

# 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 Field  
Man, 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 will  
Yeah, 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  
Oh, 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 me  
I 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 knees  
Yeah, 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 do  
I 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 fool  
Yeah, 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

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