

# Morgan Wallen, Keith Whitley

I'm no stranger to the rain  
It starts rainin', I start pourin'  
I'll take hurt like hell in the mornin'  
Over feeling this way  
There ain't a mirror in this house anymore  
'Cause it kills me to see  
The guy that let you leave  
And walk right out the door  
Kentucky bluebird, Kentucky bourbon  
Sure got this ole boy hurtin' in Tennessee

Good whiskey, girl, it just don't last  
When Keith Whitley, keeps bringin' ya up like that  
Gets me drinkin' 'bout us and what it was  
The things I love got a way of gettin' gone too soon  
Kinda like good whiskey, Keith Whitley and you

I hate the way you say nothing at all  
I guess you said what you had to say  
But what's killin' me tonight  
Is when he's lovin' on you, baby, you don't close your eyes

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When Keith Whitley, keeps bringin' ya up like that  
Gets me drinkin' 'bout us and what it was  
The things I love got a way of gettin' gone too soon  
Kinda like good whiskey, Keith Whitley and you

Miami, my Amy  
You sure got this ole boy hurtin' up here in Tennessee

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Gets me drinkin' 'bout us and what it was  
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