

Who's Gonna Take Me Home

Chris Young

Bartenders sittin them shots on the bar
Those last two Eagar bombs hit me hard
My best friend left and took the keys to my car
Whos gonna take me home? That dad gun Jimmy, he took me out back
Pulled a Marlboro cigarette out of his cap
Now I remember why I quit all that
Whos gonna take me home? Well, I cant drive, I cant walk
And Im a little too high to crawl
Ill hold up this wall
Till I come down or the room stops spinnin
Gonna stand right here and chill out for a minute Standin in the mens room waitin on a stall
Lean my head up against the cool concrete wall
Hey, theres a few numbers I guess I could call
Whos gonna take me home? Wheres my cell phone? Well, I cant drive, I cant walk
And Im a little too high to crawl
Ill hold up this wall
Till I come down or the room stops spinnin
Gonna stand right, oh, wait just a minute Twelve little hotties crammed in a back booth
With a Bachelorette all drinkin Vermouth
Lucky for theres just enough room Well, hello girls, next rounds on me
Toast a few drinks to the bride to be
Close the town down and then well see
Whos gonna take me home? Yeah, whos gonna take me home?
Yeah, whos gonna take me home? I cant drive
I cant walk
I'm too high
To crawl
Whos gonna take me home? Great day man
You think, we're done, closing down this bar
You coulda give me right on
Alright, brother

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