

## Rather Be

Riley Green

I'd rather be seven beers deep  
With a Coleman cooler propping up my feet  
My ass in a lawn chair floating on the breeze  
In a sun tracker  
I'd rather be tucked in a pit blind  
Somewhere on the Mississippi-Louisiana state line  
Waiting on them green-heads to do a fly-by  
Lip full of tobacco

When I hear you bitch at me  
It makes me think of all the  
Places I'd rather be

I'd rather be stripping off shingles  
On a July roof down in Tishomingo  
Working like a dog, living in a single-wide  
Yes I would  
I'd rather be stuck at your mama's watching  
Midday re-runs of her favorite dramas  
Wearing my pajamas neck deep  
In Days Of Our Lives

When I hear you bitch at me  
It makes me think of all the places I'd rather be  
Yeah, all the places I'd rather be

Oh, let me hear it how I leave my clothes on the floor  
Track dirt through the door and don't bother cleaning up  
Let me hear 'bout the guy you wish I was

When I hear you bitch at me  
It makes me think of all the places I'd rather be  
When I hear you bitch at me  
It makes me think of all the places I'd rather be  
There's a lotta places I'd rather be