

Fill in the gaps

| l wear a greasy ball cap | But you (4) back to me |
|---|--|
| I like my shirt untucked | And only God knows why |
| I spend Saturdays working on my truck | Because (5) like me drink too (6) beers |
| I don't like to fight | |
| But I ain't scared to bleed | On friday after work |
| Most don't mess with a guy like me | Our (7) (8) jeans have skoal rings |
| Because guys like me drink too many beers | We wear our boots to church |
| On friday (1) work | So rough around the edges |
| Our best blue jeans have Skoal rings | It's hard to believe |
| We wear our boots to church | That girls like you |
| So rough around the edges | Love guys like me |
| It's hard to believe | Now there's a lot of guys like me out there |
| That girls like you | In a lot of little towns |
| Love guys like me | And telling all our buddies |
| Your daddy worked at the bank | We won't ever settle down |
| Mine worked on cars | We say that's (9) the way we are |
| You went to college | And the way we'll always be |
| I pulled graveyard | So God sends girls like you for guys like me |
| You (2) have had (3) pick | Thank God there's girls like you, for guys like me |
| Of all the trust fund types | |
| | |



- 1. after
- 2. must
- 3. your
- 4. came
- 5. guys
- 6. many
- 7. best
- 8. blue
- 9. just

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