

## Tips

Rodney Atkins

Well, I was counting my tips at the Playing Sixes  
In this [Incomprehensible]  
When this old beach bum yelled out  
"Come on, play, give me three steps"  
I was beat but I played him one more  
Then I was headed out towards the door

And he handshake and handed me a hundred dollar bills  
And said, "By the way, I own this bar"  
Then he winked at me and said, "Kid, I got a few more tips  
But they sure ain't the kind that would fit in that jar"

You gotta treat people right on your ride up  
They'll have your back on the way back down  
He said, "Take it from this old beach bum, son  
Keeping it real is what it's really about"

You can count your blessings, count yourself lucky  
But every day you get above ground  
Oh, that ain't about keeping count of what you got  
It's making what you got count

He grabbed me by the arm and said  
He said, "Real quick, boy, let me tell you this story  
About this real rich dude I used to know real well  
He owned all kinds of stuff but when he added it all up  
He still felt like he was empty as hell"

He said, "Son, would you believe that  
That dude was me back before I inventoried my life  
Ah, just to live down here, selling shots and some beer  
And, and dispensing some free advice"

Now treat people right on your ride up  
They'll have your back on the way back down  
He said, "Take it from this old beach bum, son  
Keeping it real, that's what it's really about"

Count your blessings, count yourself lucky  
Every day you get above ground  
'Cause it ain't about keeping count of what you got  
It's making what you got count

Oh, now I can't recollect how much I collected in my jar  
[Incomprehensible]  
And tonight I started getting to have a beer with my old friends  
And when he saw those tour buses outside, he said

Now are your treating people right on your ride up?  
They'll have your back on the way back down  
He said, "Take it from this old beach bum, son  
Yeah, keep it real, that's what it's really about"

And the best things in life, you can't put a price on  
They don't come with no dollar or map, no  
'Cause it ain't about keeping count of what you got  
It's making what you got count

No, it ain't about keeping count of what you got  
No, it all comes down to making what you got count

Make it count, that's what it comes down to, son  
Tell your friends and be a friend  
Count your blessings, don't count your problems