

Morgan Wallen, Blame It On Me

If you get a little dirt on your new boots
If you roll in late to work from hittin' snooze
If them school boys ain't got no luck 'cause you start turnin' your nose up
At them downtown lights 'cause they ain't your kind of view
I hope the next boy that falls for ya don't blame you

If you roll your eyes when them other guys try to take you out on the city
If you quit sippin' wine and you start liking shooting whiskey
If you start talking with a drawl and feeling all kinds of pretty
If you're up to see the sun before you fall asleep
Baby, blame it on me
Baby, blame it on me

If your friends start asking you what's going on
'Cause all you wanna hear is them country songs
If you start takin' gravel roads and stopping off at Texacos
And you wanna watch the full moon all night long, it's my fault

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Forgive me if I set the bar too high
With a 6 pack and a bass boat fishtail slide
If them weekend boys get boring, I don't mean to wreck it for ya
Yeah, it's my bad girl if you had the time of your life
It's all right

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Baby, blame it on me
Aw blame it on, aw blame it on
Baby, blame it on me