

# Beer Run (B-Double E-Double A

**Garth Brooks**

Twenty-five minutes past quitting time  
Seven of us crammed into that truck of mine  
Paying no attention to them highway signs  
Doing ninety miles an hour toward the county line  
Quick sack, twelve pack, back again  
It's a B double E double, are you N. My buddies and their babies letting down their hair  
As long as we're together it don't matter where  
Ain't got a lot of money but we just don't care  
Knowing half the fun is getting there  
Aztec, long-necks, paychecks spent  
oh, it's a B double E double, are you N. I can't stop thinking  
What the hell they were drinking  
When they made this county dry  
I got a week long thirst  
And to make it worse  
Lord, it's my turn to drive Laughing and a bragging and a carrying on  
We loaded up the wagons and we headed home  
I guess a half a dozen cases doesn't last that long  
Come tomorrow morning it'll be all gone  
Then, it's turn around, leave town, sounds again  
Like a B double E double, are you N.

Songwriters

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