

The Good Life

Casey James

Cup of coffee and a clearer head
Jelly over warm cornbread
Feeling ready for whatever the day's gonna bring

Old boots, socks are new
Neighbors waving, sky is blue
I may be almost broke but this feeling is free

No doubt I'm right where I belong
No part of this road feels wrong
It looks like the good life's coming on strong

Kids laugh, radio sings
Bees buzzing, grass is green
Smell of charcoal burning on the breeze

And up ahead half a mile
I stop in to see her smile
Thank you Lord for that angel watching over me

No doubt I'm right where I belong
No part of this road feels wrong
It looks like the good life's coming on strong

Like forgiveness on Sunday
Or syrup and pancakes
We're meant to be
She opens the door
And she jumps in my arms
Yeah it's easy to see

No doubt I'm right where I belong
No part of this road feels wrong
It looks like the good life

Finally my steps are steady and true
And it's all because of you
It looks like the good life's coming on strong
Coming on strong