

Brooks Garth

"Beer Run"

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Thanks to VikingChic213@hotmail.com for these lyrics.
Thanks to ashley_454@hotmail.com for correcting these lyrics.

(feat. George Jones)

Twenty-five minutes past quitting time
Seven of us crammed into that truck of mine
Paying no attention to them highway signs
Doing ninety miles an hour toward the county line
Quick sack, twelve pack, back again
It's a B-double-E-double-R-U-N

My buddies and their babies letting down their hair
As long as we're together it don't matter where
Ain't got a lot of money but we just don't care
Knowing half the fun is in the getting there
Aztec, long-necks, paychecks spent
oh, it's a B-double-E-double-R-U-N

I can't stop thinking
What the hell they were drinking
When they made this county dry
I got a week long thirst
And to make it worse
Lord, it's my turn to drive

Laughing and a bragging and a carrying on
We loaded up the wagons and we headed home
I guess a half a dozen cases doesn't last that long
Come tomorrow morning it'll be all gone
Then, it's turn around, leave town, sounds again
Like a B-double-E-double-R-U-N
Like a B-double-E-double-R-U-N

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