

Her

Wade Bowen

Well he was sitting at the bar with her
When I walked in
And a few beers later he, she and I
Were friends
Said I'm glad I got to know you
Heaven knows how much a friend is worth
And the one thing I like the most about you, is her

He said yeah, she's something special
As she looked at me with those big blues
There was something about those legs
And the way they fit into her high heeled shoes
I said, man you're mighty lucky
He said, thank you as the words began to slur
I said, old friend you need another drink
Here's a toast to you and me and her

The next thing I knew he's passed out at the bar
My luck she wound up on the dance-floor in my arms

A couple dances later I had her at a table of our own
He was resting comfortably in lala land transported by Patron

It's time to get on out of here
But maybe I should wait and thank him first
But then the only thing I really even liked about him at all
Was her

Yeah the moral of the story is
If you take your girl somewhere to quench your thirst
Don't drink more than the other guy
And always, always, keep your eyes on her