If Whiskey Could Talk

Tyler Childers

If whiskey could talk, it'd say I'm a great guy
Or at least it ought to, for as much as I buy
But it's money well spent just to help me feel free
From the pain she creates, when she's cheatin' on me

Well she's at it again, livin' high on the streets
So I reach for the bottle just to help me to sleep
And I lay here in bed and dream of a time
When she was content with being all mine

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Or at least it ought to, for as much as I buy
But it's money well spent just to help me feel free
From the pain she creates when she's cheatin' on me

She'll come back to me when the lights have gone down
And she's ran out of men to buy her a round
But she dreads comin' home to that drunk in her bed
Who's living alone hangin' on by a thread

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