

Patty Loveless, Cheap Whiskey

(Jim Rushing/Emory Gordy, Jr)

He sits all alone in his easy chair
Staring back on all 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 still haunt him
Till the day he dies
Is the smell of cheap whiskey
And the sound of goodbye

Since the hour she left he's been sober
And each breath that he draws makes him think
Of the love of his life lost forever
When he traded her love for a drink

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