

Old Whiskey Bottle

The Infamous Stringdusters

I've seen a lot in my day
I've seen love gone away
I've known pleasure big and small
I've known trouble ten feet tall
Can't make me stay
Cause I wanna go
Gonna buy my ticket to the show
With a guitar in a gunny sack
I'm leaving now I ain't coming back

I might be an old whiskey bottle
With a little bit of dust
But an old whiskey bottle
Is something you can trust
Like an old tree on a hillside
I tend to take my time
And if you ask me how I'm doing now
I'd say I'm in my prime

No time to wait another day
Go on and say what you gotta say
But I keep rising up to a better view
Where the sky is yellow and the sun is blue

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And if you ask me how I'm doing now
I'd say I'm in my prime
I might be an old whiskey bottle
With a little bit of dust
But an old whiskey bottle
Is something you can trust
Like an old tree on a hillside
I tend to take my time yeah
And if you ask me how I'm doing now
I'd say I'm in my prime
If you ask me how I'm doing now
I'd say I'm in my prime
I'd say I'm in my prime