

That's Alright with Me

Kip Moore

Everybody knows I like whiskey
Preferably from Tennessee
But if you hand me an ice cold beer
Or some red wine, or some moonshine
Or one of them fruity drinks
Hell, that's alright with me

God knows I love women
The devil knows they make me weak
And I might find the right one
And settle down in a little town
Or I might just stay wild and free
And that's alright with me

I like whiskey and tight denim
On good hearted women
And for that I make no apologies
Call me country, call me hippie
A wildcat from Dixie
And if you do or don't like what you see
That's alright with me

There's nothing quite like the ocean
With a little tent and a little beach
And I like sitting 'round the campfire with my guitar
And if somebody wants to pass around some drinks
Hell, that's alright with me

I like whiskey and tight denim
On good hearted women
And for that I make no apologies
Call me country, call me hippie
A wildcat from Dixie
And if you do or don't like what you see
That's alright with me

I just slip on my cheap sunglasses
And let the world do it's thing
And even if it's all just f-in' taxes
Well, that's alright with me

I like whiskey and tight denim
On good hearted women
And for that I make no apologies
Call me country, call me hippie
A wildcat from Dixie
And if you do or don't like what you see
That's alright with me

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