

Livin' My Best Life

A Thousand Horses

You've got them weekday blues
Dirt on your redwing boots
You got your ex's name covered with a new tattoo
You've got that rubber band stack
Just got your paycheck cash
And if you're broke, don't you sweat it, man I got your back

So come on, come on, come on

I've been breaking in the jukebox with a little Curtis Loew
Skipping new small talk with good people I don't know
I've been knocking back longnecks like the county's going dry
Just livin' my best life

You went and pushed your limit
And got that pretty girl's digits
You're smiling like you won 20 on a scratch-off ticket
Go and round up all your friends
Ain't gotta be the weekend
They're serving two for one bucket here from 6 till 10

So come on, come on, come on

I've been breaking in the jukebox with a little Curtis Loew
Skipping new small talk with good people I don't know
I've been knocking back longnecks like the county's going dry
Just livin' my best life
Just livin' my best life

Oh-whoa, oh-whoa-whoa
Oh-whoa, oh-whoa-whoa
Oh-whoa, oh-whoa-whoa
Just livin' my best life

If you're up or down on your luck come get to raising one up
With the hold me down party crowd and the neon dive
If you're looking for me I won't be too hard to find
I'll be livin' my best life

'Cause I've been breaking in the jukebox with a little Curtis Loew
Skipping new small talk with good people I don't know
I've been knocking back longnecks like the county's going dry
Just livin' my best life, alright
Just livin' my best life, sing it!

Oh-whoa, oh-whoa-whoa
Oh-whoa, oh-whoa-whoa
Oh, I'm livin'...
Oh-whoa, oh-whoa-whoa
Just livin' my best life