

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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