

Got It Good

Rodney Atkins

Ain't it something? You can jump on a plane
And hop on a bus, catch you a train
Take in a Saturday game at Wrigley Field

Man, ain't it awesome? You can hit Talladega
Drink you a beer with the fan of the driver
You've always hated and probably always will

Yeah, I forget how good I got it sometimes
How lucky I am just to be alive
Oh, I pass through a prayer to the man upstairs
Just to thank Him like I should
Let Him know I get it, I got it good

Oh, it's amazing that boy in the yard
Is half of my wife and God bless his heart
The other half is every last bit of me

I can't explain it how his mama wound up with somebody like me
When she could've done so much better
Make you fall down on your knees

Yeah, I forget how good I got it sometimes
How lucky I am just to be alive
Oh, I pass through a prayer to the man upstairs
Just to thank Him like I should
Let Him know I get it, I got it good, yes I do

I get going so fast that what matters gets blurred
And I can't feel the grass, see the trees, hear the birds
The sky starts to rain and I cuss and complain like a fool

Yeah, I forget how good I got it sometimes
How lucky I am just to be alive
Oh, I pass through a prayer to the man upstairs
Just to thank Him like I should
Let Him know I get it, God I got it good, yes, I do
Get it, got it good, yes I got it good