

The Whiskey's Working

Jill Johnson

I can't remember your number
I couldn't spell your name
If I had a gun to my head right now
I couldn't picture your face
The whiskey's working

If I could drive to your front door
I couldn't find the key
The one you hid from everyone
in the world but me

I think the whiskey's working
I think it's found its mark
the last piece of me that could feel a thing
just gave up in the dark
drink past the hurting
I guess the whiskey's working

My hands ain't shaking
and my eyes are closed
and I'm less thirsty for you
with every sip of this liquid gold
I guess the whiskey's working

I'm gonna drink till the morning
I'll just let it pour
think I'll love you little less
If I drink a little more
If I drink a little more

I think the whiskey's working
I think it's found its mark
If I'm lucky I'll forget you baby
before I drown my heart
get past the hurting and pray it's working
guess the whiskey's working
I'm not certain anymore
I think the whiskey's working