

Brown Liquor

John Anderson

When I drink brown liquor, I get crazy quicker
Than an old red fox on the run
I get tongue tied and I lose my mind
And everything comes undone
It's hard to explain how it bends my brain
When it's a-swimming in my blood
When I drink brown liquor, I go crazy quicker
Than an old red fox on the run, run, run
I can chug a lug on a big beer mug
I can win the blue ribbon every time
On rum and coke, I tell real good jokes
And I hardly ever cross that line
I can shoot tequila till all I feel-a
Is one big happy buzz
But if you see me starting on the Jim or the Jack
Or the [Incomprehensible] then you better run
'Cause when I drink brown liquor, I go crazy quicker
Than an old red fox on the run
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I'm a pretty good guy most Saturday night
Sitting back and sipping on [Incomprehensible]
And I do just fine on homemade wine
And I never think of shooting my gun
Yeah, I'm A okay when the band is playing
Pop a top again
But when I start to slurp that devil in a jug
That's when my trouble begins
'Cause when I drink brown liquor, I go crazy quicker
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