

Toby Keith, The Critic

Tell it like it is...

He gets up real early on his mornin drive.
Down to the office for his 9 to 5.
He drives a 94, 2 ton, economy car.
Loves to tell the local bands down at the bar that he's The Critic.

Yea, I can hook you up, I know everybody, in the business.

He flunked junior high band he couldn't march in time.
He tried to write a song once, he couldn't make it rhyme.
He went two or three chords on a pawn shop guitar, he just never quite had what it took to be a star.

I work for the Gazette man...I got a real job.

He did a 5-star column on a band he never heard.
He did a bluegrass review about an unkind word.
He thought it was time to ask his boss for a raise, his boss said I can't even tell if anybody's even read my column.

Yea...

So he thought...and he thought a little more.

He caught a young hot star headin into town, and then he hid behind his typewriter and gunned the trigger.
Here come the letters, the e-mails, the faxes, they raised him to 20,000 dollars after taxes.

He's a happy critic...

He's rollin in the dough...

Man I could do this forever...this is easy. Everybody's readin my column!

Please don't tell my mom, that I write the music column for the Gazette.
She still thinks I play piano down at the Cathouse.

Let's get funky with this now boys...Play it on out.

Come on Shannon.

There's ole Biff jumpin in.

?? is layin it down.

Come on Shannon.

Aww yea, my man Steve.

Man my fingers are gettin tired...y'all gonna have to hurry. This snappin thing...wearin me out.

Hello Shannon.

Guess he's on coffee break man.

They're gonna love you...cause they already love me.

(Yea!)

It's the Critic.