

# 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 me Here's my number on a cocktail napkin  
Think about it like a loaded weapon  
Cock the hammer and point that thing at me Why don't you call  
Why don't you call  
Why don't you call  
Kill me for the thrill of it all I want someone, anyone  
Tall ones, short ones, skinny ones  
I want someone, anyone You spend your nights at home crying  
I spend mine death defying  
I call it testing morality So pull the goggles down over your eyes  
And say good night to the rest of the barflies  
I'm forever yours temporarily Why don't you call  
Why don't you call  
Why don't you call  
Kill me for the thrill of it all I want someone, anyone  
Drunk ones, spun ones, anyone  
I want someone, anyone  
Fat ones, whacked ones, give me some I want someone, anyone  
Spend some, rent one, lend me one  
Fun ones, dumb ones, gypsy chicks on rocks  
Done ones, even chicks with chicken pox I 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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