

Drink to Get Drunk

Jay Webb

I'ma drink to get drunk
Smoke to get high

You can hear the sound of the boondocks slur in my drawl
From the "yes, ma'am" to the "down yonder" and "y'all"
Something 'bout a suit and tie make my neck itch
I'll be at the creek where the women get naked

Ain't no doubt away
I was raised up wrong and rowdy

I'ma drink to get drunk and smoke to get high
'Til the cows come home and the sun don't shine
I'ma catch me a buzz or a fish I can fry
A middle finger up, beer down on ice
I'ma drink to get drunk
Smoke to get high

I can tell by your clean little two-wheel drive
That you ain't never seen a red dirt road in your life
Ain't a scuff on your boots, you don't piss outside
Ain't a downhome root when I look in your eye

And there ain't no doubt away
I was raised up wrong and rowdy

I'ma drink to get drunk and smoke to get high
'Til the cows come home and the sun don't shine
I'ma catch me a buzz or a fish I can fry
A middle finger up, beer down on ice
I'ma drink to get drunk
Smoke to get high
I'ma drink to get drunk
Smoke to get high

You can hear the sound of the boondocks slur in my drawl
From the "yes, ma'am" to the "down yonder" and "y'all"

I'ma drink to get drunk and smoke to get high
'Til the cows come home and the sun don't shine
I'ma catch me a buzz or a fish I can fry
A middle finger up, beer down on ice
I'ma drink to get drunk
Smoke to get high
I'ma drink to get drunk
Smoke to get high