

Your Whiskey

[Kree Harrison](#)

Golden tongue from a wide oak barrel.
Twelve years old.
Way up on the shelf.
90 proof stamped on that lable.
Tearing off and wearin' nothin else.
Wish it was me you were comin home to.
Wish it was me helpin what you gl through.
That burning thing you love anticipating.
Wish I took the edge off the pain.
Wish i put a smile on your face.
In the middle of the day its me youre missin.
Wish I was your whiskey.
Im lieing wide awake and sober.
And Youre dyeing from that aching in your head.
No id never leave your heart hung over.
But youre feeling up on soemthing else instead.
Yeah wish it was me you were coming home to.
Wish it was me helpin what you go through.
That burning thing you love anticipating.
Wish i took the edge off the pain.
With i put a smile on your face in the middle of the day its me youre missin.
Id be the glass pressed against your lips.
Watch your hands touch every night.
How id even be that cube of ice.
Wish it was me you were comin home to.
Me helpin what you go through.
That burning thing you love anticipating.
Wish i took the edge off the pain.
Wish i put a smile on your face.
All this love balled up that youre missing.
Wish i was your whiskey.
Yeah your whiskey

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

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