

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