

Martina McBride, Cheap Whiskey

He sits all alone in his easy chair
Staring back on his lost yesterdays
Long before he encountered the bottle
And the demons that drove her away
In his hand he is holding her photograph
Her image all tear-stained and worn
Tonight he's embracing reality
And he curses the day he was born
And the darkness still echoes her warning
You can't have two loves in your life
Now the things that will haunt him
Until the day that he dies
Is the smell of cheap whiskey
And the sound of goodbye
Since the hour that she left he's been sober
And each breath that he draws makes him think
About the light of his life gone forever
When he traded her love for a drink
And the darkness still echoes her warning
You can't have two loves in your life
Now the things that will haunt him
Until the day that he dies
Is the smell of cheap whiskey
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