

What's Wrong with That

Lonestar

When we punch out at four o'clock
Some of the boys down at the shop
Like to stop at Mojo's and have a beer or two
They laugh and make jokes at my expense
'Cause I go home instead of joinin' in
But I got other things I like to do
I'm not saying I'm better than them
But where they're going I've already been

I got a good woman at home waitin' for me
Three little angels cute as can be
Couple of dogs and one little calico cat
When the thunder rolls like thunder can
Got a king-size bed we can all fit in
And a key to happiness is under my doormat
What's wrong with that

I used to dream of being rich
While shoveling mud in a rain-soaked ditch
My boots had busted laces and worn out soles
I used to hang out with the party crowd
I drank more beer than the law allowed
But that feels like a whole other life ago
Sometimes we still live hand to mouth
But I got more blessings than I can count

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It took some time and a lot of pain
To finally figure out
I can live without anything
Accept what's in that house