

## Like Patsy Would

Lori McKenna

If it comes from the whiskey, then pour me a drink  
If it comes from the heartache, let me feel the sting  
If it comes from the spirits, set 'em loose in this room  
Either way tonight it's just me and the truth

I wanna pray like Jesus is list'nin'  
I wanna play like I'm made of strings on wood  
I wanna write it down like Hemingway, like it's the last damn thing I'll ever say  
And try to sing it like Patsy would

Sometimes it's a blessing, sometimes it's a curse  
I've let it keep me up all night lookin' for the worst  
Sometimes a pen knows just what to say  
And it spills out like a waterfall on a clean white dais

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Gonna try to sing it like Patsy would