

# Back In My Drinkin' Days

Chris Janson

Yeah that was me up there jukin' on the table  
Higher than Superman, thinkin' I was able  
End up in the back of a Mercury Sable  
Handcuffs sure sucked  
Cold beer flows like a spring from the foothills  
Poppin' them down like handfull of sugar pills  
Sun comin' up ain't nothing but a buzzkill  
Bright lights, good night That was back in my drinkin'  
Back in my drinkin'  
Back in my drinkin' days  
Back in my drinkin'  
Back in my drinkin'  
Back in my drinkin' days  
Listen here now  
Yeah GPC sells four for a dollar  
Lightin' one cigarette off of another  
A little bit of doobie, I ain't talking about the brothers  
Uh oh y'all know  
Middle of the night, try to get a little lovin'  
Dude didn't like it, said, "Let me tell you something"  
Well you fight a good fight when you ain't afraid of nothing  
One hit was worth it That was back in my drinkin'  
Back in my drinkin'  
Back in my drinkin' days  
Back in my drinkin'  
Back in my drinkin'  
Back in my drinkin' days  
Well since then, the thick and thin  
Has taught this man a thing or two  
Thank God I lived to tell about it  
The stupid things that I used to do  
Yeah well That was back in my drinkin'  
Back in my drinkin'  
Back in my drinkin' days  
Back in my drinkin'  
Back in my drinkin'  
Back in my drinkin' days

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>

