

# Brad Martin, The Fifth

(Kenny Beard/T. Mullins/Don Pfrimmer)

Brown paper bag, a new empty bottle, sits by the bed on the floor  
Rusty old motel, the plaster is falling, the wind's whipping under the door

There aint enough whiskey to last him  
She thought he was cheating and one day she asked him

And he took the fifth  
Cuz he couldn't tell her  
He knew the truth was just gonna kill her  
She took the house, the car and the kids  
She took it hard  
And he took the fifth

There up on the wall is his own judge and jury  
All them rolled into to one  
And long about sundown, they'll find him guilty  
Who knows where the bottles come from  
Maybe he's sorry he did it  
But he won't get sober enough to admit it

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