

# Dan Hill, Sour Whiskey

Hand me down another whiskey sour  
I'm a willing victim to it's spell  
And I just can't rebel  
I'm far too thirsty and too tired  
Hold me like you'd hold a broken soldier  
Who's forgotten the meaning of war  
Please don't close that door  
I'm about as pure as a children's choir

Chorus:  
Sunshine  
Can you spread your warmth over me  
Chase the clouds from the sky casually  
Make me feel like a child  
Once again

Sunshine  
How does it feel lost in the sky  
Is it dizzy looking down from that high  
Well you know  
You've always got a friend

One more drink and this day'll be over  
I can already feel the cold  
My jacket I sold  
For fifteen dollars worth of booze  
One more drink and I'll be off on some  
Rainbow  
Looking down at this world below  
I'm so high that I'm low  
But this is the only life I'd choose