

Before He Cheats – Carrie Underwood

Right now he's probably slow dancing with
a bleached-blond tramp,
And she's probably getting frisky
Right now, he's probably buying her some
fruity little drink cause she can't shoot whiskey

Right now, he's probably up behind her with
a pool-stick, showing her how to shoot a combo

And he don't know

I dug my key into the side
Of his pretty little suped up 4 wheel drive,
Carved my name into his leather seat
I took a Louisville slugger to both head lights,
Slashed a hole in all 4 tires

And maybe next time he'll think before he cheats

Right now, she's probably up singing some
White-trash version of Shania karaoke
Right now, she's probably saying "I'm drunk"
And he's a thinking that he's gonna lucky,
Right now, he's probably dabbing
On 3 dollars worth of that bathroom Polo
And he don't know

That I dug my key into the side
Of his pretty little suped up 4 wheel drive,
Carved my name into his leather seat,
I took a Louisville slugger to both head lights,
Slashed a hole in all 4 tires

And maybe next time he'll think before he cheats

I might saved a little trouble for the next girl,

Cause the next time that he cheats

Oh, you know it won't be on me!

Ohh not on me

I dug my key into the side

Of his pretty little suped up 4 wheel drive,

Carved my name into his leather seat

I took a Louisville slugger to both head lights,

Slashed a hole in all 4 tires

Maybe next time he'll think before he cheats

Ohh Maybe next time he'll think before he cheats

Ohh before he cheats



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych