Cold Beer

Colt Ford

Well just pass me a cold one buddy it's that time again.
That neon sign says open and I'm here with all my friends.
So just keep them taps a flowing the first round's all on me.
And as long as they keep pouring 'em y'all we ain't gonna leave.
Well good God almighty there's a party in here, and Lord have mercy I'm thirsty pass me a beer. Been working all day, 'bout ready to play, done called all my boys and they on their way. And we ain't going home 'til the sun come up and if I'm too drunk to drive I just sleep in my truck won't be the first time and sure not the last. Got my eye on that blond with the heart-shaped ass. She been looking at me since I walked through the door. 'Bout time for old Colt to twirl round the dance floor, see if she got a thing for them old cowboys who like to fight raise hell and make a lot of noise.
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Well here's the situation the blond wasn't cooking, but she came with a friend who was just as good looking. So I eased on over with a bottle of Bud looked her right in the eye said little lady what's up? Do you like country boys with a southern drawl who fish, hunt and fight say yes ma'am and y'all? If so then I might be just your type. If not what the hell darlin' I won't tell. Now me 'n' you can ease on outta here. My truck is out front I got a cooler of beer and I'd love to take you for a bite to eat. Waffle house is still open right down the street. It's all on me I got plenty of cash. I might fight a grizzly bear for a piece of that ass. As a matter of fact run and get your friends I'll round up the boys we can make some noise.
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[Guitar solo]Come on pass me a cold one buddy it's that time again.
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