

Kelsea Ballerini - YOU'RE DRUNK, GO HOME (feat. Kelly Clarkson & Carly Pearce)

tom:
Check, check
Hit it

I bet you still live with your mama
Down in her basement, tryin' to be Nirvana
Playing with your guitar all afternoon (Mm-mm-mm)
You got the kinda face where it might've been a maybe
But you got a lot to learn 'bout flirtin' with a lady (Mm-hmm)
I'm down to talk dirty, but you started talking dirty too soon

You're drunk, go home
If you're tryna hook up, gotta do it alone
The way you're slurring and the way you stumble
Ain't no way you're gonna get my number
H?y, walk away
So me and my girls can do our thing
I ain't looking for a one-night rodeo
You'r? drunk, go home (Uh-oh)

I think they might've overserved you George Dickel
Now your friends are all gone, got yourself in a pickle
This bar'll run dry 'fore I let you split a ride with me, baby
Yeah, I know you're a Virgo, that's the third time you told me

Just 'cause I am too doesn't mean that you know me
You're just a dog and barking up the wrong damn tree

You're drunk, go home (Go home)
If you're tryna hook up, gotta do it alone
The way you're slurring and the way you stumble
Ain't no way you're gonna get my number
Hey, walk away (Walk away)
So me and my girls can do our thing
I ain't looking for a one-night rodeo
You're drunk, go home (Yep, woo, alright)
Play some country music, boys
Uh-huh

You're drunk, go home (Bye)
Any other night I might've throw you a bone
But the way you're slurring and the way you stumble
Ain't no way you're gonna get my number
Hey, walk away (Walk away)
So me and my girls can do our thing (Can do our thing)
I ain't looking for a one-night rodeo (I'm not, nope, woo)
You ain't nothin' but a dive bar Romeo
You're drunk, go home (Mm-hmm, Ha, haha, ee-aw, haha)

Acordes

