

# Alan Jackson, What I Do

I've been a waiter, a roofer, a clerk  
I've shoveled manure till my pride hurt.  
When you're starting out, it's all part of the work  
To do what I do.  
I've been evicted for not making rent  
Made my Daddy wonder where my good sense went.  
For the price of a dream, my years have been spent  
To do what I do.

So I stand here tonight with this six string guitar  
To be something I've always been in my heart.  
Just for the chance to play you my song  
The thrill when I hear you singing along.  
It's been worth everything I've been through  
To do what I do.

I've played for empty tables and chairs  
The drunks that don't listen, the crowds that don't care.  
Been told countless times Boy you ain't goin' nowhere  
To do what I do.

So I hope the critics and skeptics alike  
All bought a ticket to this show tonight.  
And they'll see firsthand that I have survived  
And what doesn't kill you makes you more alive.  
And I'm one of the fortunate few  
To do what I do.

There's so much joy this music can bring  
So I count my blessings when I step up to sing.  
Cause they're so many people who would give anything  
To do what I do.

And I Thank You.....  
I can do what I do!