

# Happy Hour

Morgan Wallen

[Verse 1]

Looking back I see a million little things that wrecked us  
She never liked my pickup truck parked up beside her Lexus  
And I never wore them khakis like she asked me  
Just trashy old blue jeans, old Skoal ring

[Pre-Chorus]

She packed up her Chanel, said 'go to hell', taught me a lesson  
And now as far as she's concerned  
I'm in a deep and dark depression

[Chorus]

But it's happy hour, drinking double shooters  
Buying whiskey sours for a pack of cougars  
I know I should be sadder but it all seems silly  
'Cause my good buddy Waylon hooked me up with some willie  
Girl, I know a breakup ain't supposed to be fun  
But I'm here at happy hour, happy ours is done, yeah

[Verse 2]

And I know she'll hear about my 'paint the town red' gallivanting  
And she'll think I thought of her curves when I found that gal to dance with  
And she'll tell her friends I'm faking, my hearts breaking, time will take away my grin  
But not when every bar I stumble in

[Chorus]

Is happy hour, drinking double shooters  
Buying whiskey sours for a pack of cougars  
I know I should be sadder but it all seems silly  
'Cause my good buddy went and hooked me up with some willie  
Girl, I know a breakup ain't supposed to be fun  
But I'm here at happy hour, happy ours is done

[Bridge]

Well it'll make her feel much better if she thinks my life is hell  
Tell her ever since she left me it's like time is standing still

[Chorus]

And it's happy hour, drinking double shooters  
Buying whiskey sours for a pack of cougars

I know I should be sadder but it all seems silly  
'Cause my good buddy went and hooked me up with some willie  
Girl, I know a breakup ain't supposed to be fun  
But I'm here at happy hour, happy ours is done  
Yeah, I'm here at happy hour, happy ours is done, yeah

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