

Buy That Man a Beer

Jon Pardi

If he's got a dusty old cowboy hat
If he won a buckle ridin' on a bull's back
If he's broken bones you didn't know you had
Buy that man a beer

If he left home when he turned eighteen
If he earned his stripes when he stormed a beach
If he can't forget about the things he's seen
Buy that man a beer

Order up an ice-cold longneck, slide it on down
Oughta be a line out the door to buy him a round
Pull up a stool and lend him an ear
Hear a story that'll bring you to tears
Buy that man a beer

If he plays guitar every Saturday night
If there's a song that's about a goodbye
He's learned every lick and lived every line
Buy that man a beer

Order up an ice-cold longneck, slide it on down
Oughta be a line out the door to buy him a round
Pull up a stool and lend him an ear
Hear a story that'll bring you to tears
Buy that man a beer

Order up an ice-cold longneck, slide it on down
Oughta be a line out the door to buy him a round
If you ever get the chance
To belly-up with someone like that

Order up an ice-cold longneck, slide it on down
Oughta be a line out the door to buy him a round
Pull up a stool and lend him an ear
Hear a story that'll bring you to tears
Buy that man a beer
Yeah, buy that man a beer