

Drunk Advice

Larry Fleet

Deb gets to drinking that red wine
The truth just can't help but come out
Frank's so in love with his 3rd wife
Thinks he's got it all figured out

We got all twelve of them barroom prophets
In here, solving all the world problems
Sure as the sun rises, Lord knows I got 'em
Yeah, we all got 'em

I've heard a million good ways to move on
I've had way too much of that strong Tennessee whiskey
Solving the mysteries of life
We're all just shedding some neon light

Some of it's just blowing smoke
Some of it's worth its weight in gold
Crazy old fools and slow-dancing lovers
Everyone giving each other drunk advice

Got a buddy that sings in the house band
Always got some new girl on his arm
He always looks like a happy man
But sounds like a sad country song

Set break, he's preaching to me like a pastor
He knows it all but don't know he's plastered
A big grain of salt, and he's good for some laughter
Nobody's heart breaks faster

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Some you can take to the bank
But all goes good with a drink

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Oh, drunk advice