

Byrd Tracy

"You Never Know Just How Good You've Got It"

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Hey once I was a honky tonkin' talk of the town
Ridin' high in my bad Chevrolet
I had seven pretty women Lord hanging on me
A different one for every day
But look at me now all my women's left town
And a buck is getting hard to come by
Well I must confess my life's a big mess
I'm so low I could lay down and die

Well you never know just how good you've got it
Till you ain't got it no more
You never know just how high you're flying
Till you fall face down on the floor
All I can do is just moan the blues
And dream about what I had before
Hey you never know just how good you've got it
Till you ain't got it no more

Here lately I've become one pool sharkin' fool
Make my living on the buddies of mine
I was cookin' last night when the chips were all down
So I laid everything I had on the line
I knew I'd regret that hundred dollar bet
But you never learn until it's too late
We flipped and I lost and then I paid the cost
When the eight fell in on the break

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