

Rodney Atkins, Wasted Whiskey

I had every intention of getting hammered here tonight
I gave my truck keys to the bar keep
Said Dave, don't you dare let me drive
In the middle of this bottle
I drank my train of thought off track
So I've gotta stop drinking or start rethinking my reason for throwing them back

Cause it's just wasted whiskey trying to drink you off my mind
There ain't enough bourbon behind this bar
And I ain't got that kinda time
So I'm gonna stand while I can and raise my glass
Toast every time you kiss me
Cause drinking to forget about you
Is wasted whiskey

So here's to new beginnings and to the memories
And cheers to your mamma and daddy cause they were right about you and me
And here's to Milsap on the jukebox and to your new friends you've found
And here's to our joint account, master card cause I'm buying the whole house a round

Repeat chorus

It's just wasted whiskey trying to drink you off my mind
There ain't enough bourbon behind this bar
And I ain't got that kinda time
I'm gonna stand while I can and raise my glass
Toast every single time you ever kissed me
Cause drinking to forget about you
Is wasted whiskey
Drinking to forget about you
That's just wasted whiskey