

## Corey Smith "Twenty-One"

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When I was only 17 couldn't wait for twenty one  
I'd hang around on Clayton St in the bars there getting  
drunk  
A baseball cap and a fake I'd would get me in the clubs  
Then I would dance with the college girls and lie about  
who I was  
Well, I'm premed here at UGA  
Live on Millage Avenue  
I was raised over in Buckhead  
I drive a BMW  
I was breaking hearts  
And taking names and numbers just for fun  
Stealing kisses wishing I was twenty one

Well Thursdays came  
And pocket change would quickly disappear  
Upstairs at Lowry's Tavern  
We'd pay a nickel for the beer  
Shooting pool, smoking cigarettes  
With a dizzy head and a grin  
4 A.M. on a school night  
Still hanging out with my friends  
One hour sleep on a dirty coach  
No shower off to school  
Smelling just like a brewery  
With a bad hangover too  
The teachers all would hassle me

"Stay awake Pay Attention"  
I was catching hell wishing I was twenty one

The youngest one of all my friends  
I didn't act my age  
Too cool for the football games and the homecoming  
parades  
Now I look back and have to smile  
Cause boy it was fun  
Being seventeen wishing I was twenty one

Now I'm only twenty six  
Feeling more like forty three  
My hair lines disappearing

And I never get IDed  
My clothes are out of fashion  
No I'm not cool anymore  
In the bed by ten o'clock each night  
And up at half past four  
Still I go down  
To that college town  
When the Bulldogs play at home  
I drink keg beer from a trash can  
'Till the whole damn thing is gone  
Then I look at all those college girls so innocent and  
young  
I just check them out and say "Damn  
I wish I was twenty one"

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