

# Allison Moorer, Dying Breed

I take a pint of whiskey  
And crack open it's lid  
I drink the bottle empty  
Just like my poor daddy did  
I take after my family  
My fate's the blood in me  
No one grows old in this household  
We are a dying breed  
I take a red and blue one  
From my Mama's purse  
I wash 'em down with homemade wine  
To see what kicks in first  
I take after my family  
My fate's the blood in me  
No one grows old in this household  
We are a dying breed  
I take another needle  
Black powder and a spoon  
I set my sights on heaven  
And shoot for the moon  
I take after my family  
My fate's the blood in me  
No one grows old in this household  
We are a dying breed