

Cocktail and a Song

The Highwomen

Daddy passed me his bottle of tequila
Said, "Times running out, we're gonna have to pretend it's a margarita
It's the order of things, it's the way it goes
Don't you look at me, girl, like I'm already gone"

The day is close, it won't be long
Couple of cocktails and a song
And don't you let me see you cry
Don't you go grieving
Not before I'm gone

He had his lighter on a leash and menthols in his shirt pocket
Said, "I'm going up with the smoke, there's no doin' anything to stop it
So take a deep breath, quit with the countdown
You've always been your daddy's girl, nothing's gonna change that now"

The day is close, it won't be long
Couple of cocktails and a song
And don't you let me see you cry
Don't you go grieving
Not before I'm gone

And then he started down at his shoes
Through the pink begonia's blue
Said daddy, all I wanna is your silver belt buckle
And maybe you black Stetson hat
And both of us laughed about that

The day is close, no it won't be long
Couple of cocktails and a song
Don't you let me see you cry
Don't you go grieving
Not before I die