

This Bottle (In My Hand)

David Allan Coe

Last week he spent
His whole pay check on whiskey
I know Friday night he'll do it all again
Oh he'll drink till he falls down
Then he'll order one more round
And then go home with that bottle in his hand
And the only thing I can hold on to
Is this bottle in my hand
I know I'll never have to share it
With any other man
I'm so glad you introduced us
And I'll do the best I can
To be faithful to this bottle in my hand
She told George that changing diapers
Could sure become a drag
And to clean the house and cook for him
Was not her kind of bag
She said he needed someone
Who would love and understand
Then she left him with that bottle in his hand
And the only thing I can count on now
Is this bottle in my hand
I know I'll never have to share it
Oh with any other man
And I'm so glad you introduced us
Oh I'll do the best I can
To be faithful to this bottle in my hand
Yes we'll be faithful to this bottle in our hand

Songwriters

David Allan Coe
Published by

WARNER-TAMERLANE PUBLISHING CORP.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>