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 seamsThank 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 as 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 eyesThank 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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