

If Drinkin' Helped

Chase Rice

Every cabinet in the kitchen is empty
Every whiskey, every bourbon, every wine
Ain't nothing in this damn house kills your memory
I tried every vice a man can try
But they ain't done the trick, 'cause if they did

I'd have a brand-new pack of Marlboro Reds
One more girl layin' in my bed
I'd be a goodbye song, long-gone cliché
In a bags packed up, black Chevrolet
I'd be parked in a corner booth 'til hardwood floors stuck to these boots
I'd sell my soul to Jack and Jim, I'd be drunk as hell
If drinking helped
If drinking helped

I pack up and move my life to Cheyenne
Where no one asks what's in my coffee cup
Where there ain't no room for tears or cowboys crying
But turns out Wyoming just ain't far enough

For a brand-new pack of Marlboro reds
One more girl layin' in my bed
Just a goodbye song, long-gone cliché
In a bags packed up, black Chevrolet
I'd be parked in a corner booth 'til hardwood floors stuck to these boots
I'd sell my soul to Jack and Jim, I'd be drunk as hell
If drinking helped
If drinking helped

If drinking helped there'd be a little hope
But I'm living proof it don't

Or I'll still be smokin' Marlboro reds
Another girl layin' in my bed
Just a goodbye song long-gone cliché
In a bags packed up, black Chevrolet
I'd be parked in a corner booth, 'til hardwood floor stuck to these boots
Sold my soul to Jack and Jim, still be drunk as hell

But you ain't coming back so I might as well