

That'll Make You Wanna Drink

Easton Corbin

Smokey bar
Mediocre band playin'
Old familiar songs, hit after hit
Neon lights
Cuttin' through the smoke a new Minnesota
Fats is chalkin' up his stick
Nine ball in the corner pocket,
twenty dollars gone
Two Bubba's standin' toe to toe about
to get it on

That'll make you wanna drink
Say, what the heck
Turn up a cold one
Throw down your paycheck
A room full of good times, laughter and pain
That'll make you wanna drink
That'll make you wanna drink

Country boy
Out there on the dance floor with mud
on his boots
He brought straight from the farm
Older man
Gold chains around his neck and a pretty
young thing hangin' on his arm
I bet he's got a couple of them little blue pills
She ain't gonna, but for drinks all night she'll
make him think she will

The reason I came in here is I screwed
up real bad
She's made it mighty clear, she ain't never
comin' back
That'll make you wanna drink