

# Moon in a Mason Jar

## The Band Steele

Whiskey whispers good intentions but it always goes south. Can't get the words out my mouth. Can't get the words out my mouth before someone mentions another case and a bottle of crown. We're about to tear this house down. We're about to tear this house down.

If you want a few drinks or a few scars we can give you either one in the front yard. Just give us the keys to your car. We'll show you how to catch the moon in a mason jar. Got hippies by the fire gettin skunked up southern girls spinnin round gettin drunk'd up. Don't come around here if you're stuck up cause Everybody's gonna tell ya shut the front door.

To much Whiskey to be walking but my dancings just fine. Got these girls standin in line, Got these girls standin in line. She aint use to the way im talking. These slurred words gonna make her mine. Yeah I'll be your hell of a time, I'll be your hell of a time.

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I woke up in the middle of no where I woke up with another smile. And I ain't talking bout mine no I'm not talking bout mine. Baby girl how the hell'd we get here I don't even know your name. She said she'd tell me next time she said she'd tell me next time.

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Lyrics Submitted by Alishia Adair

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