

## If You Can't Be Good. Be Good At It

Neal McCoy

Alright, now let this be a lesson to you

Mama never raised any smart mouth kid  
She told us once and that was it  
She said, son sit down, son that's enough  
Mama really loved us but she sure was tough  
Could never get away with callin' her bluff

You been runnin' all night, chasin' those skirts  
You ought to be ashamed, late again for work  
Boy, don't you know you're on the wrong track  
And throwin' it away, you never get it back  
Hard lovin' mamas don't cut you no slack

But my old man was a little bit more inclined to understand  
'Cause daddies know, when to hang on and when to let go  
He said, "Bein' addicted to love's a real bad habit  
If you can't be good, son, be good at it"

Now mama's still on me 'bout wrong and right  
Hopin' one day I might see the light  
My heart's been broke, I make mistakes  
I still try to give 'em as much as I take  
Now old habits are hard to break

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Well, if you can't be good, be good at it  
Take that to your old man, son  
Don't worry about bein' good, I'll show you how it's done