

The Critic

Toby Keith

Tell it like it is He gets up real early on his mornin' drive
Down to the office for his 9 to 5
He drives a 94' two tone economy car
Loves to tell the local bands down at the bar
That he's the critic, yeah, I can hook you up
I know everybody in the business He flunked junior high band he couldn't march in time
He tried to write a song once, but he couldn't make it rhyme
He learned 2 or 3 chords on a pawn shop guitar
He just never quite had what it took to be a star
So he's a critic, I work for the gazette man
I got a real job He did a 5 star column on a band you never heard
He did a bluegrass review without an unkind word
He thought it was time to ask his boss for a raise
His boss said, "I can't even tell if anybody's even readin' your page"
Yeah So he thought and he thought a little more
He caught a young hot star headed into town
And then he hid behind his typewriter and gunned the boy down
Here come the letters, the emails, the faxes
They raised him to 20 thousand dollars after taxes
He's a happy critic yeah, he's rollin' in the dough Man I could do this forever, this is easy
They're all readin' my column
Please don't tell my mama
That I write the music column for the gazette
She still thinks
That I play piano down at the cathouse Let's get funky with this now boys, play it on
Come on Shannon
There's Ol' Bill jumpin' in
Glenn's layin' it down
Come on Shannon
Aah my man Steve Man, my fingers are gettin' tired ya'll gonna have to hurry
This snappin' thing wearin' me out
There's Ol' Shannon guess he was on a coffee break
They're gonna love you
'Cause they already love me
Yeah, it's the critic

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