

## Walk On Whiskey

Cole Swindell

I bet I sound like a broken record  
Like a backseat-floorboard scratched CD  
Playin' the same old sad song on repeat  
Doin' what they say to do to forget her  
But it's just red eyes at the bottom of a bottle  
Ain't no red words, ain't no gospel

Ooh, she finally got me down here on my knees  
Ooh, fightin' back tears and gravity  
She's learnin' how to fly those angel wings  
I'm drownin' her goodbye in Tennessee  
Probably wouldn't be if her halo was still hangin' over me  
Heaven knows she walked on water  
Hell, I can't even walk on whiskey  
I bet this bartender's tired of hearin' my confession  
And the jukebox playin' that Whitley song's  
Like a devil smilin', remindin' me she's gone  
So I'm swingin' back with old number seven  
And it's two on one, but it still ain't fair  
Without her here, I ain't got a prayer

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Ooh, fightin' back tears and gravity  
She's learnin' how to fly those angel wings  
I'm drownin' her goodbye in Tennessee  
Probably wouldn't be if her halo was still hangin' over me  
Heaven knows she walked on water  
Hell, I can't even walk on whiskey

God, I know You're up there listenin'  
Good Book says you always do  
All the wrong I've done that You've forgiven  
Maybe she can, too

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Ooh, fightin' back tears and gravity  
She's learnin' how to fly those angel wings  
I'm drownin' her goodbye in Tennessee  
I probably wouldn't be if her halo was still hangin' over me  
Heaven knows she walked on water  
Yeah, Heaven knows she walked on water  
Hell, I can't even walk on whiskey  
No, I can't even walk on whiskey