

Weed And Whiskey

Corey Smith

Goin' straight, gettin' tipsy
Winding' up and lettin' go
I've got a powerful inclination
For raisin' hell, breathin' fire and blowin' smoke

Too much weed 'n too much whiskey
Friday night another bee line to the bar
Sund'y comes, it always hits me
I keep givin' up on livin' clean before I start

I've worn the blue out of my denim
My back pocket's full of holes
I go to work and I cash my paycheck
It's no mystery where all the money goes

Too much weed 'n too much whiskey
Friday night another bee line to the bar
Sund'y comes, it always hits me
I keep givin' up on livin' clean before I start

Maybe I'll never know
How it feels to have a heart that goes a week as white as snow
But I ain't beating myself up
'Cause I'll make it through them pearly gates even if I barely
make the cut

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Too much living with me belly to the bar
Sund'y comes, it always hits me
I keep givin' up on livin' clean before I start
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