

# Pam Tillis, Whiskey On The Wound

(Leslie Winn Satcher)

He was strong and of sound mind  
'Til the day he crossed the line  
Between an east Kentucky girl and his wife  
In his heart there wasn't room  
So they tore his heart in two  
And he survived by pouring whiskey on the wound

Another faithless heart  
Locked inside a neon tomb  
Hiding in the dark and  
Pouring whiskey on the wound

Well the girl was just the first  
In a string of bad to worse  
Yet the bourbon seems to deaden all that hurts  
But closin' time comes way too soon  
He can't abide a cold bedroom  
So he survives by pouring whiskey on the wound

Another faithless heart  
Locked inside a neon tomb  
Hiding in the dark and  
Pouring whiskey on the wound

By tomorrow he'll be gone  
And they'll say he left alone  
But that old bar stool won't be empty long  
'Cause some other hopeless fool  
Trying to escape the truth  
Will sit right down  
And pour some whiskey on the wound

Now it's another faithless heart  
Locked inside a neon tomb  
Hiding in the dark and  
Pouring whiskey on the wound