Whiskey Trail

Los Lobos

Heaven is a place where good men go
Maybe it's a place that I won't know
Heading down that whiskey trailMama told me not to run, 'cause I might fall
But never was the kind to listen much at all
Heading down that whiskey trailDamn that old whiskey trailDaddy drank his dinner from a paper sack
Made it out the door one day
And never came back
Heading down that whiskey trailThey say that I'm a chip off a son of a gun
With nowhere to hide out and nowhere to run
Heading down that whiskey trailCan't you hear the engines wail
Damn that old whiskey trailCan't you hear the engines wail
Damn that old whiskey trail

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