

Alan Jackson, To Do What I Do

I've been a waiter, a roofer, a clerk
I've shoveled manure till my pride hurt
When you're starting out, it's all part of the work
To do what I do
I've been evicted for not making rent
Made my Daddy wonder where my good sense went
For the price of a dream, my years have been spent
To do what I do

So I stand here tonight with this six string guitar
To be something I've always been in my heart
Just for the chance to play you my song
The thrill when I hear you singing along
It's been worth everything I've been through
To do what I do

I've played for empty tables and chairs
The drunks that don't listen, the crowds that don't care
Been told countless times Boy you ain't goin' nowhere
To do what I do

So I hope the critics and skeptics alike
All bought a ticket to this show tonight
And they'll see firsthand that I have survived
And what doesn't kill you makes you more alive
And I'm one of the fortunate few
To do what I do

There's so much joy this music can bring
So I count my blessings when I step up to sing
Cause they're so many people who would give anything
To do what I do

And I thank you
I can do what I do