

# Morgan Wallen, Me All Your Reasons

Smoke on my clothes, liquor on my breath  
Devil on my shoulder, strangers in my bed  
Pills in my pocket, ashes on the floor  
These bad decisions keep on knockin' on my door  
I know you think you left me all alone  
I hate to say you couldn't be more wrong, got

Copenhagen, whiskey straight, and  
Empty bottle, promise breakin'  
All the ways I let you down, down  
What went around came back 'round to  
Sunday mornin' still asleep, and  
Traded angels for my demons  
I ain't lonely since your leavin'  
I've got me and all your reasons

Like all the lies I ever told, that change I never did  
All the times that I was cold, all that broke you couldn't fix  
I know you did just what you had to do  
You looked around and saw there wasn't no room for you, just

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I've got me and all your reasons  
All your reasons

I know you wanna be the one for me  
No wonder why you had to run from me  
Hell, even I done had enough of me  
Now all I got to keep me company, is some

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Traded angels for my demons  
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I've got me and all your reasons  
It's just me and all your reasons  
All your reasons