

# 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