

Andy Griggs F/ Martina McBride, Practice Life

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Miscellaneous
Practice Life
(Andy Griggs/Brett Jones)

Oh yeah.

She said she didn't love him,
And maybe she never really did.
She could move back to her mommas.
And they could split time with the kids.
She just noticed, her first touch of grey.
She don't want to wait, not one more day.

This ain't no practice life.
We only get one shot.
And our love ain't through, hey
It's all we've got.
And nobody goes around twice,
'Cause this ain't no practice life.

There's sixty hours on his time card,
And it's only Thursday night.
His kids are growin' up without him,
And he's about to lose his wife.
So he puts down the papers, and he picks up the 'phone.
He says: "Son, tell your Momma: I'm a'comin' home."

It ain't no practice life.
We only get one shot.
And our love ain't through, hey
It's all we've got.
And nobody goes around twice,
'Cause this ain't no practice life.

So much to do, with so little time.
That clock on the wall's gonna rob us half-blind.

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We only get one shot.
And our love ain't through, hey.
It's all we've got.
And nobody goes around twice,
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We only get one shot.
And our love ain't through, hey.
It's all we've got.
And nobody goes around twice,
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This ain't no practice life.
Yeah, it ain't no practice life.