

# If Whiskey Could Talk

Tyler Childers

If whiskey could talk, it'd say I'm a great guy  
Or at least it ought to, for as much as I buy  
But it's money well spent just to help me feel free  
From the pain she creates, when she's cheatin' on me

Well she's at it again, livin' high on the streets  
So I reach for the bottle just to help me to sleep  
And I lay here in bed and dream of a time  
When she was content with being all mine

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She'll come back to me when the lights have gone down  
And she's ran out of men to buy her a round  
But she dreads comin' home to that drunk in her bed  
Who's living alone hangin' on by a thread

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