

Whiskey Man

The Riot

Woke up behind the steering wheel,
Wonder if I've gone too far...
Quick shiver, cross against the light,
A curse from a cab in a strange tongue.
Leave my wheels, better let them rest.
The keys like ice in my shaking hands,
From the neon haze to the bar stool maze,
The nightlife, it sure is a strange one...

It's a son of a bitch, when I get that itch,
And here it comes again...

Please call me Whiskey Man,
When the bottle's in my hand.
Hello, it's Whiskey Man!
Another shot at my command.

Feel old but you say I don't look it, yet.
Work so hard trying to hide the miles.
A seekers path, I'm on the heels of glory.
All paths of glory only lead to the grave.
Sweet glory's dancing on yours,
She's always one step ahead.
Well I know that, I'm still ridin' anyway,
A mind is a terrible thing to save...

It's a son of a bitch, when I get that itch,
And here it comes again...

Please call me Whiskey Man,
When the bottle's in my hand.
Hello, it's Whiskey Man!
Another shot at my command.

It was a fine idea long ago, in a time of fine ideas,
When the August night would last into forever.
So we broke the glass and hit the gas
While the Summer filled the trees.
In the day, we two, we were breaking through,
And not dying by degrees.

Like I'm trying to say, wash it all away,
And here I go again...