Beer Goggles

Neal McCoy

I don't love you but I want to
Just give me something I can hold on to
Come on baby and speed your lust to meHere's my number on a cocktail napkin
Think about it like a loaded weapon
Cock the hammer and point that thing at meWhy don't you call
Why don't you call
Why don't you call
Kill me for the thrill of it allI want someone, anyone
Tall ones, short ones, skinny ones
I want someone, anyoneYou spend your nights at home crying
I spend mine death defying
I call it testing moralitySo pull the goggles down over your eyes
And say good night to the rest of the barflies
I'm forever yours temporarilyWhy don't you call
Why don't you call
Why don't you call
Kill me for the thrill of it allI want someone, anyone
Drunk ones, spun ones, anyone
I want someone, anyone
Fat ones, whacked ones, give me someI want someone, anyone
Spend some, rent one, lend me one
Fun ones, dumb ones, gypsy chicks on rocks
Done ones, even chicks with chicken poxI want someone, anyone
I want someone, anyone
I want someone, anyone
I want someone, anyone
Drunk ones, spun ones, give me some
I want someone, anyone
Fat ones, whacked ones, anyone
I want someone, anyone

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