

Morgan Wallen, Whiskey'd My Way

You thought I'd die
When you said goodbye
For a minute I thought that I would
And there for awhile
Couldn't even fake a smile
Even if the bad joke sounded good

I went off the rails
Thought hell, might as well
Rock bottom was calling my name
But lookin' back now, I oughta be
In the moving on hall of fame

It wasn't my buddies
It wasn't my mama
It wasn't no self-help how-to
It wasn't old records
It wasn't old flames
Or dancing with somebody new
Tequila made me crazy
Cold beer wouldn't do
So I whiskey'd my way over you

You saw me out
On a Friday downtown
With a smile that came stumbling back in
Guess that killed your mood
'Cause you did what you do
Turned around and walked out again
So pour a little more bourbon
Oh, it's the only thing been working

It wasn't my buddies
It wasn't my mama
It wasn't no self-help how-to
It wasn't old records
It wasn't old flames
Or dancing with somebody new
Tequila made me crazy
Cold beer wouldn't do
So I whiskey'd my way over you

Whiskey'd my way
Whiskey'd my way

Oh, keep the barkeep workin'
Oh, pour it on this hurtin'

It wasn't my buddies
It wasn't my mama
It wasn't no self-help how-to
It wasn't old records
And it wasn't old flames
Or dancing with somebody new
Tequila made me crazy
Cold beer wouldn't do
So I whiskey'd my way over you

Tequila didn't cut it
Cold beer was no use
So I whiskey'd my way over you