

Whiskey

Lera Lynn

Half a bottle of whiskey down
Maybe I'll call her now
And throw her world into a spin
Try to get back in her life again

I'm just a man, a low-down man
With a whiskey bottle in both hands
And liquored up, through I may be
There is still some loving inside of me
But I don't know if I'm coming or going
I just keep the whiskey flowing

She'll pick up the phone and she'll start to cry
'Cause I can't stop asking her why
She don't love me anymore
I blame her for all the closed doors

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Mmmm...