Whiskey and Lace

Krystal Keith

Kasey needs another spray on tan
Momma's here to keep Cheyenne
It's almost nine o'clock and time to go
She's livin' in a single wide
Doin' what she has to, to survive
And Tuesday nights are always kinda slowBut she hops into that old Trans Am
Cranks up some Marshall Tucker Band
Puttin' makeup on, singin' lonely "Can't You See"
Well she walks into that back stage door
Changes out of what she wore
Pours herself a double shot of Jackie D(CHORUS)
Ain't exactly where she wants to be
Next month's rent don't grow on trees
And she tries to put a smile upon her face
As the DJ calls her up to the stage
She goes by another name
And hides behind the whiskey and laceShe spins around to "Purple Rain"
Every night's the same damn thing
She drifts off into another place
She don't wanna see who's here tonight
Thank God the spotlight blinds her eyes
And it won't take long 'til the music starts to fadeNow she's picking up the dollar bills
Leaves the runway in her heels
Starts countin' out the cash she gets to keep
She tells off, checks her hair
Falls into her dressing chair
Pours herself another shot of Jackie DAin't exactly where she wants to be
Next month's rent don't grow on trees
And she tries to keep a smile upon her face
As the DJ calls her back to the stage
She goes by her other name
And hides behind the whiskey and laceHer shift's about to end and now it's almost 2am
And she's wishin' she was home and with Cheyenne
This ain't exactly where she wants to be
Next month's rent don't grow on trees
And she tries to keep a smile upon her face
As the DJ calls her up to the stage
She goes by her other name
And hides behind the whiskey and laceOoh, ooh, ooh

Whiskey and lace

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