

What Goes Around

I wrote this song upon realizing how the music business really works. It is a myth to think you drop off your CD at the local radio station to get “discovered.” The joke in Nashville is: “How do you kick a bass player off your porch? – You pay him for the pizza.” Nashville, look out! Here I come!

Momma held her little girl
While she cried and cried
Another high school romance
With a bad goodbye

They had met on a flat bed stage
Singers in a band
They were great together
But he had him a plan

He was sure he was so much more
Than any one horse town
Soon she was a cryin’
And he was Nashville bound

Chorus:
But it’s not where you go
And it’s not who you know
What goes around always comes around
Her momma told her so ... and it’s so

He bought the hat, the boots
All the same old toys
Became another almost famous
pizza boy

One day she finally calls
Says he’s doing fine
He can’t talk long
He’s gotta free the line

Cuz any moment
He’s gonna get that call
Hook, line and chorus
Maybe records on the wall Yeah

Chorus:
But it’s not where you go
And it’s not who you know
What goes around always comes around
Her momma told her so

Bridge:
And no matter what he tries
The dream passes him by
And one day he finds himself all alone
All alone

He was sleepin' in his truck
With just his radio
He hears a song he said he could've
wrote

He sings along until
The DJ says her name
His jaw drops open
It's his high school flame ... that's right

Chorus:
It's not where you go
And it's not who you know
What goes around always comes around
Her momma told her so ...
What goes around always comes around
Her momma told her so.
Wow wow wow
Yeah yeah yeah

Son, you've got everything
It takes to be a big star
Everything but talent ...