

Rory Gallagher, Bourbon

Well, he's drinking down the bourbon like it was soda pop,
Trying to quell a feeling he knows ain't gonna stop,
He's mortgaged out his blood for one more chance to breathe.

He had the D.T.'s for breakfast, the shakes till noon,
He picked up his bag and left the motel room,
His head is held high but his heart is on it's knees.

Well, he packed his guitar and his bar-room tan,
Gotta get some miles behind him as fast as he can,
Another destination, some place else to play.

Well, he left a life behind him in some old trailer park.
They tried to make it work; it was ruined from the start.
He had to shake the rust, it became time to leave.

It's a honky-tonk engagement,
But there's no better place to play.
His face feels like crazy pavement,
It's getting more lined every day.

Well, he's gonna write a letter and try to explain,
She says he's too old to have these growing pains,
But something keeps him moving, living on through the night.

But as the night approaches, a change is in the air,
His heart is pumping fast, he's got no cares.
The music befriends him, it can take him anywhere.

It's a honky-tonk engagement,
But there's no better place to play.
His mind feels like crazy pavement,
He's getting crazed out every day.

Well, he's drinking down the bourbon like it was soda pop,
Trying to quell a feeling he knows ain't gonna stop,
He's mortgaged out his blood for one more chance to breathe.

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