

That's Alright With Me

Kip Moore

Everybody knows I like whiskey
Preferably from Tennessee
But if you hand me an ice-cold beer
Or some red wine, or some moonshine
Or one of them fruity drinks
Hell, that's alright with me Well, God knows I love women
The devil knows they make me weak
And I might find the right one
And settle down in a little town
Or I might just stay wild and free
And that's alright with me I like whiskey and tight denim
On good-hearted women
And for that I make no apologies
Call me country, call me hippie
A wildcat from Dixie
And if you do or don't like what you see
That's alright with me There's nothing quite like the ocean
With a little tent and a little beach
And I like sitting 'round the campfire with my guitar
And if somebody wants to pass around some drinks
Hell, that's alright with me I like whiskey and tight denim
On good-hearted women
And for that I make no apologies
Call me country, call me hippie
A wildcat from Dixie
And if you do or don't like what you see
Hell, that's alright with me I just slip on my cheap sunglasses
And let the world go do its thing, that's right
And even if it's all just f-in' taxes
Well, that's alright with me I like whiskey and tight denim
On good-hearted women
And for that I make no apologies
Call me country, call me hippie
A wildcat from Dixie
And if you do or don't like what you see
Hell, that's alright with me That's alright with me, hey

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