

# Illegitimate Children

Brandy Clark

She's getting' hammered  
On Alabama slammers  
Three drinks ago, no  
He wouldn't stand a chance  
He's sipping' whiskey  
Feelin' confident and frisky  
Writes 'Slow Hand' on a twenty  
And slips it to the band  
By the end of the first verse they're on the floor  
By the end of the song they're out the door[Chorus]  
Spirits are up inhibitions are down  
Same story's unfolding all over town  
From the barroom to the bedroom  
The path's weathered and worn  
This is how illegitimate children are born So it's his place or hers  
Which ever comes first  
They're all the way to second base  
In the back of the cab  
It's hard to resist that liquored up lust  
And it's easy to think it might be love  
When[Chorus]  
Spirits are up inhibitions are down  
Same story's unfolding all over town  
From the barroom to the bedroom  
The path's weathered and worn  
This is how illegitimate children are born Strangers and slow songs  
Barstools and backseat  
Lead to bottles and babies  
Ask cabbies and barkeeps....when[Chorus]  
Spirits are up inhibitions are down  
Same story's unfolding all over town  
From the barroom to the bedroom  
The path's weathered and worn  
This is how illegitimate children are born This is how illegitimate children are born

Songwriters

DEANNA L WALKER, BRANDY CLARK Published by

Lyrics © DOWNTOWN MUSIC PUBLISHING LLC, ST MUSIC LLC.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>