

If Drinkin' Don't Kill Me (her Memory Will)

George Jones

The bars are all closed, it's four in the morning
Must have shut 'em all down by the shape that I'm in
I lay my head on the wheel and the horn begins honking
The whole neighborhood knows that I'm home drunk again
If drinking don't kill me, her memory will
I can't hold out much longer the way that I feel
With the blood from my body, I could start my own still
But if drinking don't kill me, her memory will

These old bones they move slow but so sure of their footsteps
As I trip on the floor and lightly touch down
Lord, it's been ten bottles since I tried to forget her
But the memory still lingers lying here on the ground
And if drinking don't kill me, her memory will
I can't hold out much longer the way that I feel
With the blood from my body, I could start my own still
But if drinking don't kill me, her memory will

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