

Drink, Cuss, Or Fish

Brett Kissel

Did he say we're on?
Yeah we're on
Kay, well let's hope for the best
Um, what's the count
A-one, a-two, a-one, two, three, four
I hope I can endure this vocal
With a drink in my hand

I know the world's a big ole place
No two people ever the same
Different strokes for different folks
Yeah I know it's true
Now I'm tryna tell ya
What you should do

But if you don't like beer on a Friday night
You don't say "Hell yeah" when a big one bites
To each his own but I can tell ya this
I don't trust nobody don't drink, cuss of fish
(Ah, reel it in boys)

If tipping one back
Sounds like a damn good time
You ain't afraid to let
A four letter fly
You love the feel of a rotten reel
While casting a line
I guarantee we'll get
Along just fine

But if you don't like beer on a Friday night
You don't say "Hell yeah" when a big one bites
To each his own but I can tell ya this
I don't trust nobody don't drink, cuss of fish

We might be different
Not do things the same
It's true, I don't care
Either way
(Nice one)

But if you don't like beer on a Friday night
You don't say "Hell yeah" when a big one bites
To each his own but I can tell ya this
I don't trust nobody who don't drink

But if you don't like beer on a Friday night
You don't say "Hell yeah" when a big one bites
To each his own but I can tell ya this
I don't trust nobody don't drink, cuss of fish
Or hunt

Anybody who don't like country music
I don't like them people either

(What happens if you're too drunk to fish?)

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