

Before He Cheats

Carrie Underwood

Right now, he's probably slow dancing
With a bleached-blond tramp
And she's probably getting frisky
Right now, he's probably buying
Her some fruity little drink
'Cause she can't shoot whiskey
Right now, he's probably up behind her
With a pool-stick
Showing her how to shoot a combo
And he don't know
I dug my key into the side
Of his pretty little souped-up four-wheel drive
Carved my name into his leather seats
I took a Louisville slugger to both head lights
I slashed a hole in all four tires
Maybe next time he'll think before he cheats
Right now, she's probably up singing some
White-trash version of Shania karaoke
Right now, she's probably saying "I'm drunk"
And he's a-thinking that he's gonna get lucky
Right now, he's probably
Dabbing on three dollars
Worth of that bathroom Polo
Oh, and he don't know
That I dug my key into the side
Of his pretty little souped-up four-wheel drive
Carved my name into his leather seats
I took a Louisville slugger to both head lights
I slashed a hole in all four tires
Maybe next time he'll think before he cheats
I might have saved a little trouble for the next girl
'Cause the next time that he cheats
Oh, you know it won't be on me!
No, not on me
'Cause I dug my key into the side
Of his pretty little souped-up four-wheel drive
Carved my name into his leather seats
I took a Louisville slugger to both head lights
I slashed a hole in all four tires
Maybe next time he'll think before he cheats
Oh, maybe next time he'll think before he cheats
Oh, before he cheats
Oh

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