

Cold Beer Drinker

Luke Bryan

Hey! Whiskey burns me up, wine turns my teeth all red.
Tequila makes me loco, champagne hurts my head.
But let me tell ya I'm a real big fan, of ice fishin' for them aluminum cans. I'm just a cold beer
drinker, check out the callus on pop-top finger.
Got a cooler in the back with a 12 pack ready to roll.
I'm a killer karaoke country singer, top-water rattle-trap spinner bait slinger,
king of the grill and a short putt sinker,
I'm just a cold beer drinker. Monday through 5 o' clock Friday I'm a hard workin' man.
Responsible, kinda dull, head-down, stick to the plan.
But all my buddies know me better than that, get us all together and we start throwin' 'em back.
I'm just a cold beer drinker, check out the callus on pop-top finger.
Got a cooler in the back with a 12 pack ready to roll.
I'm a killer karaoke country singer, top-water rattle-trap spinner bait slinger,
king of the grill and a short putt sinker,
I'm just a cold beer drinker, I'm just a cold beer drinker. As far as I'm concerned, it's the All-
American way.
Twist the top off, just to cap off the day, hey hey, hey hey, hey hey.
I'm just a cold beer drinker, check out the callus on pop-top finger.
Got a cooler in the back with a 12 pack rarin' to go.
Don't you know I'm a killer karaoke country singer,
top-water rattle-trap spinner bait slinger, king of the grill and a short putt sinker,
I'm just a cold beer drinker, I'm just a cold beer drinker, I'm just a cold beer drinker. Yeah.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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