

Hey, Jack

Priscilla Block

I sent Cover Girl down south
Crying my eyes out
Finally putting on the boots
Scissors cut the jeans off
Wal-Mart had press-ons
Walgreens covered the roots

I'm sorry, champagne, maybe some other day
There ain't nothin' to celebrate

Hey, Jack, what you doin' tonight
I got a lotta done wrongs that need done right
There's a guy I'm missin' and I'm on a mission
To make a couple feel good bad decisions
Hey, Jack, like electric wire
Set a Carolina heart on Tennessee fire
'Til the midnight morning comes
Yeah, you do you
And let the night do what it does, oh
Let the night do what it does

Let your tall dark handsome
Hold me ransom 'til last call pulls us apart
You're a shot glass filler, memory killer
Let's make that boy say, "Damn, I miss her"

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Let the top shelf find its way down
Let this barstool keep spinnin' around

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