

Can Down

Mike Ryan

Well, I just don't get it
Hell, I just don't see
How one five-foot-two blue-eyed girl
Could wreck a guy like me
So here I am on a back porch
It's looking like I'm stuck
'Tween a case of Rolling Rock and a heartache
It's gonna be the end of one of us

I pick one up, crack it open, put it to my lips
I tip it back, take a sip, 'cause if
It's gonna be my heart or these double Rs
Crushed up on the ground

Can down

She might have my UT hoodie
She got the last word in that goodbye
But I'm killing these cans 'cause I'll be damned
If she's gonna get my Saturday night

I pick one up, crack it open, put it to my lips
I tip it back, take a sip, 'cause if
It's gonna be my heart or these double Rs
Crushed up on the ground

Can down

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There's one more buried down deep in that ice
But I'm leaving no can left behind, so I

I pick one up, crack it open, and put it to my lips
I tip it back, take a sip, 'cause if
It's gonna be my heart or these double Rs
Crushed up on the ground

Can down

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