There's still a scratch on the wood floor From where she jet out the front door She grabbed her suitcase a little too fast Yeah, it was over like that

I took her picture out of every frame
I change the subject when I hear her name
Try to tell myself I'm moving on
Put on a record, pour me something strong

Yeah, I know another glass of Jack Ain't ever gonna bring her back

But if you can't beat 'em drown 'em
If I ain't getting over her
I'll just find a way around her
With a round or two of 80 proof
I don't wanna think about her
Or how bad it hurts without her
Sometimes she gets the best of me
To hell with all these memories
If you can't beat 'em drown 'em

I can't untaste her kiss I can't undo what I did Now I guess I gotta live with The good times I can't forget

Turn up some Waylon, fill my whiskey glass Raise a toast to what ain't coming back

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