

# Randy Travis, Card Carryin' Fool

It takes all kinds to keep  
this world in place  
It's a fragile balance that  
let's us spin through space  
So everybody's got their job to do  
and girl I guess the job  
I've got is cryin' over you  
And I should get a gold watch  
for all the years I gave  
I should get some interest now  
for all the dues I've paid  
I don't know why I love you,  
it's just the job I do  
I'm your registered, certified  
card carryin' fool  
If I was in the army  
there'd be medals that I'd get  
If I was in the circus,  
at least I'd have a net  
If I was an electrician,  
I might could find a spark  
And if I could be a surgeon,  
Girl, I might could find your heart  
But I keep bending over backwards  
just to be your limbo man  
while you drop that stick  
another notch every chance you can  
I don't know why I love you,  
it's just the job I do  
I'm your registered, certified  
card carryin' fool  
Oh if I was a gambler  
I might have better luck  
If I was mathematician  
I could make it all add up  
But when it comes down to it  
all I want to do  
Is be your registered, certified  
card carryin' fool.