

Blues, You're A Buzz Kill

Pistol Annies

Blues, you're a buzzkill
You sneak up on my pain pills
Jack Daniels can't swallow you whole
Hey Blues, you're a tough act to follow

Ain't no needle that can kill
The pain that I feel
No smoke that can clear all this air
Hey Blues, nothing compares

To the way that you hurt
The way that you sting
The way that you bring me
Down to my knees
If whiskey can't drown you
What the hell will
Hey Blues, you're a buzzkill

You showed up at a party
Where I thought I'd partied so hard
That you'd be gone for good
Hey Blues, guess I misunderstood

You're good at disguising
And I'm good at lying
Right here, in some stranger's bed
Hey Blues, you're over my head

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The way that you sting
The way that you bring me
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