Devil In The Bottle

T.G. Sheppard

I come home late at night with my boots in my hands
Stumble in the back door being quiet as I can
And I know sheâ€™s there in bed, cold and all alone
And sheâ€™s crying â€˜cause Iâ€™m breaking up our home

(Chorus)
And she knows the hell Iâ€™m going through
In this world inside my head
Thereâ€™s a devil in the bottle
And he wants to see me dead

I fall into her arms and she helps me with my clothes
I guess she stays on with me because she really knows
That Iâ€™m trying, Lord, to find my freedom
By escaping to the only freedom Iâ€™ve ever known

(Chorus)

And itâ€™s killing her to watch me die this wayâ€¦.

Written by Bobby David
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Lyrics submitted by Grant Horn.

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