

On the Tequila

Alanis Morissette

Bring on the tequila, oh
On fire on tequila, oh My friends and I meet hours before
We make some home made pizza
We do some funny bits back and forth
My knees buckle I laugh so hard We might end three sheets to wind
And who knows where we'll wind up
All I know is there's a car waiting
And we'll figure that out after I have to keep my eye
On my old friend from high school
We've known each other for the longest time
She has trouble with her dance so to speak She can hoist a really good kick
In the butt when she's excited
She doesn't do it so much anymore
'Cause we're all on to her Bring on the tequila, oh
On fire on tequila, oh
Mostest most on tequila, oh
Bestest friends on tequila, oh Then there's my other pretty friend from high school
The predator in me is put to shame by the predator in her
And now I've reeled it in
It'll be interesting to see how much she's done as well Then there's my friend from Chicago
God do I love all people from Chicago
All ready to light up the barbecue
And be harping on debauchery Bring on the tequila, oh
On fire on tequila, oh
Mostest most on tequila, oh
Bestest friends on tequila, oh Then there's my Canadian friend
What a fabulous mom she's become
She's been tortured in this sense
For the last many of months for obvious reasons She was like "Hey, where was this part of you
When I wasn't pregnant"
I laughed and did a shot in her honor
As I conversed with her belly Bring on the tequila, oh
On fire on tequila, oh
Mostest most on tequila, oh
Bestest friends on tequila, oh Then there's my Cupid friend
She sure knows how to dress that one
She's a wise and worldly girl
But you gotta watch that medication My favorite beverage is taken
To a whole other level on it

I'm not worried about it
Or I'll coast around the room
While I trust she'll temper
My brother came to visit me
And now he's used to hanging with me and cracking up
But he had no idea about my built up tolerance
No idea about how manipulative I've become
I would surreptitiously put it in front of him
Without him asking
In a pretty little shot glass
His smirk and cackle would only egg me on
Bring on the tequila, oh
On fire on tequila, oh
Mostest most on tequila, oh
Bestest friends on tequila, oh

Songwriters

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