

Sweet Whiskey Lies

Restless Heart

Tonight he's still lock and tender
Headed straight for the top
He's got the world in the palm of his hand
He's got his best years before him
And faith in his dreams
And true love's still a part of the plan
And for a few happy hours
He can almost believe
That it'd turn out
Like he hoped it would be.

He ain't getting no younger
But he still feels the hunger
As he watches the world pass him by
Between the bottle and the barstool
There's just one more damn fool
Believing those sweet whiskey lies
Believing those sweet whiskey lies.

The stunt's sick of guessing
The road he has taken
And all of the choices he's made
So he orders another
For a little while longer
He'll be keeping the heartache at bay
But when the light of the morning
Comes shining through
He'll be facing the cold bitter truth.

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