Beer Money

Kip Moore

When the lights go down,
And you're stuck here in this town,
With nowhere to go,
So you escape through the radio.
And you worked all week,
To barely make ends meet.
Well, I gotta a little cash burning holes in my pocket,
Foot on the gas, taking off like a rocket.
So come on, come on,
Baby I'm buying
I got enough to last us all night,
And you got the kiss that tastes like honey,
And I got a little beer money.
Tonight, tonight, baby we're drinkin';
Lets wake the town that never stops sleepin'.
You got the kiss that tastes like honey,
And I got a little beer money.
We can dance in the dark,
Blow the speakers out of this car.
Light it up burn it down,
til the morning rolls around.
In a field where we can scream,

Get away with almost anything.
Yeah, every now and then you gotta raise a little hell.
Hope we get lucky and stay out of jail.
So come on, come on
Baby, I'm buyin,
I got enough to last us all night.
And you got the kiss that tastes like honey,
And I got a little beer money.
Tonight, tonight
Baby we're drinkin';
Lets wake the town that never stops sleeping.
You got the kiss that tastes like honey,
And I got a little beer money.
So come, come on
Baby I'm buyin,
I got enough to last us all night.

And you got the kiss that tastes like honey,
And I got a little bit of beer money.
Tonight, tonight
Baby we're drinkin';
Lets wake the town that never stops sleeping.
You got the kiss that tastes like honey,
And I got a little beer money.
So come on, come on.
Yeah, come on come on

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