

Trace Adkins, All Hat, No Cattle

See that boy standing there by the dance floor
He's lookin' like the Marlboro Man
Starched shirt, starched jeans, big trophy buckle
And an empty Copenhagen can
He's talkin' cowboy this and cowboy that
Well I'll bet one thing's for sure
The only stampede that he's ever seen
Is the clearance at the western store
All hat and no cattle, that boy just ain't real
All boots and no saddle, don't know how to make a cowgirl feel
Think I'm gonna tell him to pack up his act
And go back where he came from
'Cause all hat and no cattle ain't gonna get it done
He's just a smooth-talkin', long-tall slow-walkin'
Srugstore-made-up dude
So honey don't you fall for that fake Texas drawl
He ain't right for you
What you need's a man that ain't just a hat stand
When you get him home
Well, I don't look like much, but I can sure saddle up
And ride with you all night long
All nat and no cattle, that boy just ain't real
All boots and no saddle, don't know how to make a cowgirl feel
Think I'm gonna tell him to pack up his act
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