

Drink One For Me

Michael Ray

Somewhere in a small town there's a bag gettin' packed
In a bedroom at the far end of a gravel cul de sac
Someone ridin' shotgun there's some Army green fatigues
On a pin drop quiet drive with a tear in every seat
At that empty airport gate, there's a soldier sayin', "Hey"

"Drink one for me, on Friday night
Throw 'em back and laugh and tip the band I like
Drink one for me, and remember why
I'm doin' what I'm doin' when you raise 'em high
While I'm where I need to be, drink one for me"

Somewhere in the static in a half a world away
There's a tired voice on the phone sayin', "Everything's okay"
"And if that weather holds up go load up that boat of mine
Head on out to Flat Rock point and drop a couple lines
The say I'll get home soon, but 'til I do"

"Drink one for me, on Friday night
Throw 'em back and laugh and tip the band I like
Drink one for me, and remember why
I'm doin' what I'm doin' when you raise 'em high
While I'm where I need to be, drink one for me"

Somewhere there's a crowded corner downtown bar tonight
With a bunch of ice cold amber bottles raised in the neon light

"Drink one for me, on Friday night
Throw 'em back and laugh and tip the band I like
Drink one for me, and remember why
I'm doin' what I'm doin' when you raise 'em high
While I'm where I need to be, drink one for me"

Yeah drink one for me
Drink one for me
Drink one for me