

# That's Alright with Me

Kip Moore

Everybody knows I like whiskey  
Preferably from Tennessee  
But if you hand me an ice-cold beer  
Or some red wine, or some moonshine  
Or one of them fruity drinks  
Hell, that's alright with me Well, God knows I love women  
The devil knows they make me weak  
And I might find the right one  
And settle down in a little town  
Or I might just stay wild and free  
And that's alright with me I like whiskey and tight denim  
On good-hearted women  
And for that I make no apologies  
Call me country, call me hippie  
A wildcat from Dixie  
And if you do or don't like what you see  
That's alright with me There's nothing quite like the ocean  
With a little tent and a little beach  
And I like sitting 'round the campfire with my guitar  
And if somebody wants to pass around some drinks  
Hell, that's alright with me I like whiskey and tight denim  
On good-hearted women  
And for that I make no apologies  
Call me country, call me hippie  
A wildcat from Dixie  
And if you do or don't like what you see  
Hell, that's alright with me I just slip on my cheap sunglasses  
And let the world go do its thing, that's right  
And even if it's all just f-in' taxes  
Well, that's alright with me I like whiskey and tight denim  
On good-hearted women  
And for that I make no apologies  
Call me country, call me hippie  
A wildcat from Dixie  
And if you do or don't like what you see  
Hell, that's alright with me That's alright with me, hey

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