

# Whiskey Wanted

Chris Lane

I'm sorry, girl, for calling you last night, I shouldn't have  
It was way too late, and you need your space, so baby, that's m  
y bad  
Yeah, I know what it looks like, but it wasn't like that at all  
Well, anyway, I'll take the blame, but I swear it wasn't all my  
fault

I wanted a Maker's on the rocks  
I wanted to make that heartbreak stop  
I wanted to wash away what all you put me through  
I wanted to win that uphill battle  
I wanted to get back in the saddle  
And ride off into the sunset with somebody new  
Last night, I wanted whiskey  
But whiskey wanted you

Yeah, I've been out a dozen times since you made it crystal cle  
ar  
And it's never been a problem probably 'cause I was drinking be  
er  
I shoulda stuck to what I know and what they had on tap  
Girl, I wanted to let you go, but the whiskey wanted you back

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To pick up, say, "Come on over"  
Talk all night with your head on my shoulder  
Make the morning last all afternoon  
Like we used to do  
Whiskey wanted you, oh

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And ride off into the sunset with somebody new  
Last night, I wanted whiskey  
Last night, I wanted whiskey  
But whiskey wanted you  
Yeah, whiskey wanted you