

Southern Comfort

The Orwells

Drink by drink, I think, I'm thinking
Why don't you hang with me this weekend?
And I can't walk and I can't dance
Give me a smile and then take off your pants

Saw her eyes in the rear-view mirror
Girls in the back seat, trunk full of beer
Eyes on the prize, eyes on her thighs
I'm not that old but I'm getting pretty wise

Aaaah, aaaah
Aaaah, aaaah

Coke and rum, can I taste your tongue?
Won't stop sipping till we're both numb
Who's that girl in the short black skirt
Lotta lip gloss and the tight white shirt?

Hand down my pants, hands on my glass
Got to the bottom of the barrel, but I still can't dance
Life is better with a hand full of ass
Bad ass shades and a bag full of grass

Aaaah, aaaah
Aaaah, aaaah

Aaaah, aaaah
Aaaah, aaaah