

Pat Green, Who's To Say

I don't wear my shirt tucked in
I like a little barbecue on Sunday
Well, I hang with a rougher crowd
Who drink too much, who talk too loud
Don't you know that it's all right with me
Yeah, I don't go to church too much, but I know that Jesus truly loves me
And if he was here I'd be drinking beer and
Hanging out and saving all of my friends, Amen
Who's to say and who are you to judge me anyway
This is my road, I take the corner as fast as I can go
Who's to say at how I got so lucky anyway
I am my own at least until the Man come and take me home
Well, I got my mama's features and my daddy's fixtures
All day long I been looking at pictures wondering
how in the hell they came up with me
Well, I'm crazy as a loon, I'm howling at the moon
My baby she don't know what to do
She's wondering how in the hell she's going to stay with me
Well, she's been church more than Billy Graham
And she knows the Bible like the back of her hand
Yeah, but she drinks gin like it's going out of style
Oh, it makes me smile
Yeah, who's to say and who are you to judge her anyway
This whole world spins, never gonna take that chance again
Yeah, who's to say at how we got so lucky anyway
We have a home, neither one of us will ever be alone
It's a lesson of survival
To ride out every trial
It's the secret of forgiveness
Way down deep inside
Who's to say and who are you to judge me anyway
This is my road, I take the corner as fast as I can go
Yeah, who's to say as how I got so lucky anyway
I am my own at least until the angels come,
angels gonna come and take me home