

# 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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