

Garth Brooks, Beer Run

(b-double-e-double-r-u-n.)
(Yeaaaaaaaieeee)
(Look Out)

Twenty five minutes past quittin' time
Seven of us crammed into that truck of mine
Payin' no attention to them highway signs
Doing 90 miles an hour towards the county line
Quick sack, twelve pack, back again
It's a b-double-e-double-r-u-n.

Our 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
Oohh, it's a b-double-e-double-r-u-n.

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

Laughin, and bragging, and a carrying on
We loaded up the wagons and we headed home
I guess 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.
Heeeyy, like a b-double-e-double-r-u-n.

(Hey)
(Hey, Come on Garth, lets get in the truck)
(Okay, but i'm driving)