

Honky Tonk Fever

Jerrod Niemann

Small town dreamer
A full-time piece of work
At least that's what my daddy says
I guess that's what you get
When your boy's born with
That honky tonk fever

Hey jukebox play me the cure
I'll feed you quarters if you feed my soul
Somewhere between Americana and rock and roll
I could lose a day or two with the hippies out west
Or my Cajuns in the bayou
A sunset on Mobile
With something funny in the air

We're sipping shine from Carolina stills
And It'd be gone again, oh well
At least I could pretend my sail
Ain't stuck in the wind
And this honky tonk fever would end

Country people and those down-home material girls
The kind you bring home to mama
Hot as Hollywood without the drama
Gimme, Gimme that honky tonk fever
Hey, little lady, tonight you're the cure
That is if you wanna be
It's going down like the whisky in Tennessee

I could lose a day or two hiding out in Texas
Anywhere the cowgirls do
Sunrise on Nashville, another music city rally
In the valley of the fiddle and steel
And It'd be gone again, oh well

At least I could pretend my sail
Ain't stuck out in the wind
And this honky tonk fever would end
Lord, I got that
Honky tonk fever,
Hey, bartender pour me the court
I'll buy a round if you got 'em
The cure for the honky tonk fever
Is at the bottom