

Lookin' for a Buzz

Ashley McBryde

Begging the crowd on a Tuesday night
I was having my usual on ice, when you walked by
One hour, two drinks and three shots later
I talked you into having one tailgater in the parking lot
Then it started getting hot

I just wanted a high from your whiskey-sipping lips
One time, no strings, no promises
And you were looking to good not to touch - not to touch
Who knew you'd make my head start spinning
Faster than anything I pour in this cup
I wasn't looking for love; I was just lookin' for a buzz

Little drops dripping off a cool Mason jar
Summer heat melting both our hearts, here in the dark
How'd it get this far?

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