WHAT DOESN'T KILL YA

Graham Barham

When you're down in the dumps, you go down to the bar
And you get to nursin' that broken heart
'Til the pain fades away for a minute
You pony up on a stool and slide 'em a twenty
You're glass is half full when it starts gettin' empty
And it don't really matter what's in it

What doesn't kill ya makes the
Drinks stronger, the nights a little longer
All your drinkin' buddies tell you, "Buddy, don't you call her"
You get her memory goner when you line 'em up round after round
What doesn't break you makes you
Dance on a table, willin' and able
Even though you know the morning's gonna be painful
When you're on the rocks, you ain't drinkin' water
What doesn't kill ya makes the
Drinks stronger, drinks stronger

Next thing you know, you're on stage with the band
But you forget all the words to "Sweet Home Alabama"
'Cause you're already halfway to the bottom of the bottle
But it won't make you feel near as awful as she did

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What doesn't kill ya makes the
Drinks stronger, you're kinda glad you lost her
By the time you stumble home, you'll be walkin' taller
You get her memory goner when you line 'em up round after round
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