Daylight, woah daylight Daylight, is coming again Whiskey, woah whiskey Whiskey, my only friend

Got me a bottle, lookin' out at my El Dorado Smokin' a barro, whip up an egg and avocado I'm on the porch like a slummy Ralph Lauren model Flannel shirt like a lumberjack choppin' a log-o Pistol next to the ashtray, no bow and arrow Got blah blah though, knock the beef outcha top nacho I'm livin' life like there is a tomorrow I'm slow motion, I'm slow cookin' The crock pot holds potatoes I smell the storm comin', I like watching a sorrow I like watching that muddy water fillin' up the potholes I like hearing the woods cry, moan, whisper and sing songs So I can think long; an aficionado Raindrops on the string hit: a pizzicato I'm free-fallin', the airplane pilot's on idle Freezer lookin' like I hit the lotto And I got beer colder than a Colorado hollow Do you follow?

And just like the howlin' wolf A couple sips down and it's nothin' but blues Alcohol and rain, now that's what grown men do You keep it one hundred, I keep a hundred proof Cause when the raindrops fallin' on that old tin roof I pour myself a glass of liquor and I get the blues To get down, to get down I get loaded down To get down I get loaded Call me what you want but don't call past two Unless you got some liquor to contribute To get down, to get down I get loaded down To get down I get loaded When the raindrops fallin' on that old tin roof I pour myself a glass of liquor and I get the blues To get down, to get down I get loaded down To get down I get loaded Call me what you want but don't call past two Unless you got some liquor to contribute To get down, to get down I get loaded down To get down I get loaded

Drinkin' 'til I'm heavily faded
All the sudden the suds I'm sippin' got me feelin' edumacated
I complicate the uncomplicated
My drinkin' partners are the greatest
Me and my buddy, Jack Davis
Daniels, whatever, we Jimmy Beamin', if we get lucky, maybe
We get a visit from the baby King 13 and go fuckin' crazy
Ten racks for a crystal chandelier full of liquid swazy
Now Patsy Cline got me walkin' after midnight
I'm tippin' the neck, gotta make sure to keep the lid tight
Was sittin' up with attention and now I just sit like
Slump down in my chair like a pimp, pondering this life

I'm the great grandson of Otis Williams
Part of me's Cherokee, the other part is a pilgrim
So me and firewater's like splittin' me up the middle
One's tryin' to love him, the other one's tryin' to kill a man

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