

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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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
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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