

Drinkin' Problems

Dillon Carmichael

I've been working my ass off all day long
Just to sit in ten-mile traffic on my way home
Between the BS and stress, man, the list goes on and on
And on and on
We all got too much on our plates
There's only so much we can take till it breaks

We all got drinkin' problems
It's 'bout that time we get to workin' on 'em
We'll be cold can holdin'
Keep that jukebox rollin'
Ordering rounds till we think we forgot 'em
Unless you got a better way to solve 'em
We'll keep on drowning our drinkin' problems

Bobby's buying beer 'cause he can't pay his rent
George's new Ford got a deer-sized dent
Billy's old ex is texting him again
And him and him and her and him
We're kinda all in the same dang boat
Crossing our fingers that the kick don't float
'Cause you know

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Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

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