

Blame It On The Double

Cory Marks

I tried to bow my head
Put down the bottle like my grandma said my daddy did
I love her like a Waylon song
But old number seven was a damn too strong
Back road, the radio loud
Pushin' 85 and burnin' one down
Twist the cap off and pass it around
Feeling all right now

One thing that I do well
Is raise some hell

Full moon on a Saturday night
Throwing down whiskey till light
I swear I ain't looking for trouble
Don't blame me, man, blame it on the double
Before the drinks hit the floor
We're busting out the front door
Black Label's gonna bring out the rebel
Don't blame me, man, blame it on the double
Yeah blame it on the double

Fifteen before last call
I'm shooting back Jack, she's putting out a fireball
Her boots on, nearly six feet tall
I wanna love her like a butterfly just like the Dolly song
Right girl on the wrong side of town
Drunk ex-boyfriend running his mouth
Hold my drink, it's about to go down
Feeling all right now

One thing I know too well
Is raising hell

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Throwing down whiskey till light
I swear I ain't looking for trouble
Don't blame me, man, blame it on the double
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We're busting out the front door
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Woah oh oh, woah oh oh
I swear I ain't looking for trouble
Don't blame me, man, blame it on the double
Woah oh oh, woah oh oh

Black Label's gonna bring out the rebel
Don't blame me, man, blame it on the double
Yeah blame it on the double