

# Yelawolf, Daylight

Daylight, woah daylight  
Daylight, is coming again  
Whiskey, woah whiskey  
Whiskey, is my only friend

Got me a bottle, lookin' out at my El Dorado  
Smokin' a barro, whip up an egg and avocado  
I'm on the porch like a slummy Ralph Lauren model  
Flannel shirt like a lumberjack choppin' a [?]  
Pistol next to the ashtray, no bow and arrow  
Got blah blah though, knock the beef outcha top nacho  
I'm livin' life like there is a tomorrow  
I'm slow motion, I'm slow cookin'  
The crock pot holds potatoes  
I smell the storm comin', I like watching a sorrow  
I like watching that muddy water fillin' up the potholes  
I like hearing the woods cry, moan, whisper and sing songs  
So I can think long; an aficionado  
Raindrops on the string hit: a pizzicato  
I'm free-fallin', the airplane pilot's on idle  
Freezer lookin' like I hit the lotto  
And I got beer colder than a Colorado hollow  
Do you follow?

And just like the howlin' wolf  
A couple sips down and it's nothin' but blues  
Alcohol and rain, now that's what grown men do  
You keep it one hundred, I keep a hundred proof

Coz when the raindrops fallin' on that old tin roof  
I pour myself a glass of liquor and I get the blues  
To get down, to get down I get loaded down  
To get down I get loaded  
Call me what you want but don't call past two  
Unless you got some liquor to contribute  
To get down, to get down I get loaded down  
To get down I get loaded  
When the raindrops fallin' on that old tin roof  
I pour myself a glass of liquor and I get the blues  
To get down, to get down I get loaded down  
To get down I get loaded  
Call me what you want but don't call past two  
Unless you got some liquor to contribute  
To get down, to get down I get loaded down  
To get down I get loaded