

Way Too Drunk

Dasha

Woke up with my best friend, sharing the couch
Tryna find the kitchen, but don't know this house
Don't remember much, but knowing my loud mouth
Did I make a scene? Could you tell me now? Like

Ooh, my head hurts like
Damn, you're a real hot mess, girl
And, wow, I'm feeling tipsy
Need a champagne fix-me 'til I figure out

Did I dance on the table? Tell me, did I kiss someone?
Did I text my ex and tell him he's the one?
Did I spend my rent down at Santa's Pub
And hold down my booze or go and spill my guts?
Did I drop my drink inside that rich kid's truck
And take off my shirt to help clean it up?
They say it happens to the best of us
Last night was my
I got way too drunk (Drunk)
Drunk (Drunk)
Way, way too drunk (Drunk)
Yeah, last night was my, ah, ah, ah

I woke up with a bruise the size of Tennessee
Wishing I remembered how I ripped up my jeans
Say I'll never drink again, I'm going clean
But knowing myself, just give me a week 'til I'm like

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Damn, you're a real hot mess, girl
And, wow, I'm feeling tipsy
Need a champagne fix-me 'til I figure out

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