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I got a house, down a backroad
I got a flag on the front porch
I got a dog named Waylon
I got a driveway that needs paving
I got a boat with a two stroke
A couple guaranteed to make you laugh jokes
I got friends in low places
Yeah, life is what you make it
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I might not end up in the hall of fame With a star on the sidewalk with my name Or a statue in my hometown when I'm gone Nobody gonna name their babies after me I might not go down in history But, I'll go down to the Honkytonk

I got a girl named Sheila
She goes batshit on tequila
I got a job that gets the job done
I got a loan at the bank, it's a big one
The only place you might see my name
Is on the wall, for a good time call
I'm a local legend on a Friday night
In a Pabst Blue Ribbon neon light

I might not end up in the hall of fame

With a star on the sidewalk with my name Or a statue in my hometown when I'm gone Nobody gonna name their babies after me I might not go down in history But, I'll go down to the Honkytonk

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