Shitty Golfer

Toby Keith

I'm a shitty golfer, you can ask my wife
I've been out there hackin' every day of my life
I got the shorts and all the plaid sweaters
And new taylormade driver didn't make me any better

Man, I hit 'em fast and I hit 'em thin
I roll 'em in the bunker's man, I hit 'em again
Slice 'em in the bushes, crank 'em in a creek
I popped that sucker up and hooked it out in the street

Yeah, I'm 245 right down the middle
And I'll miss the green, to the left just a little
Chili dip a wedge, and put it all together
Hit that son of a bitch right up there in the leather
If you call that good, and let me press on the side
You can put me down for a fight

Hey, I'm a shitty golfer, most of us are
But we carry our clubs in the back of our cars
What else you gonna do when you're out of town
And you need to waste a whole day and shoot another round

Man, I played Augusta, and I played Pebble Beach
And one time at Sawgrass I shot 83
If I live long enough to be 88
I think I'll celebrate it by shooting my age

Yeah, I'm 245 right down the middle
And I'll miss the green, to the left just a little
Chili dip a wedge, and put it all together
Hit that son of a bitch right up there in the leather
If you call that good, and let me press on the side
You can put me down for a fight, oh yeah
You can put me down for a fight

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