

## W-i-f-e

Old 97's

I've got my wife, the other women  
And the whiskey killing me  
The first two make it so that I see red  
The third one makes it so that I can't see  
If I had half a brain left after my debauchery  
I'd give up the other women and the W-I-F-E

Wedding vows weren't made to be broken  
These here lips weren't made to tell no lies  
Somewhere along the way, I guess I must have gone astray  
'Cause I'm drinking here and wishing for to die

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It's just like my little sister told me  
(Dear old momma)  
In the end, you reap what you sow  
I've been sowing seeds from Mexico to Tennessee  
And I'm reaping now an awful lot of woe

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