

Right on the Money

Alan Jackson

Well let's begin with the day I met her
How fast this good old boy's world got better
Sky got bluer, the grass got greener
Just the first few seconds after I first seen her

Like my favorite song on a new set of speakers
My best old jeans and my broke in sneakers
A home run pitch floating right down the middle
The sweet music made when the bow hits the fiddle

She's right on the money
She goes direct to my heart
And when it comes to loving me
She's everything, I mean bulls eye perfect
She's right on the money

She's no red lights when I've overslept
She's a three point jump shot that's nothing but net
A hand full of aces, the dealer's done dealing
I'm forever on a roll, that's how she's got me feeling

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She's the best cook that's ever melted cheese
I ain't much around the house, but I aim to please
There's absolutely no reason to doubt her
When she says, I wouldn't last ten minutes without her

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