It was a rainy night down in San Antone
And you were in the corner, sittin' all alone
I bought a cold Bud Light and then that George Strait song came
on

And as your friends were dancing, you were sipping on wine So I slipped on over, said, "Hey, I'm buying Your next glass." And just like that We were falling in love. Yea, who would've known...

Baby, after all these years we're still ridin'
High on that feelin' we found at County Line
It wasn't my beer, no it wasn't your wine
And it ain't wearing off 'til the end of time
It keeps on gettin better, closer to forever
We oughta thank Heaven above
'Cause it ain't every night you find an every day kind of love

Now we ain't got no reason for leavin' home 'Cause we're kitchen two steppin' to the radio And we relive that moment every time our song comes on We're right back in San Antone

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It ain't every night you find an every day
No, it ain't every night you find an every day kind of love