

Beer in the Fridge

Walker Hayes

I ran into your mom at church
She said, "I've been praying for you"
Guess now that you've moved on, she ain't mad at me no more
The magnolias on old shell road smell so bitter sweet
sometimes I still wanna get messed up, but you'd be proud of me
There's a beer in the fridge
Last of twelve
Sole survivor of my last all nighter in the back of the bottom shelf
It's gonna be there in the morning
Even though you won't
You're the reason I quit drinking
And the reason I wanna get drunk
I still look out for the cops
When I'm driving round town
And I'm still not quite sure what to do with my hands in a crowd
There's a lot can't remember
And a lot I can't forget
One silver bullet in a chamber and I'm playing Russian roulette
With that beer in the fridge
Last of twelve
Sole survivor of my last all nighter in the back of the bottom self
It's gonna be there in the morning
Even though you won't
You're the reason I quit drinking
And the reason I wanna get drunk
I don't know why I keep it
I should probably pour it out
Guess I've got to live without you now
Cause I couldn't live without
That beer in the fridge
Last of twelve
Sole survivor of my last all nighter on the bottom shelf
It's gonna be there in the morning
Even though you won't
You're the reason I quit drinking
And the reason I wanna get drunk

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