

# John Denver, 18 Holes

When you see me tee up, you'd better step aside  
A lot of men didn't, a lotta men died  
I hook it to the left, I shake it to the right  
I'll be looking for my ball until the dark of the night

You play eighteen holes, what do you get  
Another day older and deeper in debt  
Saint Andrew don't you call me, 'cause I can't go  
I owe my soul to the country club pro

If I could keep it in the fairway, I'd be a happy man  
I'm usually in the water, the rough or the sand  
I pitch it to the green, thinking now I'm gonna score  
But everybody ducks when my caddie yells, Four!

Eighteen holes, what do you get  
Another day older and deeper in debt  
Saint Andrew don't you call me, 'cause I can't go  
I owe my soul to the country club pro

Ocean side, sunny side, Tucson in the rain  
Golf is my life, but it sure is a pain  
I leave my wife and my kids 'cause I hear the call  
Walking around a cursing at a little white ball

You play eighteen holes, what do you get  
Another day older and deeper in debt  
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Well, you may not believe it, 'cause this is how things are  
I started out a bum, I ended up a star  
My caddie's in the shack, my partner's in the bar  
I shot eighteen holes in one under par

You play eighteen holes, what do you get  
Another day older and deeper in debt  
Saint Andrew don't you call me, 'cause I can't go  
I owe my soul to the country club pro  
Yeah