

Jamey Johnson

"Keepin' Up With The Jonesin'"

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Lord, I quit the drinkin', the smokin' an' the honky-tonk life.

The day that a ring an' a preacher made her my wife.

Yeah, an' I said: "I do", but I didn't have a clue,

How I'd miss all the whiskey an' women.

I tried to be true, m but it's all I can do,

Keepin' up with the Jonesin'.

Man, this hectic, domestic lifestyle takes a while to adjust.

Ah, she don't seem to remember that old rowdy rambler I was.

'Cause she calls up her friends an' tells them,

How good I been doin'.

But the truth is I'm goin' out of my mind,

Keepin' up with the Jonesin'.

An' I miss gettin' high, an' stayin out all night,
With all my old friends.

An' I miss the liquor, the bartenders,

The fights, the girls an' the bands.

It wouldn't be so damned hard,

If I didn't know what I'm missin'.

She don't understand, I'm doin' all that I can,

Keepin' up with the Jonesin'.

Instrumental break.

Yeah, tell me what you know about it, possum.

Whoa it gets so hard when I know what I'm missin'.

Sometimes I give in, start over again,

Keepin' up with the Jonesin'.

Son, I understand, it's a helluva man,

Keepin' up with the Jonesin'.

Aw man, Thank you Mr Jones, I sure 'nough appreciate the ride.

Hey is this, this a new tractor.

That a satellite radio, air-conditioning, heater.

Oh, a cooler.

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