

# Chris Young, Who's Gonna Take Me Home

Bartender's 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  
Who's 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  
Who's gonna take me home?  
Well, I can't drive, I can't walk  
And I'm a little too high to crawl  
I'll 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 men's room waitin' on a stall  
Lean my head up against the cool concrete wall  
Hey, there's a few numbers I guess I could call  
Who's gonna take me home? Where's my cell phone?  
Well, I can't drive, I can't walk  
And I'm a little too high to crawl  
I'll 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 there's just enough room  
Well, hello girls, next round's on me  
Toast a few drinks to the bride to be  
Close the town down and then we'll see  
Who's gonna take me home?  
Yeah, who's gonna take me home?  
Yeah, who's gonna take me home?  
I can't drive  
I can't walk  
I'm too high  
To crawl  
Who's gonna take me home?  
Great day man  
You think, we're done, closing down this bar  
You coulda give me right on  
Alright, brother