

# Who's to Say

## Pat Green

One two, one two, one two I don't wear my shirt tucked in  
I like a little barbecue on Sunday  
Well I hang out with a rougher crowd  
Who drink too much, who talk too loud  
But don't you know that it's all right with me Yeah I don't go to church too much  
But I know that Jesus truly loves me  
And if He was here I'd be drinking beer  
And hanging out and saving all of my friends, Amen Who's to say and who are you to judge me anyway  
This is my road, I take the corner as fast as I can go  
Who's to say at how I got so lucky anyway  
I am my own at least until the man comes and takes me home Well I got my mama's features, and my daddy's fixtures  
All day long I been looking at pictures wondering  
How in the hell they came up with me  
Well, I'm crazy as a loon, I'm howling at the moon  
My baby, she don't know what to do  
She's wondering how in the hell she's gonna stay with me Well, she's been to church more than Billy Graham  
And she knows the Bible like the back of her hand  
Yeah but she drinks gin like it's going out of style  
Oh, it makes me smile Yeah, who's to say and who are you to judge me anyway  
This whole world spins, never gonna take that chance again  
Yeah who's to say at how we got so lucky anyway  
We have a home, neither one of us will ever be alone It's a lesson of survival to ride out every trial  
It's the secret of forgiveness way down deep inside Who's to say and who are you to judge me anyway  
This is my road, I take the corner as fast as I can go  
Yeah, who's to say at how I got so lucky anyway  
I am my own at least until the angels come  
Angels gonna come and take me home

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