

Gary Allan, Bourbon Borderline

I wake up in the morning full of dread
Tryin' to remember what I'd said
I say that I won't call you
And I mean it every time
Until I cross that bourbon borderline

I wish that I could tell you why I call
Sometimes it's just hard for me, that's all
I know that it's over and it's just a waste of time
Until I cross that bourbon borderline

Memories of you surround me
And I'm afraid the tears might drown me
Oh, I think I'm doing fine
Until I cross that bourbon borderline

It's good that I just do this now and then
You know I'm really not a drinking man
But I coan't bear to talk about us any other time
Until I cross that bourbon borderline

Memories of you surround me
And I'm afraid the tears might drown me
Oh, I think I'm doing fine
Until I cross that bourbon borderline

Oh, I think I'm doing fine
Until I cross that bourbon borderline...