Then We Can All Go Home

Mark Chesnutt

I know it's late and it's a lot to ask of you
I know that you've been working, hey, I'm tired too
You probably thought that last call would be the last
And that we could dim these neon lights, but not so fast
Whiskey, there's still lips you need to kiss tonight
Bottle, there's a hand you need to hold
Hey, jukebox and cigarettes, your work here isn't over yet
Just one more and then we can all go home
There used to be a place where I spent all my nights
With kisses sweet and loving arms to hold me tight
I hate that I have to lay this all on you

But if I can't turn to old friends, who can I turn to?
Whiskey, there's still lips you need to kiss tonight
Oh, bottle, there's a hand you need to hold
Hey, jukebox and cigarettes, your work here isn't over yet
Just one more and then we can all go home
Hey, jukebox and cigarettes
Whiskey, bottle, no you're not through yet
Just one more, yeah, just one more
Oh, just one more and then we can all go home

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