

## Workin' Man

Loretta Lynn

I never thought of calloused hand as bein' soft and warm  
Or a hairy chest as a place of rest and shelter from a storm  
I never pictured dreams come true and rawhide boots and jeans  
Here I am with a workin' man and he's workin' miracles on me

Oh workin' man you took my hand then you set me free  
You're the somethin' I'm so glad I live to be  
So love don't always wear the face we might expect to see  
Oh workin' man your love works on me

I never really saw myself as someone who could share  
My feelings with a gentle giant expecting him to care  
But something in his big blue eyes says it's okay  
Go ahead and there you'd slow and let me love your cares away

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