Devil In The Bottle

Hank Williams, Jr.

I come home late at night with my boots in my hands
Stumble in the back door being quiet as I can
And I know she's there in bed, cold and all alone
And she's crying because I'm breaking up our homeAnd she knows the hell I'm going through in this world inside my head
There's a devil in the bottle, Lord, and he wants to see me dead
I fall into her arms and she helps me with my clothesGuess, she stays on with me 'cause she really knows
That I'm tryin' Lord, to find my freedom
By escaping to the only freedom I've ever known
And she knows the hell I'm going through in this world inside my headThere's a devil in the bottle, Lord, and he won't rest until I'm dead
There's a devil living in the bottle, Lord, and he won't rest 'til I'm dead
And it's killing her too, watching me die this way

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