

Wrong Decisions

Written and Composed By: Anthony Holloway

Verse

Clock hits five, time to hit the door,
Dirt-road rush to the old dance floor.
Said one drink, then it turned to three,
Now the whole damn crowd's just like me.

Pre-Chorus

We ain't here to play it tame,
We came to light this Friday flame.

Chorus

One more round, let the good times roll,
Hands up high while the speakers blow.
If tomorrow calls, tell 'em I'm missin',
Had the right number of wrong decisions.

Verse

Sun peeks in and my phone's half gone,
Boots still on and the TV's on.
Buddy said, "Man, we burned that town,"
I said, "Ain't no sense in slowin' down."

Pre-Chorus

When the weekend spins, there's no off switch,
Just a rebel plan and a neon itch.

Chorus

One more round, let the good times roll,
Hands up high while the speakers blow.
If tomorrow calls, tell 'em I'm missin',
Had the right number of wrong decisions.

Bridge

Yeah, we all know we should slow down,
But we lose our brakes when the sun goes down.
So raise that glass if you're still with me,
'Cause wrong feels right in this whiskey city.

Hey! Hey! Raise that cup,
We ain't stoppin' till the sun comes up!

Chorus

One more round, let the good times roll,
Hands up high while the speakers blow.
If tomorrow hurts, I'll take that lesson,
Had the right number of wrong decisions.

Outro

Right Number, Right number... wrong decisions...
Hey, Hey, Hey
Right number, Right number... wrong decisions...
Wooooooooooooo
If you're lookin' for trouble, you found the mission,
Was the right number of wrong decisions.