

# 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