

Happy Hour

Morgan Wallen

[Verse 1]

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 Skoal ring

[Pre-Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 2]

And I know she'll 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 hearts breaking, time will take away my grin
But not when every bar I stumble in

[Chorus]

Is happy hour, drinking double shooters
Buying whiskey sours for a pack of cougars
I know I should be sadder but it all seems silly
'Cause my good buddy went and hooked me up with some willie
Girl, I know a breakup ain't supposed to be fun
But I'm here at happy hour, happy ours is done

[Bridge]

Well it'll make her feel much better if she thinks my life is hell
Tell her ever since she left me it's like time is standing still

[Chorus]

And it's happy hour, drinking double shooters
Buying whiskey sours for a pack of cougars

I know I should be sadder but it all seems silly
'Cause my good buddy went and hooked me up with some willie
Girl, I know a breakup ain't supposed to be fun
But I'm here at happy hour, happy ours is done
Yeah, I'm here at happy hour, happy ours is done, yeah

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