

On the Rocks

Justin Moore

She's probably staying at her Mama's spilling all the drama now
Wine drinking off the hurting, twisting all my words around
This ain't my first rodeo
Hold on, here we go Before I slam the door
I said, "Go to hell"
Call my buddies up
Now they're watching me drink by myself
Till they cut me off
Or till the doors are locked
Same old back again are
On a bender
Bartender, don't stop, pour it on me
'Cause this whiskey ain't the only thing on the rocks
We've done more breaking up again and making up again to count
Every single double ain't the only trouble going down
This drink and her love
Why don't I like the hard stuff? Before I slam the door
I said, "Go to hell"
Call my buddies up
Now they're watching me drink by myself
Till they cut me off
Or till the doors are locked
Same old back again are
On a bender
Bartender, don't stop, pour it on me
'Cause this whiskey ain't the only thing on the rocks This drink and her love
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