

Alan Jackson, Right On The Money- By Alan Jackson

Let's begin with the day I met her
How fast this good old boys world got better
The sky got bluer, the grass got greener
Just the first few seconds after i first seen her
Like my, favorite song on a new set of speakers
My best old jeans and my broken sneakers
A home run pitch floatin right down the middle
Sweet music made when the bow hits the fiddle

Chorus

She's, right on the money
She goes direct, to my heart
When it comes to loving me
She's everything I need
Bulls eye perfect

She's, right on the money
She's no red lights, when ive over slept
She's a three point jump shot thats nothin but net
A hand full of aces when the dealers done dealin
Im forever on a roll thats how shes, got me feelin

Chorus

She's the best cook thats ever melted cheese
I ain't much around the house, but I aim to please
Theres absolutley no reason to doubt it
When she says I wouldn't last ten minutes without her
Chorus