

Corner Booth

Luke Bryan

Place is packed, having a blast.
Take a sip, leave a tip, get to throwing them back.
Nothing but a few beers, on my mind.
Then the door swings open, I looked left.
You in that red dress, dagger through my chest.
There goes my good time

Where's a corner booth, when I need one?
A little spot I can hide, where the neon
Don't hit me, making it easy for everyone to know you ain't her
e with me.
All I want to find me is a waitress, to pour me up a shot of, f
orget this.
Damn night, and everything we've ever done.
Where's a corner booth when I need one?

It'd just make it worse, if you knew it hurt
And seen me sneaking out the backdoor now.
Looks like I'll be hanging around.
I try not to stare, or wonder if you care.
Hell, I don't even know if you know I'm here.
Or that I'm dodging you through the crowd.

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Damn night, and everything we've ever done.
Where's a corner booth when I need one?

Maybe one in the back with the sear torn,
Where the smokes so thick you can't even see the dancefloor.
Cause, I know you're on the dancefloor baby.

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e with me.
All I want to find me is a waitress, to pour me up a shot of, f
orget this.
Damn night, and everything we've ever done.
I just wanna forget everything we done.
Where's a corner booth when I need one?
When I need one.