

# 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.  
Hey mister, you tell me, what's a good ol' boy to do?

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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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