

Do You Still Wanna Buy Me That Drink (Frank)

Lorrie Morgan

Sir, I do appreciate the offer.
I don't believe I caught your name.
I don't get to get out very often.
It's hard to find the time to get away.
I think it's only fair you hear my story,
Before you spend three-fifty on that beer.

I got two little kids that call me Momma.
My fifteen-year-old thinks that I'm a witch.
Between soccer practice and ballet,
Eminem an' Dr Dre,
Romance is the last thing on my list.
So, Frank, was it? Tell me what you think:
Do you still want to buy me that drink?

Frank, tell me, how d'you feel,
About teenage girls bein' on the pill?
An' do you mind Friday nights at home?
'Cause, Frankie, I've been here before,
Married twice an' twice divorced.
An' alimony sure don't pay the bills.
Now that's an awful lot of information,
But I don't have the time to mess around.

'Cause I got two little kids that call me Momma.
An' my fifteen-year-old wants to pierce his lip.
Between algebra an' spellin' bees,
An' anythin' to keep the peace,
Romance is the last thing on my list.
So, Frank, honey, tell me what you think:
Do you still want to buy me that drink?

I got two little kids that call me Momma.
An' my fifteen-year-old's really a good kid.
I really wouldn't blame you none,
If you got the urge to up an' run.
Is bein' 'Daddy' even on your list?
So, Frank, darlin', tell me what you think:
Do you still want to buy me;
I'll have a Miller Lite, please,
If you still want to buy me that drink.

Frank, c'mon back Frank.
You look a little pale, Frank.
It was just a joke.