

# John Anderson, I've Got It Made

A high dollar woman in a low cut dress  
God never wanted me to have a woman like that I guess  
A forty room mansion sitting high on a hill  
I ain't ever lived in a place like that and I never will

But I've got the mornin' sun, I've got the evenin' breeze  
I got the woman that I love lyin' close to me  
I've got a few good friends and all my bills are paid  
I got the moon and stars above and I've got it made

I don't need a gold mine or a long limousine  
I'm not the kind of man to surrender my soul to material things  
Just give me a cane pole and a shady spot to sit  
To me that's about as close to heaven as a man can get

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