

Reverend Horton Heat

"Please Don't Take the Baby to the Liquor Store"

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Please don't take the baby to the liquor store
It's not the kind of bottle he's been cryin' for
Take our milk money and walk right out the door
But please don't take the baby to the liquor store

Don't need tequila candy with the worm inside
It's hard for him to swallow, as well as our pride
His dirty feet might dangle like it's some fun ride
But it's not a grocery basket when there's booze inside

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Take the milk money and walk right out the door
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I searched our dusty pantry for some old saltines
The kids say they are hungry and I know what they mean
A jar of party olives and some grenadine
Can't satisfy their hunger like those pork and beans

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Don't store the whiskey bottles on the lowest lying shelves
Easily accessible to tiny little elves
Neighbors start to gossip when our children start to play
Crown Royal bags aren't mittens on a cold winter's day

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Liquor store

