

Houston County Sky

Whiskey Myers

Pour me up a drink, there's a bottle in the seat
I'm only half way to crazy by now
We are past that breaking point, past that road of choice
And there ain't nothing left in this town
I thought by now I woulda figured shit out

You and me we got some bad reputations
We dance round like thieves in the night
I bet your halo could use some reconsideration
But it's the only thing that makes this alright

Heaven knows time ain't slowing down
Yeah we still kick around our same ol' stomping grounds
And life, it'll pass you by
As you drink all through the night under a Houston county sky

So roll me up a smoke, I'll take a toke for hope
I'm only half way to 80 by now
You was the peanut queen, I was 17 and mean
You wanted so bad to leave this town
Ain't it funny how it all works out

Ain't nothing left but making love and raising babies
There ain't nothing wrong with the simple life
Hey darling, I love you, but the smoke is getting hazy
Maybe we should just get drunk and fight
Down at the Gin on a Saturday night

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