

Mr. Whoever You Are

Tim McGraw

There's a girl
From back roads Tennessee
And she works in the factory
All day on the line
Then she clocks at five finally
And there's a bar
The boys treat her like a queen
She's the bell 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
And the band slows down
Then let's get the hell out of this bar
Mr. Whoever You Are
Mr. Whoever You Are

They dance
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
Yeah they're probably right

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

They hold onto her waist
She falls into the night
And she throws back her head
She looks up toward the sky

And she laughs
At all the pretty lights

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

Aw Mr. Whoever You Are
Mr. Whoever You Are

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