

Summer 2005

Whiskey Myers

Well I woke up this morning
Just like the days before
There were drunks on the couch
Beer cans on the floor
Ya know I can't pay my bills
Just tryin to stay alive
It was our first house
Summer 2005

So bring on the whiskey
& the brown-eyed girls
& fire up the pit out back
While we listen to merle

That summer sun
Is settin low
I twist one up
& I'm ready to go
There's guitars on the wall
Ready to be played
Ya know we sit on our amps
Sing the songs that we made

So bring on the whiskey
& the brown-eyed girls
Fire up the pit out back
While we listen to merle

They say we got no life
& we play too loud
Well they can kiss our ass
Cause we're on stage now
That leap of faith
That set our lives
Was there in that house
Summer 2005

So bring on the whiskey
& the brown-eyed girls
Fire up the pit out back
While we listen to merle
Aw we listen to merle
Little hank & merle