Whisky Lullabies

Janet Devlin

When I was a child
they'd ask me where it hurt
and wipe the tears from my eyesSure embraces,
gentle forehead kisses
making sure that I was alrightAs I grew older and the nights grew shorter
I no longer cared where it hurtAll I hear is, Whisky Lullabies
there to cradle me to sleep
All I hear is, Whisky Lullabies
there to cradle me to sleepScars they heal in time
the raw wounds on my mind
they aren't so easily fixedYou can't mend what isn't broken
Kind words are rarely spoken
in time I will learn thisBut I grow older
and the nights grow shorter
drowning as I sink or swimAll I hear is, Whisky Lullabies
there to cradle me to sleep
All I hear is, Whisky Lullabies
there to cradle me to sleepSticks and stones they break me to the bone
Words they cut they will always hurt mePlease be my saving Grace
Please be my saving GraceHow to answer all my prayersPlease be my saving GraceAll I hear is, Whisky Lullabies
there to cradle me to sleep
and all I hear is, Whisky Lullabies
there to cradle me to sleepSticks 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
Words they cut, they will always hurt me

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