

Hank Williams Jr., Whiskey On Ice

Woke up this mornin',
Tastin' Jim Beam.
Holdin' the answer,
To some ol' boys dream.
I gotta bad reputation,
Guess I made life wild.
Like my whiskey on ice,
And my women on fire.

From Memphis to Mobile,
I've played all the die.
Lord knows I'm lucky,
Just to still be alive.
I'm an all around rebel,
And I won't be denied.
Like my whiskey on ice,
And my women on fire.

I like my whiskey on ice,
My women on fire.
Like a good soundin' guitar,
And won't be called a liar,
I spent many long night,
With a burnin' desire.
Pour my whiskey on ice,
And my women on fire.

Some folks talk about me,
Guess they always will.
They think it's been an easy ride,
And all been down hill.

What they don't think about,
What they don't realize.
Is the shoes that I'm fillin',
Are a mighty big size.
One night in Nashville,
Tried to take my life.
'Cause my friends had all left me,
And so had my wife.
But a fast flight to Florda,
Made me realize,
I had some whiskey on ice,
And some Florida women on fire,

I like my whiskey on ice,
My women on fire.
Like a good soundin' guitar,
And won't be called a liar.
I spent many long nights,
With a burnin' desire.
Pour my whiskey on ice,
And my women on fire.

I like my whiskey on ice,
Women on fire,
Like a good feelin' guitar,
And won't be called a liar,
I may grow old,
But I'll never grow tired,
Of my whiskey on ice,
And my women,
Women on fire

