**Before He Cheats by 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 a 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 headlights  
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  
  
**Oh, 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 headlights  
Slashed a hole in all four tires  
Maybe next time, he'll think before he cheats**  
I might've 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 headlights  
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**