

D.O.A. (Drunk on Arrival)

Johnny Paycheck

Lord don't I know whiskey ain't a good chaser
For chasin' a mem'ry gone wild
It ain't no cure and it won't erase her
Only board up the pain for awhile
So why did I reach for that barroom door
I ain't been drunk in a week and a day
Lord guide these headlights 'cause the bottle tonight
Says I'm comin' home DOA

Drunk on arrival three sheets to the wind
Ain't no mistakin' the state that I'm in
Deliver me Lord from this hell where I been
Mixing whiskey and mem'ries till when
I'm drunk on arrival again

I musta drunk every drop that the bar had to offer
Musta closed it down drunk it dry
I ain't been in worse shape since the day that I lost her
And this bottle's the damn reason why
Now the road keeps a swayin' the stop signs are a blur
Lord I hope that you're lookin' my way
Hope the drive ends ahead 'cause I feel all but dead
Comin' home DOA

Drunk on arrival three sheets to the wind
Drunk on arrival three sheets to the wind