Greg Holland "Primitive Man"

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(Mark D. Sanders/Ed Hill)

When you break it to your Mama
Break it to her gently
You wouldn't wanna break her heart
When you lay it on you Daddy
Make sure he ain't been drinkin'
Or he's liable to tear something apart
Make it clear before I walk up you walk
I didn't just crawl out from under a rock

But I'm a primitive man, I don't need much Food and fire and my woman's touch Warmed by the sun, cooled by the rain Gunnin' for pleasure and runnin' from pain I'm a easy ridin', truck drivin', law abidin' Primitive man

I hope you won't be offended
If we just go fishin'
At that little bend on Crenshaw creek
Then head out some old dirt road
Runnin' for the sunset
Just you and my truck and me
We might end up out on Lover's Lane
Me Tarzan, you Jane

I'm a primitive man, I don't need much

Food and fire and my woman's touch Warmed by the sun, cooled by the rain Gunnin' for pleasure and runnin' from pain I'm a easy ridin', truck drivin', law abidin' Primitive man

Tell me what's the world comin' to What's a pretty girl like you doin' with…

A primitive man, I don't need much Food and fire and my woman's touch Warmed by the sun, cooled by the rain Gunnin' for pleasure and runnin' from pain I'm a easy ridin' Truck drivin' Law abidin'

Yeah, well I'm …
A primitive man, I don't need much
Food and fire and my woman's touch
Warmed by the sun, cooled by the rain
Gunnin' for pleasure and runnin' from pain
I'm a easy ridin', truck drivin', law abidin'
Primitive man

I'm a primitive man I'm a primitive man I'm a primitive man

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