

Julie Roberts, Chasin' Whiskey

That isolating fan is moving left to right
Like it's mocking me for coming here again last night
I slide from under your arm, you're still out stone cold
As I fumble through the twisted sheets looking for my clothes
I step over that spot on your hardwood floor
The one that always squeaks when I'm sneaking out your door

Some use water, others use beer
Some don't need anything but I end up here
Searching for comfort for this burnout can't soothe
Chasing my whiskey with you

I call up my sister and tell her, don't say a word
You know where I am, I'll wait here by the curb
Just like an addiction, well, I tried to give you up
But I know all bets are off when I've had too much
With an empty shot glass on a Budweiser coaster
Staring at my cell phone as closing time gets closer

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Every time is the last time
Til the next time rolls around
I'll trade lonely for a regret
It's easier to drown

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