

The Regular

Corey Smith

If I was the man she thinks I could be
I wouldn't come 'round buying your whiskey
Picking my brand from your nicotine wall
If I was that man you wouldn't know me at all

But I'm one of the regulars ringin' your bells
I walk through the door and you reach for the shelves
Yeah, you know what I'm after, you know what I need
Though she's given' me hell and keeps threatening to leave
But it ain't your business to worry 'bout me
I'm just one of the regulars

If she has her wish, I'd already be home
Instead I'm out of my way, ignoring my phone
Hell, I know it ain't right and she deserves more
Than customer of the year at this old liquor store

Still, I'm one of the regulars ringin' your bells
I walk through the door and you reach for the shelves
Yeah, you know what I'm after, you know what I need
Though she's given' me hell and keeps threatening to leave
But it ain't your business to worry 'bout me
I'm just one of the regulars
I'm just one of the regulars

I am who I am and I ain't who I ain't
I smoke what I smoke and I drink what I drink
Lord knows she's begged me to change but I can't
How I've tried...

Still, I'm one of the regulars ringin' your bells
I walk through the door and you reach for the shelves
Yeah, you know what I'm after, you know what I need
Though it's breakin' her heart and she's threatening to leave
But it ain't your fault. Don't feel sorry for me
I'm just one of the regulars
Yeah, I'm one of the regulars
Yeah, I'm one of the regulars