

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

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

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
He took the fifth
Brown paper bag and a new empty bottle