

(Who Says) You Can't Have It All

Alan Jackson

A stark-naked light bulb hangs over my head
There's one lonely pillow on my double bed
I've got a ceiling, a floor and four walls
Who says you can't have it all

My room's decorated with pictures of you
Your letters wallpaper this shrine to the blues
I've got precious memories at my beck and call
Who says you can't have it all

I've got everything a broken heart needs
Oh, I'm doin' fine don't you worry 'bout me
'Cause I'm Lord and Master
Of a fool's Taj Mahal
Who says you can't have it all

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