

Trace Adkins "Hold My Beer"

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"Hold My Beer"

Oh, dearly beloved
We are gathered up in here today
To join in holy monogamy
This dear feller
And this ol' gal he brought with him

The weddin' chapel couldn't get more packed
The lovebirds were dressed in white and black
The preacher turned to the groom and asked
Him to slip the ring on her left hand
He turned to his best man

And said, "Hold my beer"
"This won't take long"
"And I want it back"
"And I don't want it gone"
"I trust you, buddy"
"Here, hold my beer"

I now pronounce you
Y'all

They cut the cake and they poured champagne
They mock-paraded and formed a train
They crashed right into the groom's old flame
As she came crashin' in
The new bride was kinda green

And said, "Hold my beer"
"This won't take long"
"And I want it back"
"And I don't want it gone"
"I trust you, honey"
"Here, hold my beer"

When the catfight broke up, the band broke in
Did some hagglin' and hankerin' some cash
When somebody's cousin that nobody knew
Yelled, "What's with this hill-billy crap?"
You could've heard a pin drop

And then, "Hold my beer"
"This won't take long"
"And I want it back"
"And I don't want it gone"

"Somebody, hold my beer"
"This won't take long"
"And I want it back"
"And I don't want it gone"
"I trust you, buddy"
"Here, hold my beer"

Ya, no, no, just hold it, no
I wouldn't give it and then tell I didn't like it
Oh, it's gone now
Never ask the preacher to hold your beer

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