

## Beer in the Fridge

Walker Hayes

I ran into your mom at church  
She said I've been praying for you  
Guess now that you've moved on  
She ain't mad at me no more  
The magnolias on old Shell Road smell so bittersweet  
Sometimes I still wanna get messed up  
But you'd be proud of me

There's a beer in the fridge, last of 12  
Sole survivor of my last all-nighter  
In the back of the bottom shelf  
It's gonna be there in the morning  
Even though you won't  
You're the reason I quit drinking  
And the reason I wanna get drunk

I still look out for the cops when I'm driving around town  
And I'm still not quite sure what to do with my hands in a crowd  
There's a lot I can't remember and a lot I can't forget  
One silver bullet in the chamber and I'm playing Russian Roulette

With that beer in the fridge, last of 12  
Sole survivor of my last all-nighter  
In the back of the bottom shelf  
It's gonna be there in the morning  
Even though you won't  
You're the reason I quit drinking  
And the reason I wanna get drunk

I don't know why I keep it, I should probably pour it out  
Guess I've got to live without you now  
Cause I couldn't live without

That beer in the fridge, last of 12  
Sole survivor of my last all-nighter  
In the back of the bottom shelf  
It's gonna be there in the morning  
Even though you won't  
You're the reason I quit drinking  
And the reason I wanna get drunk