

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