

Whiskey On My Breath

Love and Theft

I woke up with a pounding head
With a bottle laying in the bed
There was a little, a little bit left
So I picked it up and I killed the rest

Oh I know I'm going to heaven
But I can't go with me like this
I need to pull myself together
Before then
No and I ain't afraid of dying
But what scares me to death
Is meeting Jesus
With whiskey on my breath.

I lost her and all my friends
Broke all but one of my Lord's 10
But Jesus died for all my sins
That's how I know I'm getting in

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