

THIS AIN'T NO BETTY FORD

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Version 1 — Rowdy Country

Verse 1

Checked myself in on a Monday night
Still half-drunk from a Saturday fight
Asked for a room with a king-size bed
They handed me a pillow and shook their heads

Said, "Where's the pool? Where's the spa?"
Some old boy laughed, said, "Son, good God!"

Chorus

I knew it wasn't gonna be easy
It's my turn in the barrel
No room service, no open bar
No pretty nurse, no fancy car
Just bad black coffee and a two-by-four
Lord, this ain't no Betty Ford!

Verse 2

Breakfast at six, lights out at ten
Same twelve stories told again
One guy's crying, one's talking tough
One says thirty days ain't near enough

I asked for a steak, they gave me beans
Said, "Welcome to the land of broken dreams!"

Chorus

I knew it wasn't gonna be easy
It's my turn in the barrel
No room service, no open bar
No pretty nurse, no fancy car
Just bad black coffee and a two-by-four
Lord, this ain't no Betty Ford!

Bridge

No movie stars, no paparazzi
Just a worn-out preacher drinking coffee
Said, "Son, you can leave, there's the door"
But I ain't running anymore

Final Chorus

I knew it wasn't gonna be easy
It's my turn in the barrel
No room service, no open bar
But I ain't who I was before
Got a little hope and a whole lot more
From a place that ain't no Betty Ford!

Outro

No five-star suite, no fancy reward
Thank God this ain't no Betty Ford!