

James Otto, Drink & Dial

Well my good buddy John likes to tie one on
And get drunk on Friday nights
And hes just fine till the beer and shine combine
Then hes Jekyll and Hyde
Starts cussin bout his boss and the job he lost
And what hed like to say to him
Then he reaches for his cell says what the hell
And thats when I step in and I say

Chorus:

Friends dont let their friends drink and dial
Dont let their fingers do the walkin when theyre whiskey wild
Cause theyre gonna wake up in the morning with a poundin in their heads
And theyre gonna wish to God they could take back all the things they said
So when you see your buddy reachin for the phone
Say friend wait awhile
Cause friends dont let their friends drink and dial

Well my sister Diane lost her man
To her best old ex-girlfriend
Now the only time he crosses her mind
Is when the margaritas set in
Shell start thinkin bout his blue eyes winkin
And how he used to rock her world
She steps out in the hall to make booty call
And I say hold on girl because

Chorus

It aint ever been a good idea
To reach out and touch someone
When youre flying high half outta of your mind
Blowin a .21 and I say

Chorus

You know friends dont let their friends
Drink and dial