

# Before He Cheats

Carrie Underwood

Right now, he's probably slow dancing  
With a bleached-blond tramp  
And she's probably getting frisky  
Right now, he's probably buying  
Her some fruity little drink  
'Cause she can't shoot whiskey  
Right now, he's probably up behind her  
With a pool-stick  
Showing her how to shoot a combo  
And he don't know [Chorus]  
I dug my key into the side  
Of his pretty little souped-up four-wheel drive  
Carved my name into his leather seats  
I took a Louisville slugger to both head lights  
I slashed a hole in all four tires  
Maybe next time he'll think before he cheats  
Right now, she's probably up singing some  
White-trash version of Shania karaoke  
Right now, she's probably saying "I'm drunk"  
And he's a-thinking that he's gonna get lucky  
Right now, he's probably  
Dabbing on three dollars  
Worth of that bathroom Polo  
Oh, and he don't know  
That I dug my key into the side  
Of his pretty little souped-up four-wheel drive  
Carved my name into his leather seats  
I took a Louisville slugger to both head lights  
I slashed a hole in all four tires  
Maybe next time he'll think before he cheats  
I might have saved a little trouble for the next girl  
'Cause the next time that he cheats  
Oh, you know it won't be on me!  
No, not on me 'Cause I dug my key into the side  
Of his pretty little souped-up four-wheel drive  
Carved my name into his leather seats  
I took a Louisville slugger to both head lights  
I slashed a hole in all four tires  
Maybe next time he'll think before he cheats  
Oh, maybe next time he'll think before he cheats  
Oh, before he cheats  
Oh

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