

Gary Allan, Drinkin' Dark Whiskey

Drinkin' dark whiskey
Tellin' white lies
One leads to another
On a Saturday night
Don't ya cross your heart
Unless you hope to die
Drinkin' dark whiskey
Tellin' white lies

Well, the first drop burns
But the second one goes down smooth
Then that old black label
Gets a hold of you
It loosens your tongue
But it never tells the truth

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When the bottle starts talkin'
Be careful what he might say
He talks in the dark
Like he never would in the day
Then he gets in trouble
Just as soon as he gets away

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Well a little white lie
Don't mean anyone no good
When it's makin' the rounds
All over the neighborhood
Next thing you know
You're all misunderstood
When you're...

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