

# Who's Gonna Take Me Home

Chris Young

Bartenders sittin them shots on the bar  
Those last two Eagar bombs hit me hard  
My best friend left and took the keys to my car  
Whos gonna take me home? That dad gun Jimmy, he took me out back  
Pulled a Marlboro cigarette out of his cap  
Now I remember why I quit all that  
Whos gonna take me home? Well, I cant drive, I cant walk  
And Im a little too high to crawl  
Ill hold up this wall  
Till I come down or the room stops spinnin  
Gonna stand right here and chill out for a minute Standin in the mens room waitin on a stall  
Lean my head up against the cool concrete wall  
Hey, theres a few numbers I guess I could call  
Whos gonna take me home? Wheres my cell phone? Well, I cant drive, I cant walk  
And Im a little too high to crawl  
Ill hold up this wall  
Till I come down or the room stops spinnin  
Gonna stand right, oh, wait just a minute Twelve little hotties crammed in a back booth  
With a Bachelorette all drinkin Vermouth  
Lucky for theres just enough room Well, hello girls, next rounds on me  
Toast a few drinks to the bride to be  
Close the town down and then well see  
Whos gonna take me home? Yeah, whos gonna take me home?  
Yeah, whos gonna take me home? I cant drive  
I cant walk  
I'm too high  
To crawl  
Whos gonna take me home? Great day man  
You think, we're done, closing down this bar  
You coulda give me right on  
Alright, brother

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