it rumbles and rides a little rough  
Hah, yeah she does  
Tearin' up a corn field, bustin' through a rut  
My baby's screamin', "faster," she can't get enough

You can tell a man by his truck  
F one fifty painted on the fender  
Gun rack rattling in the window  
You can tell a man by his truck  
It's got scratches and dents, just like him  
Come hell or high water gonna keep on rolling  
You can tell a man by his truck, yes uh

Plays horse, ball caps, sliding cross the dance floor  
Boot check in the back, parking up a storm

You can tell a man by his truck  
F one fifty painted on the fender  
Gun rack rattling in the window  
You can tell a man by his truck  
It's got scratches and dents, just like him  
Come hell or high water gonna keep on rolling  
You can tell a man by his truck  
Oh man, you can tell a man by his truck