

# Old Number Seven

## The Devil Makes Three

I guess I grew up on an old dirt road  
Pedal to the metal always did what I was told  
'Till I found out that my brand new clothes  
Came second hand from the rich kids next door  
When I grew up fast I guess I grew up mean  
There's a thousand things inside my head I wish I ain't seen  
And now I just wander through a real bad dream  
Feelin' like I'm coming apart at the seams  
Thank you Jack Daniel's Old Number Seven  
Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven  
Angels start to look good to me  
They're gonna have to deport me to the fiery deep  
Thank you Jack Daniel's Old Number Seven  
Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven  
I know I can't stay here too long  
'Cause I can't go a week without doin' wrong  
Without doin' wrong  
Without doin' wrong  
Without doin' wrong (Drinkin' in heaven) So I'm sitting at the bar stool it starts to grow roots  
Feelin' like an old worn out pair of shoes  
Tell me what is it that I should do  
When I'm swimming in the liquor only half way through  
So I'm watching as his wings spread as wide as could be  
Come on now and wrap them around me  
'Cause all I want to do now is fall to sleep  
Come down here and lay next to me  
Thank you Jack Daniel's Old Number Seven  
Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven  
Up here the bottle never runs dry  
And you never wake up with those tears in your eyes  
Thank you Jack Daniel's Old Number Seven  
Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven  
Angels start to look good to me  
They're gonna have to deport me  
To the fiery deep (Old Number Seven)  
To the fiery deep (Drinkin' in heaven)  
To the fiery deep (Old Number Seven)  
To the fiery deep (Drinkin' in heaven)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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