

# She Got Drunk Last Night

Reba McEntire

She was flagging down the waiter  
She was feeling 'bout as faded as the flowers from that wallpaper  
Nobody'd even asked for her ID when she walked in there  
Don't know how long she'd been there  
She was fixing up her hair and fumbling through her purse  
She was tired of feeling lonely  
She was tired of feeling old  
She was hating the idea of going home alone

So she got drunk last night  
Drunk enough to call  
That number in her phone that she would never call  
Without the alcohol  
But she needed an excuse  
To let herself get used  
And so that's why

She got drunk the way she'd never  
The way she hadn't in forever  
But she needed to feel better, and wanted, and beautiful  
Even if he didn't love her  
And it had been a long time over  
She had to make one more mistake  
And she couldn't do that sober

So she got drunk last night  
Drunk enough to call  
That number in her phone that she would never call  
Without the alcohol  
But she needed an excuse  
To let herself get used  
And so that's why  
Oh, she got drunk last night

Yeah she needed an excuse  
To let herself get used  
And so that's why  
She got drunk last night  
She got drunk last night