

## **Lari White F/ Travis Tritt**

### **"Hall of Mirrors"**

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Oh God, what the?  
Oh fuck, how many drinks did I..  
Oh my God, where's my wallet?  
Oh God, I think I'm gonna fucking...  
Oh God

Now how am I gonna get from this bar stool, to across  
the room without puking?  
Either barf-drool on this broad's shoes  
Talking stupid, drippin', fall into a liquid ball of spew  
age  
I know I'll do this again eventually  
Which tempted me and tempted me to get fucked up  
I don't know, but it ain't the centipede rich drinkin'  
spending spree  
Shared with three kids at the crib skip the rent at least a  
week  
Speaking in tongues to all both of you  
In hopes to get a drink I think I'll crawl over  
to a sober sympathetic ear to spit this lim-pathetic jeer  
Oh my God, 'cause I don't hear so well  
Is it a trouble seeing double even when your eyes are  
shut  
You can time travel through black outs and wake up  
inside some ??? club  
Six pence of beer, my dear friends are near  
You all look like demons from here  
in this mer hall of mirrors, cheers (cheers) (cheers)

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