

Wishing Chair And Kara Barnard, Whiskey For Breakfast

I woke one morning in the mountain pines
I was walking down the road, feeling fine
I saw a woman from afar
She was drinking whiskey from a canning jar
Singing Lord preserve us and protect us
She's been drinking whiskey for breakfast

Six a.m. the cow's on the road
She falls down and the jar gets thrown
The cow lets out a great big yawn
The jar goes in and the whiskey's gone
Singing Lord preserve us and protect us
The cow's been drinking whiskey for breakfast

A jigger of milk from that old cow
Will make you think the Lord's come down
Blessed her udder and I'll tell you the truth
Blessed her milk with a hundred proof
Singing Lord preserve us and protect us
We've been drinking whiskey for breakfast