

# Whiskey Man

Molly Hatchet

Hey whiskey man, you're running as hard as you can,  
You drink your whiskey too much more than you can stand.  
You have your highs, you have your lows,  
Nobody knows which way you go.

Whiskey man, don't you play that hand too long.  
Whiskey man, don't you play that hand too long.  
It takes whiskey to make you tall,  
You ain't so very damn tall at all.  
You start to get straight, then you get weak,  
Can't you see your on a loosing streak.  
You have your highs, you have your lows,  
Nobody knows which way you'll go.

Whiskey man, don't you play that hand too long.  
Whiskey man, don't you play that hand too long.  
Hey don't you know,  
I use to be there myself,  
I tried to kick the habit, baby, with nobody else's help.  
I have my highs, I have my lows,  
But nobody knows which way I'll go.

Whiskey man, don't you play that hand too long.  
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Whiskey man, don't you play that hand too long.