

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?