

F Word

Justin Moore

Ain't ever talked like this, it'd make my mama cry
It's just that kinda word and I ain't that kinda guy
But watching her dancing, wearing my button-down half undone
Right now, I swear it's on the tip of my tongue, yeah

They say you can't say it in country music
But those eyes, that smile got me ready to do it
It don't rhyme with "truck," it rhymes with "together"
As in 'til they lay me down in the dirt
Yeah, a girl like her
Makes a man wanna say the F word

No, it ain't what you're thinking, you can drop this one in church
She drops by here tonight, I might drop it on her
No, it ain't something you do in a bed or the back of a truck
No, it ain't got four letters, but what I'm feeling does

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I'm just gon' do it, I'm gon' tell her I'm in love
And once she hears it, I bet she's gon' wanna, well

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Say the F word
Mm-mm