

All My Friends Drink Beer

Craig Campbell

I'm talkin' bout them shirt off their back-home boys and girls
All them blue collar rednecks around the world
With a dog in the cab cooler in the back
Got ice doin' work on a 12 pack
All them small town boys sittin' 35 high
And them blue jean babies that are down ride
That's the way we was raised up round here

All my friends drink beer
On a Friday night
Stacking them cans, man, Georgia pine high
Raise hell with a dixie cup
If you tip it on back, turn it on up
You can bet your ass, you're gonna fit right in round here
Cause all my boys drink beer

Goes down pretty good with a country song
Goes down a little better when you're singing along
So can I get a hey y'all, hell yea, cheers!

All my friends drink beer
On a Friday night
Stacking them cans, man, Georgia pine high
Raise hell with a dixie cup
If you tip it on back, turn it on up
You can bet your ass, you're gonna fit right in round here
Cause all my friends drink beer

Now I don't just hang out with anybody
And I'm not sayin', you gotta be somebody
I'm just sayin', you gotta be able to hold on
To a cold one every now and again

Cause all my friends drink beer
On a Friday night
Stacking them cans, man, Georgia pine high
Raise hell with a dixie cup
If you tip it on back, turn it on up
You can bet your ass, you're gonna fit right in round here
All my friends drink beer
Yeah, all my friends drink beer