

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
No he ain't the wrong one yet

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