

Creepin'

Eric Church

Like a honeybee beatin' on my screen door
I got a little buzz in my head and it's sore
And from the my bed I can feel the sun
Lord, 'round here the mornin' come
Justa creepin'
Creepin'
Creepin'
Creepin' You shot outta hell like a bullet from a gun
A flip of a switch
a thief on the run
And since the day you left me, baby
I can feel the lonely
I can hear the crazy
Justa creepin'
Creepin'
Justa creepin'
Creepin'
Head for the future
Run from the past
Hide from the mirror
Fill that glass
For dreams forget
The whiskey remembers
Kinda like molasses in late December
Justa creepin'
Creepin'
Oh, creepin' Your cocaine kiss
and caffeine love
Got under my skin and into my blood
That 'need you back'
comes over me
Like ivy crawlin' up a hickory tree
Justa creepin'
Creepin'
Justa creep
Creep, creepin'
Head to the future
Run from the past
Hide from the mirror
Fill that glass
For dreams forget, the whiskey remembers
Kinda like molasses in late December

Justa creepin'
Creepin'
Ah, come on Break it down, down, down, down
Down, down, down, down
Down, down, down, down
Down, down, down, down Just last night I saw the light
At the end of that tunnel on the other side
Thought I found my way outta this pain
Only to find the Ol' Memory Train Creepin' Creepin' Creepin' Creepin' Creepin' Creepin'
Creepin'
Creepin' Creepin' Creepin' Creepin'
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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