



DON'T IT MAKE THE BEER TASTE BETTER

You've been in love since the day you met her
Been busy planning y'all's sweet forever
Right up till she sent you that "Dear John" letter
But don't it make the beer taste better

You work like a dog twenty-four seven
Boss man belittles your every effort
He got promoted and you got severed
But don't it make the beer taste better

Don't it
Don't it make it sweeter
Sweeter than it was before
Won't it
Won't it make you want it
Want it just a little bit more
Take your heartaches, your hard times
And throw them all together
And tell me don't it all just
Make the beer taste better

Dreamed I was standing in this long line
Up in Heaven
Where St. Pete tells you which way
You're gonna be heading
I'm afraid I was assigned a
South-by-south direction
Straight down - where the beer taste better

... sprinkle in one or two of your
Miserable failed endeavors
Bad luck, bad breaks and real bad weather
And tell me don't it all just
Make the beer taste better

*Anybody who says that they've
never had a day like one of these
is either lying, delusional, or both.*