

# Oh! Whiskey

Jimi Goodwin

I saw a child with a skipping rope  
I said I used to be like that  
One of these days I'm gonna give myself a real good talking to  
And recover some youth, maybe give up the booze  
What have I got to lose?  
Oh! Whiskey give me patience  
Oh! Whiskey give me truth  
Oh! Whiskey give me empathy  
Just don't give me the blues  
Please don't give me the blues So now I'm wearing the railway suit  
A spirit receiver that needs to be renewed  
Oh false friend where were you when I needed you  
Maybe give up the booze, recover some youth  
What have I got to lose?  
Oh! Whiskey give me patience  
Oh! You used to bring me truth  
Oh! You used to give me empathy  
How come you just give me the blues?  
Please don't give me the blues  
Please don't give me the blues Oh Arthur Bell and Son I'd like a word or two  
In remembrance of the times you used to waltz me round the room  
But there's a limit to those thoughts  
A contractual clause or two  
And if it's all the same I'd rather not  
I think I've learnt my lesson now with you (Don't speak too soon) I guess the good times have all gone  
I gotta stop think and shake off your stink  
My patience is dissolving like the ice in my drink  
Have you had enough?  
Think you've had enough  
Have you had too much?  
I think you've had too much  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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