



LORRIE MORGAN DO YOU STILL WANNA BUY ME THAT DRINK

Sir, I do appreciate the offer.
I don't believe I caught your name.
I don't get to get out very often.
It's hard to find the time to get away.
I think it's only fair you hear my
story,
Before you spend three-fifty on that
beer.

I got two little kids that call me
Momma.
My fifteen-year-old thinks that I'm a
witch.
Between soccer practice and ballet,
Eminem an' Dr Dre,
Romance is the last thing on my list.
So, Frank, was it? Tell me what you
think:
Do you still want to buy me that drink?

Frank, tell me, how d'you feel,
About teenage girls bein' on the pill?
An' do you mind Friday nights at home?
'Cause, Frankie, I've been here
before,
Married twice an' twice divorced.
An' alimony sure don't pay the bills.
Now that's an awful lot of information,
But I don't have the time to mess

around.

'Cause I got two little kids that call me
Momma.
An' my fifteen-year-old wants to
pierce his lip.
Between algebra an' spellin' bees,
An' anythin' to keep the peace,
Romance is the last thing on my list.
So, Frank, honey, tell me what you
think:
Do you still want to buy me that drink?

I got two little kids that call me
Momma.
An' my fifteen-year-old's really a good
kid.
I really wouldn't blame you none,
If you got the urge to up an' run.
Is bein' 'Daddy' even on your list?
So, Frank, darlin', tell me what you
think:
Do you still want to buy me;
I'll have a Miller Lite, please,
If you still want to buy me that drink.

Frank, c'mon back Frank.
You look a little pale, Frank.
It was just a joke.