

He's All Man--And He's All Mine

by Con Chapman

My man's got a habit that's kinda strange.
I've got a feeling he's never gonna change.
Whenever I take a trip, when I git back, my underwear's ripped.
And someone's been in all my chifferobe drawers.



My closet's a mess, and my skirts have all been worn.
My lipstick's gone and my lingerie's all torn.
He shops at the Big Men's Store and his waist's a forty-four.
That's why my sweaters don't fit me no more.

He's my cross dressin' cowboy and he's really not to blame,
if he's striving for the look that dare not speak its name.
But I love him, and I think he looks just fine—
He's all man—and he's all mine.



I'd tell him no if I thought that it would help.
I know how he feels 'cause I feel that way myself.
When I put on panty hose I feel sexy down to my toes.
After runnin' round all day doin' chores.



So what if his outfit's tight?
It don't show when we turn out the light.
God made him wrong, but I swear I'll make it right—
I'll lend him my clothes every Saturday night.

He's my cross-dressin' cowboy and he never is a bore
as he sashays round the room like a twenty-dollar whore.
But I love him, and I want him even more—
He's all man—and he's all mine.

I must admit, I wish he'd stick to black—
Especially when I see him from the back.
He doesn't think of things gals have down pat—
You gotta ask "Does this dress make me look fat?"



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