

Jamie O'Hara, What's A Good Ol' Boy To Do

She took my cowboy boots and my fishin' gear,
My George Jones CD's and my case of beer.
She left a little note up on the table sayin' we were through.
Hey mister, you tell me, what's a good ol' boy to do?

I had a cherry red pick up, '75.
Last time I saw it, it was headin' out the drive.
Her hair was blowin' in the wind,
I think that she was laughin' too!
Hey mister, you tell me, what's a good ol' boy to do?

Time's are a changin', things are rearrangin'.
Lordy, it's a hell of a mess.
Who's in control, well I don't know.
It ain't me I guess.

I had a dog named Jack; she took him too.
That was the coldest thing she could ever do.
She left behind the cat,
You know, the one that I'm allergic to.
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It ain't me I guess.

Well, I went on over to the Savings and Loan.
I walked through the door and everybody moaned.
She had been there yesterday,
And left me with the dead-broke blues.
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