

# 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  
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Now the things that will haunt him  
Until the day that he dies  
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