

Firewater

Old Crow Medicine Show

Living on bread and wine was easy
for John and James and Mother Mary
and I'm no saint and that's my ball and chain

Cause when I'm passed that silver chalice
I always drink my fill until it
knocks me down and tangles up my brain

Yeah buddy, it's a short life, it's a hell of a life
it's a mean old world, when you're kicked to the gutter
and the firewater is the one thing to put out the flame

Walking through the graveyards and sleeping in alleys
telling myself the same old stories
Drinking that blood and calling it holy wine

Looking in windows and seeing a stranger
going through hell like a fallen angel
Feeling my bones getting old long before their time

Yeah buddy, it's a short life, it's a hell of a life
it's a mean old world, when you're kicked to the gutter
and the firewater gotcha talking in circles again

It's an empty bottle passing around
when your hopes and dreams have all burned down
And the firewater is the one thing to put out the flame

Take me home, take me home
Gather me up in your arms Lord have mercy divine

So take me home, take me home
Take me home, take me home

Cause it's a short life, it's a hell of a life,
it's a mean old world when you're kicked to the gutter
and the firewater is the one thing to put out the flame
Yeah, the firewater is the one thing to put out the flame