

# Maybe Next Year (2007)

Corey Smith

Times are a changin', but I'm still the same  
Ol' Son of a Bitch in the Wind  
I act like I did back when I was a kid  
But it hurts me more than it did back then  
I go out on the town and make a fool of myself  
I run around with the same rowdy friends  
I get drunk and obnoxious and wake up the next day  
Swearing I'm never drinkin' againMy Grandma still tells me "Enough is enough.  
Life ain't a game, son, its time to grow up."Maybe next year, I'll start acting my age  
Turn a new leaf over my wicked ways  
Get a real job and start pulling my weight  
Only 365 days 'til I change my ways  
Maybe next yearI dress like a slob, I never tuck in my shirt  
I let it hang over my baggy jeans  
I wear an old baseball cap on the top of my head  
With the logo of my favorite team  
I still got the same dirty mouth that I've had  
Since my first cousin taught me to cuss  
And I just quit my 9 to 5 occupation  
To play a whole bunch of songs I made upI'm a big ol' kid, but I ain't ashamed  
'Cause when the time comes around, I know I can changeMaybe next year, I'll start acting my age  
Turn a new leaf over my wicked ways  
Get a real job and start pulling my weight  
Only 365 days 'til I change my waysMaybe next year I'll quit blowing all of the cash  
Start working out and get off of my ass  
Maybe next year I'll quit putting off all the chores  
Maybe next year I'll vist my Grandparents more  
Maybe next year I'll go back to church and repent  
Maybe next year I'll pick up my Bible again  
Oh, woah, yeahI ought to straighten up and there's no better time than now  
To kick all the habits that are bringing me downMaybe next year I won't be singing the blues  
Maybe next year I'll start telling the truth  
Maybe next year I won't stay drunk all the time  
Maybe next year I'll have a little more peace of mind  
Maybe next year I won't be so sad when I'm aloneMaybe next year (x7)

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