

Planes Mistaken For Stars, A Six Inch Valley

the sheets are soaked in whiskey, i still can't stop this shaking.
the sheets are soaked in whiskey, my bottle's empty again.
it's getting harder to stay sober, dwelling on the dim on this shame.
and you know, i couldn't sell you a lie to save my life.
so it's up to ugly truths to scapre us by.
or down to dirty tricks to keep us blind.
the sheets are soaked in whiskey, your bags are packed.
i still can't stop this shaking, my bottle's empty again.
the lines get blurred when there's bills to pay, babes to bury, and babes to feed.
you bought forever with a better man.
did you remember, forever never ends?