

# Whiskey Proof

Drew Parker

Whiskey proof

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This neon dive bar hole in a brick wall  
Making its rent on alcohol is a time machine  
'Cause this cover band playing for tips in a pickle jar  
Every pretty girl in every ole boy's arms, it's you and me  
Girl, every shot I take ain't nothing but a waste

Your memory's whiskey proof  
Nothing Tennessee can do  
Even Kentucky's strongest  
Can't get a handle on it  
Your memory's whiskey proof

Everything I didn't say, watching you walk away  
Heart breaking on replay, every empty glass  
I wish I could get you back  
The more I sit and sip, the more I taste your lips

Your memory's whiskey proof  
Nothing Tennessee can do  
Even Kentucky's strongest  
Can't get a handle on it  
Your memory's whiskey proof

Yeah, your memory's whiskey proof  
Nothing Tennessee can do  
Even Kentucky's strongest  
Can't get a handle on it  
Your memory's whiskey proof, yeah

Round after round, I'll be shutting it down  
While your memory'll spin me around and around  
Round after round, I'll be shutting it down  
While your memory'll spin me around and around