

Brooks & Dunn, Whiskey Do My Talkin'

I'm not some c'mon strong, Romeo cowboy,
No, I'm not that type.
Without a little help, I'd prob'ly have two left feet.
But you ain't gonna let that happen tonight.
Turn up that jukebox, sit me at the bar.
I promised her the moon, you throw in the stars.

Whiskey, do my talkin',
Say all the things I can't.
Here's to you, my hundred proof friend,
Oh, go on an' do your thing.
She's just a line away from fallin',
Goin' wild, an' honky-tonkin'...
Whiskey, do my talkin'.

I'm better on the street in the broad daylight.
If I could bring myself to speak or get a word out right.
But you put me in a bar-room, you put a drink in my hand...
I'm a cool, calm, collected, silver-tongued ladies man.

Whiskey, do my talkin',
Say all the things I can't.
Here's to you, my hundred proof friend,
Oh, go on an' do your thing.
She's just a line away from fallin',
Goin' wild, an' honky-tonkin'...
Whiskey, do my talkin'.

[Instrumental Break]

Oh, I... tell her all the things I can't.
Here's to you, my hundred proof friend,
Go on an' do your thing.
She's just a line away from fallin',
Goin' wild, an' honky-tonkin'...
Hey.

Whiskey, do my talkin',
Say all the things I can't.
Here's to you, my hundred proof friend,
Oh, go on an' do your thing.
She's just a line away from fallin',
Goin' wild, an' honky-tonkin'...
Whiskey, do my talkin'.

Oh, I.