

Gettin' Right

Frank Foster

I got some Black Label Jack in a brown paper sack in the console
Got a twelve pack in the back in my Oilfield Camo cooler, got it ice cold
I've been fourteen gone, I'm finally back home
There ain't but one thing that I wanna do
Is get down where the river bends, on the sandbar with my friends
And drown these roughneck blues

Drop the gate on the truck
Turn the radio on
Everybody's yelling, turn it up
That's my song
Jam a little Skynyrd and Hank
Top it off with a little Frank
And when the sun falls outta sight
You can bet your boots, we gonna throw back a few tonight
'Cause there ain't nothing wrong with gettin' right

You got some pretty southern women dancing 'round in their bare feet
And these two piece tan-lines showing in the sunshine are killing me
And these seven dollar shades are worth every dime I paid
'Cause they're hiding my wandering eyes
I spent my hard earned money on these hick town honeys
Y'all, welcome to the good life

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And all we wanna do is have us a good time
A little whiskey, a little beer
A little bit of that apple pie moonshine

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Turn the radio on
Everybody's yelling, turn it up
'Cause that's my song
Jam a little Skynyrd and Hank
Top it off with a little Frank
And when the sun falls outta sight
You can bet your boots, we gonna throw back a few tonight
'Cause there ain't nothing wrong with gettin' right
Oh, we gettin' right tonight