

Pants

Walker Hayes

Well, I've been a strong-willed son of a gun
Ever since I was suckin' my thumb
But push came to shove
When I fell in love with my baby

Yeah, my baby

Well, you could say she's over bearin'
In fact, she picked out the clothes that I'm wearin'
And I can't go fishin'
Without her permission, but I ain't complainin'

We got an arrangement

She can wear the pants, she can run the show
She can crack a whip like Indiana Jones
She can rule the roost, she can snap and holler
She can wear the pants as long as I can take 'em off her

Long as I can take 'em off her

She calls the shots, gives the orders, makes the plans
That woman's wish is my command
Yeah, I'm telling you
I've got more honey-do's than a fruit truck on 40

But I'll get 'em done shortly

She can wear the pants, she can run the show
She can crack a whip like Indiana Jones
She can rule the roost, she can snap and holler
She can wear the pants as long as I can take 'em off her

Well, she can push me around
But when the sun goes down
Look out, there's a new sheriff in town

Well, I get a whole lot of flak from the fellas
But I reckon that they're just jealous

She can wear the pants, she can run the show
She can crack a whip like Indiana Jones
She can rule the roost, she can snap and holler
She can wear the pants as long as I can take 'em off her

Long as I can take 'em off her
Yeah, long as I can take 'em off her
Long as I can take 'em off her

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