

Cold As You

Luke Combs

Just a junked out joint off a backroad
Blinkin' window sign with an arrow
The gravel lot chock full of toolbox trucks
Makin' their happy hour way home
When guys like me lose girls like you
That's where we run to

They got "Whiskey River" on a jukebox
The honky tonk sawdust dance floor
A neon, five o'clock, pro clock
Plenty damn many when you want one more
Of this broke heart fool on an old bar stool
Drinkin' beer almost as cold as you

Bunch of good time numbers on the stall door
Picture you on a dart board
Them cinder block walls ain't ever been cleaned

Still ain't as dirty as you done me

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