

# 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

