

# Beer in the Fridge

Walker Hayes

I ran into your mom at church  
She said, "I've been praying for you"  
Guess now that you've moved on, she ain't mad at me no more  
The magnolias on old shell road smell so bitter sweet  
sometimes I still wanna get messed up, but you'd be proud of me  
There's a beer in the fridge  
Last of twelve  
Sole survivor of my last all nighter in the back of the bottom shelf  
It's gonna be there in the morning  
Even though you won't  
You're the reason I quit drinking  
And the reason I wanna get drunk  
I still look out for the cops  
When I'm driving round town  
And I'm still not quite sure what to do with my hands in a crowd  
There's a lot can't remember  
And a lot I can't forget  
One silver bullet in a chamber and I'm playing Russian roulette  
With that beer in the fridge

Last of twelve  
Sole survivor of my last all nighter in the back of the bottom self  
It's gonna be there in the morning  
Even though you won't  
You're the reason I quit drinking  
And the reason I wanna get drunk  
I don't know why I keep it  
I should probably pour it out  
Guess I've got to live without you now  
Cause I couldn't live without  
That beer in the fridge

Last of twelve  
Sole survivor of my last all nighter on the bottom shelf  
It's gonna be there in the morning  
Even though you won't  
You're the reason I quit drinking  
And the reason I wanna get drunk

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>