

Keep Up With Jones

Lainey Wilson

Last night, I felt like a two-dollar pistol
This morning, I feel like I got shot
Hair of the dog says wet my whistle
But I don't know if that's a good idea or not

I could get up on a little wild hair, white lightning
Do a little two-lane John-Deere riding
Lead me to a neon sign and the race is on
I been known to play possum on a barstool sitting
Jukebox gold and the whole room spinning
Living in the middle of a country and western song
I can't keep trying to keep up with Jones
I can't keep trying to keep up with Jones

Last night, I knew what not to do
I just don't know half of what I did
I thought I'd try to fill them shoes
Turns out them boots are too damn big, yeah

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I can't keep up
I can't keep up

Yeah, today I'm moving real slow
So tonight, I'll be a no-show
Then again, I just might go

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