

BLAME

James Johnston

Woah, wasn't ready for this
Bout knocked me on my back, how hard it hit
Like, damn
Bust down the door
Ain't ever seen ya out at this bar before

Girl, you got me losing my mind
And I'm buzzing like that cold beer sign

Blame it on the bartender pouring it strong
Blame it on the band playing two-step songs
Blame it on the dance floor calling your name
Tan legs spinning, just doing your thing
Yeah girl, it's true
I'm stuck on you, like them rhinestones on your boots
The way you move, what's a country boy to do
And you can't blame me
The blame's on you
The blame's on you

Hey, let me buy you a drink
Whatcha say we ride that tequila train
I said oh
See, you're ready to roll
Out on the dance floor, dropping it low

Girl, it's almost closing time
And I bet your lips just taste like salt and lime

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Blame it on the band playing two-step songs
Blame it on the dance floor calling your name
Tan legs spinning, just doing your thing
Yeah girl, it's true
I'm stuck on you, like them rhinestones on your boots
The way you move, what's a country boy to do
And you can't blame me
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The blame's on
You, your hands all over me
2 am, last call, time to leave
Silhouettes tangled in the light of the moon
No, you can't blame me

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Blame it on the dance floor calling your name
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