## c

Well my body can use a little slimmin'
I keep my shirt on when I go swimmin'
c
And I ain't seen my feet since 1984
C
When my baby wants a roll in the hay F
We turn the lights down all the way

$$
\mathbf{c} \quad \mathbf{G} \quad \mathbf{c}
$$

‘Cause I don’t look good naked any--more.

$$
\mathbf{F} \quad \mathbf{C}
$$

CHORUS: No I don't look good naked any--more
c

I'm a deep-fried double-wild verson of the man I was be--fore If I keep on like I'm doin' I won't fit thru the door And I don't look good naked any--more.

## c

Well I used to be a helluva man
I chopped $\mathbf{F}$ wood with just one hand
And I can't do the things I done before c
Well it all happened kinda slow
Well I guess $\mathbf{F}^{\mathbf{F}}$ kinda' let myself go

$$
\mathbf{c} \quad \mathbf{G}
$$ c

Now I don't look good naked any--more

## CHORUS:

## c

With each and every passing year
$F_{\text {lot of }}$ French fries and beer
Came a lot of French fries and beer
And my belly hangs a little closer to the floor
Now my belly is as big as a truck
And my fweetie she do't wanna "She don't wanna!"
Now I don't look good naked any--more

## CHORUS: Sing twice to end the song

