

## **Toby Keith "The Critic"**

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Tell it like it is

He gets up real early on his mornin' drive  
Down to the office for his 9 to 5  
He drives a 94' two tone economy car  
Loves to tell the local bands down at the bar  
That he's the critic, yeah, I can hook you up  
I know everybody in the business

He flunked junior high band he couldn't march in time  
He tried to write a song once, but he couldn't make it rhyme  
He learned 2 or 3 chords on a pawn shop guitar  
He just never quite had what it took to be a star  
So he's a critic, I work for the gazette man  
I got a real job

He did a 5 star column on a band you never heard  
He did a bluegrass review without an unkind word  
He thought it was time to ask his boss for a raise  
His boss said, "I can't even tell if anybody's even readin' your page"  
Yeah

So he thought and he thought a little more  
He caught a young hot star headed into town  
And then he hid behind his typewriter and gunned the boy down  
Here come the letters, the emails, the faxes  
They raised him to 20 thousand dollars after taxes  
He's a happy critic yeah, he's rollin' in the dough

Man I could do this forever, this is easy  
They're all readin' my column  
Please don't tell my mama  
That I write the music column for the gazette  
She still thinks  
That I play piano down at the cathouse

Let's get funky with this now boys, play it on  
Come on Shannon  
There's Ol' Bill jumpin' in

Glenn's layin' it down  
Come on Shannon  
Aah my man Steve

Man, my fingers are gettin' tired ya'll gonna have to  
hurry  
This snappin' thing wearin' me out  
There's Ol' Shannon guess he was on a coffee break  
They're gonna love you  
'Cause they already love me  
Yeah, it's the critic

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