

On a Good Day

Blake Shelton

On a good day, when I think about her
I only cry a couple hundred tears
And on a good day, when I can't forget about her
I can dull the pain with just a couple beers
On a good day I can even fake a smile
When somebody says I'm gonna be okay
But as you can plainly see, I'm not havin' on a good day
So set 'em up
Here's a hundred dollars, keep 'em comin' Joe, whoa, whoa
When I've had enough
Call this number and my brother will pour me in his car
And drive me home
On a good day, I become the kind of man
That even I can barely tolerate
And as you can plainly see I'm not havin' on a good day
On a good day, I would never crash a party
Knowin' she'd be there with someone else
And on a good day, I would have stopped before I started
To make a major fool of myself
On a good day, I'd been quick enough to duck
Before her new love punched me in the face
But as you can plainly see, I'm not havin' on a good day
So set 'em up
Here's a hundred dollars, keep 'em comin' Joe, whoa, whoa
When I've had enough
Call this number and my brother will pour me in his car
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On a good day, I become the kind of man
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