

Sawin' Logs

Dillon Carmichael

Last glass of a Bota Box
When she finished that one off
She looked at me, I thought
Baby, I'll be right back
Ran down to the grocery store
Yeah, to pick her up one more
Noticed right there by the door
That fire wood rack
Well, for a few more bucks
I could really improve my luck
'Bout to heat this cold night up
And get to making all kinds of love

I got this hickory bundle
And this fancy box of wine
Done went through all kinds of trouble
Just to get home and find
Her passed out on the couch
Buzzing like an old chain saw
This ain't good
I've got wood
And she's sawin' logs

Well I didn't know what to do
Cleared my throat a time or two
Stomped all around the room
Well she hardly made a move
I got more than my hopes up
But I guess that window's shut

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And this fancy box of wine
Done went through all kinds of trouble
Just to get home and find
Her passed out on the couch
Buzzing like an old chain saw
This ain't good, no
I've got wood
And she's sawin' logs

I guess I'll get me a cold Busch Light
Cause that's all I'll get tonight

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And this fancy box of wine
Done went through all kinds of trouble
Just to get home and find
Her passed out on the couch
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This ain't good, no
I've got wood
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