

Trent Willmon, So Am I

The hood's up, the oil is leakin',
The bolt's broken off an' my knuckles are bleedin',
But the sun is shinin' an' the birds are singin',
An' so am I.

Now my sweet, Daisy, pretty as a rose,
In the back yard hangin' out clothes.
'Cause that ol' Maytag's broke,
An' so am I.

But she love's the life we're livin',
Barefoot dancin' in the kitchen,
While I'm pickin', one string missin',
An' she don't seem to mind.
Lord knows, she deserves better;
Ain't got two nickels to rub together,
But, sweet Daisy, long as you're happy, baby,
So am I.

Summer time, nights are gettin' hotter;
Sundown down by the water,
I bait her hook an' slip on a bobber,
So she can wet a line.

They ain't bitin'; too hot I reckon.
I look over at her an' she's winkin';

If she's thinkin' what I think she's thinkin':
So am I.

We love the life we're livin';
It feels so good skinny-dippin'.
Skinny-dippin' an' long legs kickin',
In the Mississippi mud line.
Lord knows, she deserves better;
Ain't got two nickels to rub together,
But, sweet Daisy, long as you're happy, baby,
So am I.

She love's this life we're livin',
Barefoot dancin' in the kitchen,
While I'm pickin', two strings missin',
An' she don't seem to mind.
Lord knows, she can do better;
Ain't got two nickels to rub together,
But, sweet Daisy, long as you're happy, baby,
So am I.

Sweet Daisy, long as you're happy, honey,
So am I.

Yeah, so am I.