

# Tracy Lawrence, Up All Night

Yeah I'm a little tired I'm a little wired four pots of coffee in the last eight hours  
Pacing the floor all the way through late late movies and the early cartoons  
Now you're wantin' me to believe you ain't foolin' around on me  
Even through bloodshot eyes I can see right through your lies  
I might've been born yesterday but I've been up all night

Despite the caffeine and the lack of visine I'm not as wide eyed as I seem  
You left looking fine now you come back home  
Your hair messed up and your blouse buttoned wrong  
I'd have to be a fool to believe anything you're telling me  
Even through bloodshot eyes...

Never went quite as far as loving you blind  
But you had me in the dark for a long long time  
Now you're looking at a man who's seen the light so pardon the way I look  
Sunset to sunrise haven't slept a wink but I feel like I just woke up  
Even through bloodshot eyes...  
But I've been up I've been up I've been up I've been up all night