

# Me And My Boys

The Lacs

Meet me on the bar top, hard shots  
Nothin' less baby til we make this party start,  
We got nothin' else to do.

Put the money in the jukebox, sad song, nothin' wrong with it  
If you mix it all in with beer. Yeah, I've gotta have that domestic brew

Get me on the dance floor, ten more shots, I'm on,  
And I'm gonna party till the early morn'.  
Turn the cell phone off, put them Lac boys on.  
Ain't nobody gonna go home.

Cause me and my boys get drunk, till the sun comes up.  
And if I ain't doin' that, hell, I ain't havin' fun.  
Talk a little, I shoot the Jack  
Maybe call up miss Mary Jane.  
When the lady gets mad, I just tilt one back.  
And me and my boys gon' drink.  
Me and my boys gon' drink.  
Me and my boys get drunk.

Put my cup in the sky, on a cold river night  
Just made some moonshine, taste that sweet apple pie  
Got the bonfire blowing in the back of the house.  
See there's one way in, and one way out.  
Cause I'm a dirt road rider  
With some spiked up cider  
Me and my boys 'bout to pull an all nighter  
With the big loud speakers in the back of the truck  
Gettin' loud, gettin' drunk, till sun comes up. Hey!

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Just call me up, I'm headin' to town.  
If I'm comin, then I'm comin to stay.  
Set 'em up, I knock 'em down.  
And knock it out the way.

I've been drinkin' for years  
Straight tequila and beers  
And through the laughter and tears  
Through the boos and the cheers  
And man the man in the mirrors  
And thought of callin' it quits  
But I'm still finishin' my beers  
He's still raisin' his fists  
I think I got too many sunrises under my belt  
I act a fool just as soon as we get done with this here.  
I go to town like old Chesney, man I ain't back yet.  
I'm blowin' from Texas to Georgia bit,

I like to bust a fat chill, take a big swill  
Got so drunk I can't remember if I ate them pills  
Aw damn, what is this bottle in my hand.  
I'm just sayin. Just woke up in my truck.  
Still not givin' a damn.  
Me and these Lacs ain't even makin' up noise.  
Cans cracked, tilted back, stack to stacks.  
Just as we're tellin' these stories.  
And man I think I'm 'bout to run on my boys.  
Ridin' stong, grippin' hard, actin fast, singing songs.  
Me and my boys.

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