

## **Bo Bice**

# **"Good Hearted Woman"**

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My mother was just 21  
All alone with a son of gun she roamed  
Spent some nights sleeping in our car  
Cheap hotels and seedy bars  
As it came to pass so was my road

She's a good hearted woman  
With a heart of gold that always understands  
That good hearted woman  
Is making life the best way she can

My granddaddy said when I was 9  
"Boy, I raised you on that the Southern pride and so"  
Taught me how to fish and how to fight  
When I was wrong and what was right  
But the greatest story that he ever told

Was of a good hearted woman  
With a heart of gold that always understands  
That good hearted woman  
Is making life the best way she can

Pretty wife and fancy cars  
I've paid my dues and got some scars to say  
There ain't a thing that I regret  
And I hope to laugh at all of this  
When I'm sitting on my front porch old and gray  
Oh, yeah

With my good hearted woman  
With a heart of gold that always understands  
That good hearted woman  
Is making life the best way she can  
That good hearted woman  
Sure loves a hard headed man

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