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