

Lesson in a Bottle

Blackberry Smoke

There's a lesson in a bottle
that never gets learned
sweep out the ashes
of the bridges I've burned
white lines and wild times
passed out cold and left behind
then I'm right back
in the saddle again

There's a lesson in a bottle
bartender pour a shot I'll
have a whiskey
I believe it's my turn
There's a lesson in a bottle
bartender pour a shot I'll
have a whiskey
cause I'll never learn
Blue lights and fist fights
one too many out all nights
like a freight train
that's done run outta track
I've been a winner and a loser
sloppy drunk and a drug abuser
if I get through this, Lord
I swear I'll cut way back

I'm a long, long way
from where I was goin'
It's been a long, long time
my scars are sure showin'
but school's in session
bring the liquor