

Happy Hour

Morgan Wallen

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 school ring

And 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

But it's happy hour drinking double shooters
Buying whiskey sours for a pack of coolers
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 break up ain't supposed to be fun
But I'm here at happy hour, happy hours is done, yeah

And I know she'd 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 heartbreak
And time will take away my grin
But not when every bar I stumble in...

Is happy hour drinking double shooters
Buying whiskey sours for a pack of coolers
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 break up ain't supposed to be fun
But I'm here at happy hour, happy hours is done, yeah

Will it make her feel much better if she thinks my life is hell
So tell her ever since she left me it's like time is standing still

And it's happy hour drinking double shooters
Buying whiskey sours for a pack of coolers
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 break up ain't supposed to be fun
But I'm here at happy hour, happy hours is done
Yeah, I'm here at happy hour, happy hours is done, yeah

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