

# Brought To You By Beer

Cole Swindell

There's a sun set setting on another good night,  
Little can't wait tailgate party on ice.  
Chilling in the back of a four-wheel drive,  
'Bout to pop a top, let it rock.  
Some are gonna wanna fight, some are gonna wanna dance,  
Some are gonna wanna carry 'round one in each hand.  
Yeah, we all have a get a little crazy plan  
When we break out and we go out. Everybody's working out doing twelve ounce curls.  
Boys buzzing, hung up on the country girls,  
Fishing for the line that'll kick her heart into gear.  
Hey brother, need another over here.  
Got the Kid Rock good time playlist on.  
All the worries in the world, they 'bout to be gone.  
Some drunk dude's in the crowd yelling, "Let's get weird, y'all."  
Brought to you by a beer.  
A hungover headache, sun coming up.  
Got her number, no name, can't remember what it was.  
If you can't find your wallet or your phone or your truck,  
Must have done it good, talking real good.  
You're hurting now, dragging 'round, moving slow  
but at least you got the stories and pizza on the stove.  
Let hovering on to eight hours to go  
'Til it's back on, tie one off. Everybody's working out doing twelve ounce curls.  
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Some drunk dude's in the crowd yelling, "Let's get weird, y'all."  
Brought to you by a beer. It's all brought to you by a beer.  
It's all brought to you by a beer. It'll get your head hurting in the morning light.  
It'll get you hungover, it'll get you back right.  
Hell, you might even have yourself a chance tonight.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>