

Bottle In The Hand

Conway Twitty

Will I ask my old buddy to call her on the phone
He'll say I'm working late again, once more she'll be alone.
But I'll sit here in this barroom, just as long as I can
'Cause the bottle in the hand is much stronger than the man.

After all I've said and done she should leave me on the run
'Cause I've hurt her just as much as I can.
But I'll keep up my sinful living and she'll go on forgiving
She knows the bottle in the hand
Is much stronger than the man.

I'd go home if I was able cause that night life's gettin' old
Like the food on my table our love is growing cold.
But she goes to bed each evening without her loving man
Because the bottle in the hand is much stronger than the man.

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'Cause I've hurt her just as much as I can.
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