## 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