

# 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...