

**Good Life**  
**Corey Smith**

The Good Life  
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Verse 1:

**G**            **D/F**            **EM**            **D**  
Sittin alone in my three bedroom home,  
      **Cadd9**            **D**            **G**  
a mile east of where I was raised.  
**G**                    **D/F**            **EM**            **D**  
Stairin out the window at my dog in the backyard,  
      **Cadd9**            **D**            **G**  
in the pinestraw covered with clay.  
**G**                    **D/F**            **EM**            **D**  
Damn he s a mess, but we love him to death,  
      **Cadd9**            **D**            **G**  
guess he fits in this family well.  
                      **G**                    **D/F**                    **EM**            **D**  
Yeah we re a blood line of sheperds used to roam in the pastures,  
      **Cadd9**            **D**            **G**  
tryin to cope with this suburban hell.

Chorus:

**Cadd9**            **D**            **G**  
Aww, it sure aint the good life we re livin ,  
      **Cadd9**            **D**            **G**  
Yeah I reckon we re happy enough.  
      **Cadd9**            **D**            **G**  
We ve done well with the hands we were givin ,  
      **Cadd9**            **D**            **G**  
with a little hope and a whole lotta love.

Verse 2:

Dad just finished buildin , it must ve cost him a killin ,  
that house out on Rambeler s end,  
He sent my brother off to college, walkin through the arches,  
Man we re all sure proud of him.  
But he never tried to spoil us kept our hands in the sawdust,  
yeah we chipped in whenever we could.  
We shared in the sweat and the blood and the tears,

I guess he knew it would do us some good.

(Chorus)plus:

**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **G**  
Lord we don t have our fist full of dollars,  
**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **G**  
and we re no southern aristocrats.  
**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **EM**                    **D**  
Naw, we aint got a lot but we ve earned what we got,  
**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **G**  
and we couldn t do it much better than that.

(Solo)Play verse chords over lead.

Verse 3:

My wife quit her job now she s workin full time,  
takin care of the baby and me.  
And I m playin in the bars tryin to pay off the debts,  
Lord this half-acre didn t come cheap.  
And I come draggin in three and four in the mornin ,  
smellin like tobacco and rum.  
Still she wakes up to greet me cause she loves me completley,  
Says she s proud of the star I ve become.

(Chorus)plus:

**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **G**  
Lord we don t have our fist full of dollars,  
**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **G**  
and we re no southern aristocrats.  
**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **EM**                    **D**  
Naw, we aint got a lot but we Love what we got,  
**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **G**  
and we couldn t do it much better than that.  
**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **G**  
And I hope ole Saint Peter will have me,  
**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **G**  
when they throw my cauffin in the back.  
**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **EM**                    **D**  
When that herse rolls away I hope all ya ll will say,  
**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **G**  
he couldn t do it much better than that,  
**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **G**  
He couldn t do it much better than that,  
**Cadd9**                    **D**                    **G**  
He couldn t do it much better than that.