

# These Days

## Kelsey's Woods

CHORUS:

I'm halfway down in the bottom of a bottle  
& I ain't gonna change my ways  
But I ain't half bad when I'm doin' what I oughta  
It don't happen much these days

Now the blues only make the whiskey taste better to a lonely fool like me  
Keep hangin' around like an old love letter  
Or a long lost memory  
If I could turn my heart into ashes  
& dump it in the deep blue sea;  
Then I might forget about your long eyelashes and the way you looked at me

CHORUS:

'Cause I'm halfway down in the bottom of a bottle  
& I ain't gonna change my ways  
But I ain't half bad when I'm doin' what I oughta  
It don't happen much these days

It's been two long years since I seen my pretty baby  
But I hear you're doin' fine  
But I can't help but wonder what might've been maybe  
If it wasn't for this heart of mine

If I were down to my last silver dollar  
& the whiskey had all run dry  
I'd toss it on down in some ole holler,  
Hang my head and cry

CHORUS:

'Cause I'm halfway down in the bottom of a bottle  
& I ain't gonna change my ways  
But I ain't half bad when I'm doin' what I oughta  
It don't happen much these days

INSTRUMENT BREAK

Yeah, I'm halfway down in the bottom of a bottle  
& I ain't gonna change my ways  
But I ain't half bad when I'm doin' what I oughta

It don't happen much these days

I'm halfway down in the bottom of a bottle  
& I ain't gonna change my ways  
But I ain't half bad when I'm doin' what I oughta  
It don't happen much these days

Don't happen much these days  
These days  
It don't happen much these days

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