

# Rent

George Strait

This song was written by our friend, Keith Gattis  
An amazing songwriter, singer, and guitar slinger  
We lost Keith way too soon  
He wrote this song with another Texas legend, Guy Clark  
Keith, we miss you, brother  
But I know we're gonna see you again someday

He wore a sweat-stained open-road Stetson hat  
A domino king from way on back  
Jack of all trades with an old jon boat  
And he spent his last days just making it float

And every now and then he'd pick me up  
When he knew the water wouldn't be too rough  
He was known for never saying too much  
But we'd get in that boat and he'd open right up

He said, "The war took my brother  
The good Lord took my mother  
And the years, well, I don't know where they all went  
Until that roll is called up yonder  
All I can do is wonder  
If I even did enough to make a dent  
But I made a few good friends  
And I always paid my rent"

Sometimes we'd just sit and laugh  
About girls and dogs and friends we had  
He said the gooduns are the hardest to come by  
And I'd get him tell me 'bout the days gone by  
He'd bait his hook, wipe his brow  
Start resurrecting ups and downs  
We'd drift offshore while the daylight burned  
And I'd hang on to every word

He said, "I've done my share of living  
Found a woman who was willing  
And through the years I learned how to bend  
Until that roll is called up yonder  
I can't help but wonder  
If I even did enough to make a dent  
But I made a few good friends  
And I always paid my rent

Last time I saw him he was moving slow  
Said, "I ain't got much farther to go  
But I'd like you to have this boat  
Take her out and make her float  
I can't tell you how to live your life  
But if you find a good girl, hold on tight  
Treat her good and pay your bills  
Your friends will help you climb the hills"

He said, "That road is long and winding  
When I look behind me  
But I'd like to think that it was time well spent  
Until that roll is called up yonder

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But I made a few good friends  
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