

Chris Young, Who's Gonna Take Me Home

Bartender's sittin' them shots on the bar
Those last two Egar 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