

Whisky Lullabies

Janet Devlin

When I was a child
they'd ask me where it hurt
and wipe the tears from my eyes
Sure embraces,
gentle forehead kisses
making sure that I was alright
As I grew older and the nights grew shorter
I no longer cared where it hurt
All I hear is, Whisky Lullabies
there to cradle me to sleep
All I hear is, Whisky Lullabies
there to cradle me to sleep
Scars they heal in time
the raw wounds on my mind
they aren't so easily fixed
You can't mend what isn't broken
Kind words are rarely spoken
in time I will learn this
But I grow older
and the nights grow shorter
drowning as I sink or swim
All I hear is, Whisky Lullabies
there to cradle me to sleep
All I hear is, Whisky Lullabies
there to cradle me to sleep
Sticks and stones they break me to the bone
Words they cut they will always hurt me
Please be my saving Grace
Please be my saving Grace
How to answer all my prayers
Please be my saving Grace
All I hear is, Whisky
Lullabies
there to cradle me to sleep
and all I hear is, Whisky Lullabies
there to cradle me to sleep
Sticks and stones they break me to the bone
Words they cut, they will always hurt me
Sticks and stones they break me to the bone
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