

D.J. Miller

"Whatever It Takes"

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I'd sell this ol' guitar my grandpa gave to me
To put food on the table, and I guarantee
I'll always make ya proud, you chose me to be your
man
There's nothin' I won't do to keep that gold ring on your
hand

Whatever it takes
Whatever you need
I'll be the rock; you can count on me
And I know from time to time
There'll be a mountain I can't climb
But I promise you somehow, I'll find a way
Whatever it takes

If I need to work three jobs when the baby comes
I'll roll up my sleeves, and get it done
There might be blisters on my hands, but I'll never once
complain
When you hold me in your arms, baby, I won't feel the
pain

Whatever it takes
Whatever you need
I'll be the rock; you can count on me
And I know from time to time
There'll be a mountain I can't climb
But I promise you somehow, I'll find a way
Whatever it takes

Whatever it takes
Whatever you need
I'll be the rock; you can count on me
And I know from time to time
There'll be a mountain I can't climb
But I promise you somehow, I'll find a way
I'll be there every night and every day
Whatever it takes

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