

Back In My Drinkin' Days

[Chris Janson](#)

Yeah that was me up there jukin' on the table
Higher than superman, thinkin' I was able
End up in the back of a Mercury Sable
Handcuffs sure sucked, ha
Cold beer flows like a spring from the foothills
Poppin' them down like handfull of sugar pills
Sun comin' up ain't nothing but a buzzkill
Bright lights, good night That was back in my drinkin'
Back in my drinkin'
Back in my drinkin' days, ooh
Back in my drinkin'
Back in my drinkin'
Back in my drinkin' days Listen here now
Yeah GPC sells four for a dollar
Lightin' one cigarette off of another
A little bit of doobie, I ain't talking about the brothers
Uh oh y'all know
Middle of the night, try to get a little lovin'
Dude didn't like it, said, let me tell you something
Well you fight a good fight when you ain't afraid of nothing
One hit was worth it Back in my drinkin'
Back in my drinkin'
Back in my drinkin' days
Back in my drinkin'
Back in my drinkin'
Back in my drinkin' days Well since then, the thick and thin
Has taught this man a thing or two
Thank God I lived to tell about
The stupid things that I used to do
Yeah well That was back in my drinkin'
Back in my drinkin'
Back in my drinkin' days
Back in my drinkin'
Back in my drinkin'
Back in my drinkin' days, oh take it home now

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