

Jerry Reed

"She Got the Gold Mine, I Got the Shaft"

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Well, I guess it was back in '63
When eatin' my cookin' got the better of me,
So I asked this little girl I was goin' with to be my wife.
Well, she said she would, so I said "I do".
But I'da said I wouldn't if I'da just knew
How sayin' "I do" was gonna screw up all of my life!
Well, the first few years weren't all that bad -
I'll never forget the good times we had
'Cause I'm reminded every month when I send her the
child support.
Well, it wasn't too long till the lust all died,
And I'll admit I wasn't too surprised
The day I come home and found my suitcase sittin' out
on the porch.
Well, I tried to get in - she changed the locks!
Then I found this note taped on the mailbox
That said, "Goodbye, turkey! My attorney will be in
touch!" Mm-hmm!
So I decided right then and there
I's gonna do what's right - give her her fair share.
But brother - I didn't know her share's gon' be THAT
much!
She got the gold mine! She got the gold mine!
I got the shaft. I got the shaft.
They split it right down the middle,
And then they give her the better half.
Well, it all sounds sorta funny,
But it hurts too much to laugh.
She got the gold mine - I got the sha-a-aft.

Now, listen - you ain't heard nothin' yet:
Why, they give her the color television set,
Then they give her the house, the kids, and both of the
cars! See?
Well, then they start talkin' 'bout child support,
Alimony, and the cost of the court -
Didn't take me long to figure out how far in the toilet I
was!
I'm tellin' ya, they have made a mistake
'Cause it adds up to more than this cowboy makes!
Besides; everything I ever had worth takin', they've

already took!
While she's livin' like a queen on alimony,
I'm workin' two shifts eatin' baloney,
Askin' myself, "Why didn't you just learn how to
cook?!?!"
They give her the gold mine! She got the gold mine!
They give me the shaft. I got the shaft.
They said they're splittin' it all down the middle,
But she got the better half.
Well, it all sounds mighty funny,
But it hurts too much to laugh.
She got the gold mine - I got the sha-a-aft.

Well, she got the gold mine! She got the gold mine!
I got the shaft. I got the shaft.
They split it all down the middle,
And then they give her the better half.
Well, I guess it all sounds funny, Hoo, hoo, hoo, ha-ha-
ha-ha-ha!
But it hurts too much to laugh.
She got the gold mine - I got the sha-a-aft.
(They ain't kiddin' me - I got the shaft.)

Well, I don't have to worry 'bout totin' a billfold n'more.
Hahahahaha!
I let my wife tote it; I'mon' be carryin' food stamps -
You get it, judge? I'mon' be! Just! Hahahahaha!
Ah, it's not funny, huh? Huh? Huh?
Contempt of court? Whaddaya mean?
Listen, judge: I's just kiddin'!

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