

# Wrong One Yet

MacKenzie Porter

Mama I met a boy  
And I like where it's goin' and  
Even through the phone I can  
Feel your eyes rollin'  
Thinkin' here she goes again  
'Cause I change like the wind

I won't waste your time with  
I swear this one's different  
Won't try to paint it like it  
Is what it isn't

'Cause it's only been a month  
But mama I'll tell you what

So far he's opened every door  
And he lights up my Marlboro Reds  
Kicks his boots off on the porch  
Raises hell and says amen  
It might be over by tonight 'cause  
Mama you know how I get  
I ain't saying he's the right one  
But hell he ain't the wrong one yet

The jury's still out  
But so far he's convinced me  
He can hold me right and  
He can hold his whiskey  
But hell I guess we'll just see  
If he just on a lucky streak

So far he's opened every door  
And he lights up my Marlboro Reds  
Kicks his boots off on the porch  
Raises hell and says amen  
It might be over by tonight 'cause  
Mama you know how I get  
I ain't saying he's the right one  
But hell he ain't the wrong one yet  
No he ain't the wrong one yet

Between the calluses on his hands  
And his right foot full of lead  
I found a box that he ain't checked, yet

So far he's opened every door  
And he lights up my Marlboro Reds  
Kicks his boots off on the porch  
Raises hell and says amen  
It might be over by tonight 'cause  
Mama you know how I get

I ain't saying he's the right one  
But hell he ain't the wrong one yet  
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