

Drive By Truckers, Women Without Whiskey

If I make it through this year, I think I'm gonna put this bottle down
Maybe as time goes on I'll learn to miss it less than I do now
Think I'm gonna tell her that I'm gonna go away for a while
Till I can get this demon out

You know the bottle ain't to blame and I ain't trying to
It don't make you do a thing it just lets you
When I'm six feet underground, I'll need a drink or two
And I'll sure miss you

Take me piece by piece till there ain't nothing left worth taking away from me

The highway's humming in my head and it's hard to hear
Won't you read my lips if I pull you near enough
Could you read my fortune in the bottem of this coffee cup
Tell me how to tell when I've had enough

If morning's a bitch with open arms and night's a girl who's gone to far
Whiskey is harder to keep than a woman and it's half as sweet but
Women without whiskey, Women without whiskey
Whiskey is hard to beat
Whiskey is hard to beat