

## Beer Time

Justin Moore

Bird dog just had her puppies that's a hundred dollars cash apiece  
This old boy struck it country rich  
At least for a couple of weeks  
I owe my daddy that 50 spot  
And the muffler shop the rest  
But daddy and bubba's gonna have to wait 'til they got an empty ice chest

Boys it's beer time  
This ol' town's dry  
Headed to the county line  
For something cold  
I need a twelve pack in a brown paper sack  
Ice it down in the back  
Find a deep mud hole  
I got my baby and some rowdy friends of mine  
It's beer time

I heard Bocephus was coming to town and I still had a little cash  
I bought me a couple of nose bleed tickets  
Way up in the back  
It chilled me to the bone when he sang  
Got a shotgun rifle and a four wheel drive  
Crowd went crazy and I told my baby  
It was worth every dime

Now it's beer time  
Hearin' Hank play live country boy can survive  
I need something cold  
When the show ends party with my rowdy friends  
Hell of a weekend  
I ain't ready to go  
Crack another top beneath the parking lot lights  
It's beer time

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I need a twelve pack in a brown paper sack  
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It's 5 o'clock Friday afternoon  
And it's beer time  
Yeah the fish are biting in a honey hole  
It's beer time