Got It Good

Rodney Atkins

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ain't it something? You can jump on a plane
And hop on a bus, catch you a train
Take in a Saturday game at Wrigley FieldMan, ain't it awesome? You can hit Talladega
Drink you a beer with the fan of the driver
You've always hated and probably always willYeah, I forget how good I got it sometimes
How lucky I am just to be alive
Oh, I pass through a prayer to the man upstairs
Just to thank Him like I should
Let Him know I get it, I got it goodOh, it's amazing that boy in the yard
Is half of my wife and God bless his heart
The other half is every last bit of meI can't explain it how his mama wound up with somebody like me
When she could've done so much better
Make you fall down on your kneesYeah, I forget how good I got it sometimes
How lucky I am just to be alive
Oh, I pass through a prayer to the man upstairs
Just to thank Him like I should
Let Him know I get it, I got it good, yes I doI get going so fast that what matters gets blurred
And I can't feel the grass, see the trees, hear the birds
The sky starts to rain and I cuss and complain like a foolYeah, I forget how good I got it sometimes
How lucky I am just to be alive
Oh, I pass through a prayer to the man upstairs
Just to thank Him like I should
Let Him know I get it, God I got it good, yes, I do
Get it, got it good, yes I got it good

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/