

911

Kameron Marlowe

Never thought this is how I'd go
Sittin' here barstool high
Never knew when, but now I know
It's lookin' like a Friday night
It turns out the hottest part of the flame
Is the blue there in her eyes
She's the kind of wild
That just don't care if you make it out alive

Somebody better call 911
There's a five-alarm fire in here
It's about five foot four
And you can't put it out with an ice-cold beer
I'm lookin' at a heart attack lookin' right back at me
Through the smoke, good Lord
Somebody better call 911
'Cause if somebody don't
Don't know if I can take much more
Oh yeah

There ain't a shot of snakebite in this bar
That's ever gonna burn like her
She's gonna melt a hole in the hardwood floor
If the roof don't blow off first
She's TNT in tight blue jeans
And I'm gonna wind up hurt
She's gonna make me buy a diamond ring
Or a pine box in the dirt

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Through the smoke, good Lord
Somebody better call 911
'Cause if somebody don't
Don't know if I can take much more
Hey-hey

The way this is goin', ain't no way of knowin'
If I'll make it till closin' time

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'Cause if somebody don't
Don't know if I can take much more

Oh no
Can't take much more