

# Cold Beer Drinker

Luke Bryan

Hey! Whiskey burns me up, wine turns my teeth all red.  
Tequila makes me loco, champagne hurts my head.  
But let me tell ya I'm a real big fan, of ice fishin' for them aluminum cans.  
I'm just a cold beer drinker, check out the callus on pop-top finger.  
Got a cooler in the back with a 12 pack ready to roll.  
I'm a killer karaoke country singer, top-water rattle-trap spinner bait slinger,  
king of the grill and a short putt sinker,  
I'm just a cold beer drinker.  
Monday through 5 o' clock Friday I'm a hard workin' man.  
Responsible, kinda dull, head-down, stick to the plan.  
But all my buddies know me better than that, get us all together and we start throwin' 'em back.

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Got a cooler in the back with a 12 pack ready to roll.  
I'm a killer karaoke country singer, top-water rattle-trap spinner bait slinger,  
king of the grill and a short putt sinker,  
I'm just a cold beer drinker, I'm just a cold beer drinker.  
As far as I'm concerned, it's the All-American way.  
Twist the top off, just to cap off the day, hey hey, hey hey, hey hey.  
I'm just a cold beer drinker, check out the callus on pop-top finger.  
Got a cooler in the back with a 12 pack rarin' to go.  
Don't you know I'm a killer karaoke country singer,  
top-water rattle-trap spinner bait slinger, king of the grill and a short putt sinker,  
I'm just a cold beer drinker, I'm just a cold beer drinker, I'm just a cold beer drinker. Yeah.

Lyrics provided by

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