

Yelawolf, Daylight

Daylight, woah daylight
Daylight, is coming again
Whiskey, woah whiskey
Whiskey, is my only friend

Got me a bottle, lookin' out at my El Dorado
Smokin' a barro, whip up an egg and avocado
I'm on the porch like a slummy Ralph Lauren model
Flannel shirt like a lumberjack choppin' a [?]
Pistol next to the ashtray, no bow and arrow
Got blah blah though, knock the beef outcha top nacho
I'm livin' life like there is a tomorrow
I'm slow motion, I'm slow cookin'
The crock pot holds potatoes
I smell the storm comin', I like watching a sorrow
I like watching that muddy water fillin' up the potholes
I like hearing the woods cry, moan, whisper and sing songs
So I can think long; an aficionado
Raindrops on the string hit: a pizzicato
I'm free-fallin', the airplane pilot's on idle
Freezer lookin' like I hit the lotto
And I got beer colder than a Colorado hollow
Do you follow?

And just like the howlin' wolf
A couple sips down and it's nothin' but blues
Alcohol and rain, now that's what grown men do
You keep it one hundred, I keep a hundred proof

Coz when the raindrops fallin' on that old tin roof
I pour myself a glass of liquor and I get the blues
To get down, to get down I get loaded down
To get down I get loaded
Call me what you want but don't call past two
Unless you got some liquor to contribute
To get down, to get down I get loaded down
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