

Hank Williams Jr., There's A Devil In The Bottle

I come home late at night with my boots in my hands.
Stumble in the back door being quiet as I can.
And I know she's there in bed, cold and all alone.
and she's crying because I'm breaking up our home.
And she knows the hell I'm going through in this world inside my head.
There's a devil in the bottle lord and he wants to see me dead.
I fall into her arms and she helps me with my clothes.

Guess she stays on with me cause she really knows,
that I'm tryin' Lord, to find my freedom by excaping to the only freedom I've ever known.
And she knows the hell I'm going through in this world inside my head.
There's a devil in the bottle lord and he won't rest until I'm dead.
There's a devil living in the bottle Lord and he won't rest 'til I'm dead
and its killing her too, watching me die this way