Lady Whiskey

Wishbone Ash

Lady whiskey, such a sad sight
Stumblin' as she walks
She even hates herself sometimes
Keep her clear, for it's Saturday nightDrowns her sorrow
Eases her pain
Waits for tomorrow
When she'll do the same againLady whiskey's got a man
Man is just like her
Try to fit the key in the door
He comes home on Saturday nightDrowns his sorrow
Eases his pain
Waits for tomorrow
When he'll do the same againLady whiskey's got a son, got a daughter, too
Son don't play, but the daughter's on the way
When she comes home on Saturday nightDrowns her sorrow
Eases her pain
Waits for tomorrow
When she'll do the same againLady whiskey, she gets sick
When she goes downtown
One day drink's gonna put her down
She won't come home on Saturday night

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