

# Wishbone Ash, Lady Whiskey

Lady Whiskey, such a sad sight, stumblin' as she walks.  
She even hates herself sometimes.  
Keep her clear, for it's Saturday night.  
Drowns her sorrow, eases her pain,  
Waits for tomorrow, when she'll do the same again.  
Lady Whiskey's got a man, her man is just like her -  
Tries to fit the key in the door  
When he comes home Saturday night.  
Drowns his sorrow, eases his pain,  
Waits for tomorrow, when he'll do the same again.  
Lady Whiskey's got a son, got a daughter, too.  
Son don't play, but the daughter's on the way  
When she comes home Saturday night.  
Lady Whiskey, she gets sick when she goes downtown.  
One day drink's gonna put her down -  
She won't come home Saturday night.