

I'm that bottle of Jack
I'm the roach on your dresser
I'm the last day of school
I'm the last day of summer
I'm that song in your head
I'm your drunken tattoo
I'm your hungover Sunday
I'm that one time on shrooms
I'm your dusty degree
Cost you hell of money
I'm a ten dollar tick
From that party at Twenty
I'm a 5 a.m. phone call
From your drunk ex-girl
I'm the scream of your baby
When she enters the world

Drunk on a feeling
Love, you're going to need it
If you're down in the dirt
Or you're dead on your feet
You can say say say my name
Drunk on a feeling
Love, you're going to need it
If you're drinking or not
If you can give me a ride
Won't you say say say my name
Ricky Reed is real

I'm the shit and the fan
I'm your first walk of shame
I'm the blood on your hands
I'm the suburbs in flames
I'm that Section 8 housing
I'm aluminum siding
I'm your black eye throbbing
And the sunglasses hiding it
I'm your best friends dunks
On the telephone wire
I'm the night on the town
On the day you got fired
I'm the last dollar bill
In your duct tape wallet
I'm your first french kiss
Since you came out the closet