

She Got Drunk Last Night

[Reba McEntire](#)

She was flagging down the waiter
She was feeling 'bout as faded as the flowers from that wallpaper
Nobody'd even asked for her ID when she walked in there
Don't know how long she'd been there
She was fixing up her hair and fumbling through her purse
She was tired of feeling lonely
She was tired of feeling old
She was hating the idea of going home alone So she got drunk last night
Drunk enough to call
That number in her phone that she would never call
Without the alcohol
But she needed an excuse
To let herself get used and so that's why She got drunk the way she'd never
The way she hadn't in forever
But she needed to feel better, and wanted, and beautiful
Even if he didn't love her
And it had been a long time over
She had to make one more mistake
And she couldn't do that sober So she got drunk last night
Drunk enough to call
That number in her phone that she would never call
Without the alcohol
But she needed an excuse
To let herself get used and so that's why
Oh, she got drunk last night (drunk last night)

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