

BEER ETIQUETTE

1

When you get yourself invited to a BYOB barbecue
Help yourself to chicken and a big ol' plate of chili too
Grab a burger and some beans or a fancy-pants filet mignon
But when you reach into the cooler there's a code of conduct set in stone

Ch

Don't take my beer, we all bring our own
The eleventh commandment says leave thy neighbor's brew-skiis alone
Ain't no doubt it's a fact, an unforgivable act
Even if you're drunk don't you be forgetting it
We got a little old thing around here called BEER ETIQUETTE

2

You can commandeer the grill like a tong-hogging General Lee
You can dominate the conversation, blab on endlessly
You can hit on all the women, you can even try to steal my wife
But when ya wanna wet your whistle don't forget the rules of party life

Ch

Don't *drink* my beer...

Br

If you ask me nice then yeah I'll share a spare with you
If I've got 6 or 5, 4 or 3, even if I'm down to 2
But if there's only one and you take that beer and run
Man, I tell you, you are Russian-rouletting it
And just broke the biggest rule in the holy-frothin' book of BEER ETIQUETTE

Ch

Don't *steal* my beer...

Tag

But if your girlfriend is hot, she can help herself—NOT
Let me say it again, in case y'all still ain't getting it
We got a huge, enormous, big, important thing (around here) called
BEER ETIQUETTE

