

# Lights On

Lenny Cooper

Don't turn the lights on  
Still got another song  
Set us up a round of the shots, take it down  
Ain't nobody tryna go home  
Don't turn the lights on  
Just let the music play  
Way past last call, party's still poppin' off  
Everybody's singin' and we ain't done drinkin', y'all

Who's wit' me? I'll buy another round  
Doubles for everybody, now tell me who's down  
I'm here for nothin' but a good time  
Get me on the dance floor, these boots'll come alive  
Yeah, these girls here lookin' lovely  
Sweet talkin' them, tryna find a snuggle buddy  
Havin' fun, down to prophesy  
'Til the bartender tried to cut off my line  
Damn, there you go and had to ruin my mood  
Last call is no excuse  
Chill out, come on, drink a couple of brews  
And I'ma sing this song to you

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Hog hell, it's half past three  
I ain't about to drive, I can barely see  
Plus, I got three twins talkin' to me  
So I ordered up the shots, redneck iced tea  
I reached in my pocket for some loose change  
For the jukebox to play that "Wild Thang"  
My stomach playing them hunger games  
So I snuck to the kitchen, made some hot wings  
I used my T-shirt as a napkin  
I saw a big booty so I smacked it  
But it was just a keg covered in a jacket  
So I grabbed my buck knife and tried to tap it  
The bartender turned the lights on  
And raised his glass for one more cheer  
He said, "You ain't gotta go back home  
But get the hell up outta here!"

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