

Creepin' (Eric Church / Marv Green)

Eric Church

Like a honybee beatin' on my screen door,
I got a little buzz and my head is sore,
And from the my bed I can feel the sun,
Lord I hear the mornin' come. Justa creepin'
Creepin', creepin', creepin'. Shot outta hell like a bullet from a gun,
A flip of a switch,
A thief on the run,
Since the day you left me baby,
I can feel the lonely,
I can hear the crazy. Justa creepin'
Creepin'
Justa creepin'
Creepin' Head for the future,
Run from the past,
Hide from the mirror,
And live in a glass,
What dreams forget the whiskey remembers,
Kinda like molasses in a late December. Justa creepin'
Creepin'
Oh, creepin' Your cocaine kiss and caffeine love,
Run under my skin and into my blood,
That need you back comes over me,
Like ivy crawlin' up a hickory tree. Justa creepin'
Creepin'
Justa creepin' creepin'
Creepin' Head to the future,
Run from the past,
Hide from the mirror,
And live in a glass,
What dreams forget the whiskey remembers,
Kinda like molasses in a late December. Justa creepin'
Creepin'
Ah, come on! Break it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down Just last night I saw the
light,
At the end of that tunnel on the other side,
Thought I found my way outta this pain,
Only too find your memory train. Creepin', creepin', creepin', creepin' Creepin', creepin', creepin',
creepin' Yeah creepin',
Creepin' Yeah creepin'

Creepin'

Songwriters

ERIC CHURCH, MARV GREENPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>