

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>