

What I'm For

Pat Green

I'm for wildflowers in the window,
Mechanics you can trust
I'm for crackers in my chili
And leaving grudges in the dust

I'm for drive-thru order takers
Who can muster up a smile
I'm for taking in that stray dog
That's been hangin 'round a while

I'm for turning off the TV,
And getting off the internet
I'm for learning all the words to the Gettysburg Address

I'm for dusty Pawn Shop guitars
And Boxers past their prime
I'm for soaking up the wisdom
When an old man speaks his mind

I'm for laid off factory workers
When the wolf is at the door
You don't have to guess what I'm against
If you know what I'm for

I'm for Texas margaritas
And getting of debt
I'm for having faith in something
That hasn't happened yet

I'm for the shy kid in the corner
'Fraid to ask the girl to dance
I'm for the ex-con outta prison
Who just wants a second chance

I'm for the inner-city teacher
With a heart stuck in her throat
Who can still see God in every child
Who never gives up hope

I'm for dusty Pawn Shop guitars

And Boxers past their prime
I'm for soaking up the wisdom
When an old man speaks his mind

I'm for Detroit factory
When the wolf is at the door
You don't have to guess what I'm against
If you know what I'm for

I'm a-counting all my blessings
When the world is at my
You don't have to ask what I'm against

YEAH

You don't have to guess what I'm against
If you know what I'm for...

Lyrics submitted by Leandra.

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