

Humble Gods

"Butter Milk Boy"

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Yeah, she pays no mind to methods you employ
She wants a big city man, not a country boy
Go get your long hair cut
Scrape the mud off your boots
Eh, wash the hell behind those ears
Buy yourself some tailored suits
Oh, Buttermilk Boy better gain some pounds
Before she lets her knickers down
She wants a musclely man all gristle and bone
Makes no difference how you strive
She couldn't care if you were dead or alive
A burly, beefy, strong arm man
Is all she cares to meet
Before you ever heard the word guitar
Yes, your mother used to see her as a star
Yes, she spent her teens?
In chauffeured limosines--
And I heard tell you can't get insured
For a clapped out '45 drop head Ford
Oh, Buttermilk Boy better gain some pounds
Before she lets her knick, knick, knick, knickers down
She wants a musclely man all gristle and bone
She'll tear you down like a steer comin' through
Like I said she ain't no use to you
A lumpy hairy mundane brain
Is all she cares to make
So let me put you straight, yeah
Marry farm-yard Kate
Yep, she weighs two hundred pounds it's said
Oh, she'll keep you warm in bed
Oh, Buttermilk Boy, you better gain some pounds
Before she lets her knick, I say, knickers down
Well, a musclely man all gristle and bone
So you like to think you know where it's about
But she'll suck you in and then she'll blow you out
Yeah, Kate will keep you satisfied
Until your dying day
Yeah, let me hear some of that strong-arm music

