

That's Alright with Me

Kip Moore

Everybody knows I like whiskey
Preferably from Tennessee
But if you hand me an ice cold beer
Or some red wine
Or some moonshine
Or one of them fruity drinks
Hell, that's alright with me God knows I love women
The devil knows they make me weak
And I might find the right one
And settle down in a little town
Or I might just stay wild and free
And that's alright with me
I like whiskey and tight denim
On good hearted women
And for that, I make no apologies
Call me country, call me hippy
A wild cat from Dixie
And if you do or don't like what you see
That's alright with me There's nothing quite like the ocean
With a little tent and a little beach
And I like sitting round the campfire with my guitar
And if somebody wants to pass around some drinks
Hell, that's alright with me I like whiskey and tight denim
On good hearted women
And for that, I make no apologies
Call me country, call me hippy
A wild cat from Dixie
And if you do or don't like what you see
That's alright with me
I just slip on my cheap sunglasses
And let the world go do it's thing
And even if it's all just f-in' taxes
Well that's alright with me I like whiskey and tight denim
On good hearted women
And for that, I make no apologies
Call me country, call me hippy
A wild cat from Dixie
And if you do or don't like what you see
Hell, that's alright with me That's alright with me

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

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