

# Who's Gonna Take Me Home

Chris Young

Bartender's sittin'' them shots on the bar  
Those last two Jagar bombs hit me hard  
My best friend left and took the keys to my car  
Who's gonna take me home?

That dad gum Jimmy he took me out back  
Pulled a Marlboro cigarette out of his cap  
Now I remember why I quit all that  
Who's gonna take me home?

Well, I can't drive, I can't walk  
And I'm a little too high to crawl  
I'll hold up this wall  
Till I come down or the room stops spinnin'  
Gonna stand right here and chill out for a minute

Standin' in the men's room waitin' on a stall  
Lean my head up against the cool concrete wall  
Hey there's a few numbers I guess I could call  
Who's gonna take me home?  
(Where's my cell phone?)

Well, I can't drive, I can't walk  
And I'm a little too high to crawl  
I'll hold up this wall  
Till I come down or the room stops spinnin'  
Gonna stand right here, Oh wait just a minute!

Twelve little hotties crammed in a back booth  
With a bachelorette all drinkin' Vermouth  
Lucky for there's just enough room

Well hello girls, next round's on me  
Toast a few drinks to the bide to be  
Close the town down and then we'll see  
Who's gonna take me home?

Yeah, who's gonna take me home?  
Yeah, who's gonna take me home?

I can't drive  
I can't walk  
Too high  
To crawl

Who's gonna take me home?