

I'll Get You Home

Corey Smith

Cocaine on your shirtsleeve, whiskey in your eyes,
you stumble in the green room with a pocket full of lies,
no money for a cab, too messed up to drive.
You came here for the party, didn't watch the show.
You never gave a damn 'til I was on the radio.
Now you're sucking down my beer, gobbling up my finger-foods.
Yeah, you're spoiling my good mood. But I'll get you home. I'll get you home.
Then you're on your own. You're on your own. You slobber and you slur. Sloppy drunk, you're sad as hell.
If you weren't kin to me they'd have thrown your ass in jail.
And where's your gratitude? Man, you got a lot of nerve.
Pissing off the bouncers, shooting off your mouth,
showing off your tattoos, creeping the ladies out,
and pulling out my name like an ID at the door.
You're not welcome anymore. But I'll get you home. I'll get you home.
Then you're on your own. You're on your own. Maybe I'm too mean. Maybe I'm too nice.
Maybe I should take a little of my own advice,
and leave your ass in the cold, block your number on my phone.
But I still see a friend when I look you in the eyes,
so I paid for your bar tab and I had 'em call a ride.
Oh, I hate to see you hurting. Man, I've always wished you well.
Yeah, I know you've been through hell. So I'll get you home. I'll get you home.
Then you're on your own. You're on your own.

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