

Dwight Yoakam, I Got You

I've had to buy back damn near everything I own
From a little man whose name is Saul and has a lot of money to loan
I drive a beat up '67 Chevrolet
With a torn up seat that pokes a brand new hole in my back near every day
I got a letter from the folks over at Bell
Just to let me know my next phone call I could walk outside and yell
Hey, I know my life seems a mess
But honey, things to me still look real swell

'Cause I've got you to see me through
Yeah, I've got you, oh, to chase my blues
I've got you to ease my pain
Yeah, I've got you, girl, to keep me sane
So let 'em do what they want to do
'Cause it don't matter, long as I got you

I've got the landlord breathing down my neck for rent
Oh, he don't give a damn about my kids or where the money was spent
And after all those years of payin' union dues
It sure didn't seem to count for much when we got our layoff news
I got a note from the man over at the bank
Said the next ten gallons of gas I buy won't be going in my tank
Hey, I know I might seem near dead
But honey, I think I might just get well

'Cause I've got you to see me through
Yeah, I've got you, oh, to chase my blues
I've got you to ease my pain
Honey, I've got you, oh, to keep me sane
So let 'em do what they want to do
'Cause it don't matter, long as I got you
Yeah, let 'em go right ahead and sue
'Cause it don't matter, long as I got you