

## 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