

Tips

Rodney Atkins

Well, I was counting my tips at the Playing Sixes
In this [Incomprehensible]
When this old beach bum yelled out
"Come on, play, give me three steps"
I was beat but I played him one more
Then I was headed out towards the door
And he handshake and handed me a hundred dollar bills
And said, "By the way, I own this bar"
Then he winked at me and said, "Kid, I got a few more tips
But they sure ain't the kind that would fit in that jar"
You gotta treat people right on your ride up
They'll have your back on the way back down
He said, "Take it from this old beach bum, son
Keeping it real is what it's really about"
You can count your blessings, count yourself lucky
But every day you get above ground
Oh, that ain't about keeping count of what you got
It's making what you got count
He grabbed me by the arm and said
He said, "Real quick, boy, let me tell you this story
About this real rich dude I used to know real well
He owned all kinds of stuff but when he added it all up
He still felt like he was empty as hell"
He said, "Son, would you believe that
That dude was me back before I inventoried my life
Ah, just to live down here, selling shots and some beer

And, and dispensing some free advice"
Now treat people right on your ride up
They'll have your back on the way back down
He said, "Take it from this old beach bum, son
Keeping it real, that's what it's really about"
Count your blessings, count yourself lucky
Every day you get above ground
'Cause it ain't about keeping count of what you got
It's making what you got count
Oh, now I can't recollect how much I collected in my jar
[Incomprehensible]And tonight I started getting to have a beer with my old friends
And when he saw those tour buses outside, he said

Now are you treating people right on your ride up?
They'll have your back on the way back down
He said, "Take it from this old beach bum, son
Yeah, keep it real, that's what it's really about"
And the best things in life, you can't put a price on
They don't come with no dollar or map, no
'Cause it ain't about keeping count of what you got
It's making what you got count
No, it ain't about keeping count of what you got
No, it all comes down to making what you got count
Make it count, that's what it comes down to, son
Tell your friends and be a friend
Count your blessings, don't count your problems

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>