

# Pat Green, The Bottle

Now women and whiskey, they ain't the answer  
Lord, well I just know that this here is true  
But the way that I'm feeling, I just might be thinking  
Lord, tonight they just might have to do  
I've spent a lot of long and lonely nights in honkey tonk taverns  
I was two fisted drinking and fighting back against the wall  
And I know it's a problem, a no win situation,  
but I can't seem to resist that old whiskey call  
Mister pour me a drink  
Hell, give me the bottle  
Set me down in the corner 'till we're two sheets gone  
And don't tell me no stories, about a good hearted woman  
I wanna hear "Your Cheatin' Heart" and cry all night long  
Now me and my buddies  
We've got a lot in common  
We all wish we could take time and just turn it around  
Take us back to the good old days  
of hard work and cowboy ways  
Take us to a swingin' door saloon  
This is what we'll say  
Hey Mister pour us a drink  
Hell, give us the bottle  
Set us down in the corner 'till we're two sheets gone  
And don't tell me no stories, about a good hearted woman  
I wanna hear "Your Cheatin' Heart" and cry all night long  
Yeah, pour us a drink  
Hell, give us the bottle  
Set us down in the corner 'till we're two sheets gone  
And don't tell us no stories, about a goodhearted woman  
I wanna hear "Your Cheatin' Heart" and cry all night long