

Hide the Wine

Carly Pearce

I heard you were back in town
Well, it's been a hot minute
Since me and you were hangin' out
Yeah, we had that crazy kind of chemistry
Where you get burned, don't learn, don't care
Just reach for another match and gasoline, yeah
Knock, knock, hear ya comin', knockin' on my
door
But you're gonna have to wait on the porch
Better hide the wine and get it gone
I better hide every one of them records that turn me on
(Lock 'em up, lock 'em up)
Turn up the lights and kill the mood
Because, baby, I just don't trust myself with you
I better hide the wine
I know me and I know you
I better get rid of all the two-buck chuck
And the high dollar good stuff too
'Cause, baby, if I don't, then you know what we'll do, yeah
One sip, one tip, we'll be sittin' on the couch
You'll be kickin' off your shoes
I better hide the wine, yeah
Knock, knock, hear ya comin', knockin' on my door
But you're gonna have to wait another minute on the porch
Oh no, no, it's a dangerous thing
Pourin' alcohol on an old flame
I better hide the wine, yeah
I better hide it
I better hide the wine

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