Jamey Johnson, Keepin' Up With The Jonesin'

Lord, I quit the drinkin', the smokin' an' the honky-tonk life.
The day that a ring an' a preacher made her my wife.
Yeah, an' I said: "I do," but I didn't have a clue,
How I'd miss all the whiskey an' women.
I tried to be true, but it's all I can do,
Keepin' up with the Jonesin'.

Man, this hectic, domestic lifestyle takes a while to adjust.
Ah, she don't seem to remember that old rowdy rambler I was.
'Cause she calls up her friends an' tells them,
How good I been doin'.
But the truth is I'm goin' out of my mind,
Keepin' up with the Jonesin'.

An' I miss gettin' high, an' stayin out all night,
With all my old friends.
An' I miss the liquor, the bartenders,
The fights, the girls an' the bands.
It wouldn't be so damned hard,
If I didn't know what I'm missin'.
She don't understand, I'm doin' all that I can,
Keepin' up with the Jonesin'.

Yeah, tell me what you know about it, possum.

Whoa it gets so hard when I know what I'm missin'.
Sometimes I give in, start over again,
Keepin' up with the Jonesin'.

Son, I understand, it's a helluva man,
Keepin' up with the Jonesin'.

Aw man, Thank you Mr Jones, I sure 'nough appreciate the ride.
Hey is this, this a new tractor.
That a satellite radio, air-conditioning, heater.
Oh, a cooler.