

Whiskey, Whiskey

Nat Stuckey

She's a little bit of the sunshine just before it rains
A little like this quiet night before the cold winds came
She's a little bit like the weather
I never know when she's gonna change
She's a part of my heart and a whole lot of my pain

So whiskey whiskey, my old friend
I've come to talk with you again
Milk of mercy, please be kind
Drive this feeling from my mind

Don't you know somehow her smile can make the day begin
She'd take away this mask of gray and let the sun shine in
Now I find that I've been blinded by the cold and winter wind
She disguised behind her eyes, oh, what a fool I've been

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