

# Gotta Get Me Some

## Nickelback

I went out on the town with a friend last weekend.  
His ex girlfriend's friend was there alone.  
She bought a couple rounds and I got the feeling  
she could really handle alcohol. Another one down and headed off the deep end.  
The more we drank, the less that we had on. And it turns out she's got everything I want, but all  
rolled into one.

She smokes a little home grown, drinks a little Cuervo.  
Still a little down home, there was never a doubt.  
She's got a fast car, hotter than a dance bar.  
Looking like a rockstar, she'll be the talk of the town. You know, she's got everything I want,  
but all rolled into one.

Gotta get me some. God all mighty look at that body.  
It looks like a sticker on a new Ferrari.  
She's a scene from a bay watch rerun.  
Hotter than the barrel on a squeeze machine gun.  
Well, she can get it lower than a Maserati.  
Never seen somebody move that way.  
Everywhere she goes there's an instant party.  
Everybody wants to know her name. And it turns out she's got everything I want, but all rolled  
into one.

She smokes a little home grown, drinks a little Cuervo.  
Still a little down home, there was never a doubt.  
She's got a fast car, hotter than a dance bar.  
Looking like a rockstar, and she likes to go out and... She likes to get her hands up. Anything to  
stand on.

Anything to dance on.  
She'd be swinging around.  
Under the hot lights, underneath the spot light.  
Even going all night.  
She'll be the talk of the town.  
You know, she's got everything I want, but all rolled into one.

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Gotta get me some.  
I gotta get me some.  
Gotta get me some.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>