

Bad Day To Be A Beer

Colby Acuff

Well, I got the blues, let me tell you
I'm crying like an engine roars
My baby took the kids, cars, and the dogs
She walked out of the door
But she left me a few cans from Milwaukee
And her old lawn chair
I'm gonna sit right here and tip a few back
Yeah, it's a bad day to be a beer

Well, I'm tired of my life
Of turning into a country song
If the shoe fits and you can't beat 'em, join 'em
Then I guess I can't go wrong
But I'm a little confused
I'm not sure where to go from here
Yeah, but all I know
Is it's a bad day to be a beer

'Cause I got my old friend Miller Lite
It will help me feel alright tonight
With my new best friend named easy chair
I'm gonna raise a can in cheer
And throw my drinking in fifth gear
Yeah, I don't know much
But it's a bad day to be a beer

I'm a-watching time pass by
By doing them twelve ounce curls
I don't know what I'm bitching about
I got all I need in the world
The only question is
Is it a month, a day, or a year?
Yeah, but all I know
Is it's a bad damn day to be a beer

'Cause I got my old friend Miller Lite
It will help me feel alright tonight
With my new best friend named easy chair
Well I'm gonna sit my ass right here
And throw my drinking in fifth gear
Yeah, I don't know much
But it's a bad day to be a beer

On the way out she told me
Boy, you drink too much
But after thinking about it
For her I hadn't drank enough

She drove me to drinking
Now I'm just too drunk to drive
So I'll sit right here
It's a bad day to be a beer

'Case I got my old friend Miller Lite
It will help me feel alright tonight
With my new best friend named easy chair
Well, I'm gonna sit my ass right here

And throw my drinking in fifth gear
Yeah, I don't know much
But it's a bad day to be a beer
Well, hell I don't know much
But it's a bad day to be a beer