

Beer Money

Kevin Fowler

There's one thing this man can't live without
Somethin' I can wrap my heart and hands around
First thing I wanna hold when I get home
Been savin' up for it all week long

Times are lean and money's tight
A man's got to prioritize
I've learned how to sacrifice

I'm gonna drive a little less, walk a little more
Save a little bread at the grocery store
Turn down the heat till I can see my breath
Throw another blanket on that ole brass bed
Sell my golf clubs, half my clothes
Sign in the yard says, "Everything goes"
No more roses for my honey
But I ain't givin' up my beer money

When I'm a six pack shy of next month's rent
I just pop a top and wonder where it went
Down to four strings on my guitar
Sellin' off my truck part by part

Stretch a dollar, squeeze a dime
Pinchin' pennies; hell, that's fine
Ain't nothin' cuttin' into my beer time

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There's enough coupons in the paper
Enough cans at the end of the month
To buy me another case, you know

A man can't have too much

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Not my beer money
My beer money
Not my beer money
My beer money

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written by DEAN, IRA L. / TRIBBLE, KIM / FOWLER, KEVIN
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