

# Betcha

Chris Lane

I betcha never write your name and number on a cocktail napkin  
For somebody you just met, but I couldn't help but ask ya'  
And I betcha when I hit F7 on that there jukebox  
You weren't thinkin' you'd be swayin' to some Alabama song

I'd say smart money's on  
This ain't our last Coors Light  
I know I might be wrong  
But it sure feels like I'm right, I

Betcha gonna love where the night goes  
Betcha gonna two-step slide close  
Singin' into a beer bottle microphone  
Come on, ya' got me fallin' in fast forward  
Betcha look good in my Bass Pro  
Even better in my F 1 Five O  
I pony up this payday bank roll  
I know I just met ya'  
But I betcha, I betcha  
Yeah, I, I betcha, I betcha

I bet you weren't here tryna fall in  
Yeah, I know just what you thought  
Another night of hey girl Broadway boys  
With their polo collars popped  
If this bar was Vegas  
Girl, it ain't no long shot, ten to one  
You'll be thinkin' bout a little hillbilly slippin' out  
By the time these drinks are done, I

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Betcha gonna two-step slide close  
Singin' into a beer bottle microphone  
Come on, ya' got me fallin' in fast forward  
Betcha look good in my Bass Pro  
Even better in my F 1 Five O  
I pony up this payday bank roll  
I know I just met ya'  
But I betcha, I betcha  
Yeah, I, I betcha, I betcha

I'd say smart money's on  
A gravel lot first kiss goodnight  
The way you're leanin' in  
Ooh, it sure feels like I'm right, I

Betcha gonna love where the night goes  
Betcha gonna two-step slide close  
Singin' into a beer bottle microphone  
Come on, ya' got me fallin' in fast forward  
Betcha look good in my Bass Pro  
Even better in my F 1 Five O  
I pony up this payday bank roll  
I know I just met ya'  
But I betcha, I betcha  
Yeah, I, I betcha, I betcha

I know I just met ya'  
But I betcha