

Last Shot

[Kip Moore](#)

Well, baby love's just one of those words that gets thrown around
Like Jack and Coke, sitting on the bar when it gets watered down
So I ain't gonna say it, oh but I ain't gonna lie
If you wanna know the truth how I feel about you tonight
If you were my last breath, I'd just wanna hold you
If you were my last night of hell on wheels
I'd wanna drive you like I stole ya
If you were my last shot, last shot of whiskey (last shot of whiskey)
I'd press you to my lips, take a little sip
Swirl you around and around and around
Then I'd shoot you down
So baby let me look at you and see just what I got
If you were my cherry stem I'd tie you in a knot
And if I couldn't hail you, oh baby I'd be gone
I'd be floating round high as the Colorado sky, blowing smoke rings all night long
If you were my last breath,
I'd just wanna hold ya
If you were my last night of hell on wheels
I'd wanna drive you like I stole ya
If you were my last shot, of whiskey (last shot of whiskey)
I'd press you to my lips, take a little sip
Swirl you around and around and around
Then I'd shoot you down
Last call, last chance, last dance I was ever gonna get to take
If you were my last breath, I'd just wanna hold you
My last night of hell on wheels, wanna drive you like I stole you
If you were my last shot, of whiskey (last shot of whiskey)
I'd press you to my lips, take a little sip
Swirl you around and around and around
Then I'd shoot you down
Then I'd shoot you down
Well, if you were my last breath
Well, I'd just wanna hold you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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