

Mr. Whoever You Are

Tim McGraw

MR. WHOEVER YOU ARE

There's a girl on the back roads of Tennessee
And she works in the factory
All day on the line then she clocks out at 5:00 - finally
There's a bar - the boys treat her like a queen
She's the 'belle of the ball' in blue jeans
And they all get a turn just to turn her around the floor
And they always want more

She says, "Take me for one more song,
Mr. Whoever You Are
Spin me around and pull me in close"
Then the band slows down
"Let's get the hell out of this bar
Mr. Whoever You Are
Mr. Whoever You Are"

They danced and melt to the heat of the song
Their bodies feel like they belong
And the boys hold on tight thinking,
"I might get lucky tonight"
And they're probably right
Yea, they're probably right

She says, "Take me for one more song
Mr. Whoever You Are
Spin me around and pull me in close"
The band slows down
"Let's get the hell out of this bar
Mr. Whoever You Are
Mr. Whoever You Are"

They hold on to a ways
She falls into the night
And she throws back her head
She looks up t'ward the sky
And she laughs at all the pretty light

And says, Take me for one more song
Mr. Whoever You Are
Spin me around and pull me in close"
The band slows down
"Let's get the hell out of this bar
Mr. Whoever You Are
Mr. Whoever You Are"

Oh Mr. Whoever You Are
Mr. Whoever You Are