

Whiskey and I

Kevin Fowler

Little cutie said, 'come on, let's do a shot'
For a second there I looked at her and thought, 'why not?'
I guess she don't know what everybody knows in here
I said, 'thanks but no thanks, I think I'll just stick with beer' 'Cause whiskey and I, we go way back
That first half pint in a paper sack
It ain't been a time we were carrying on
With some kind of something that could go wrong Hard as I try again and again
Gotta face the facts, we can't be friends
Whiskey and I, we don't get along All I know is there's some things you just don't mix
I'm just saying nothing good could come from this
When that first shot, it turns into three or four
Better hide the women, pull the shade and lock the doors 'Cause whiskey and I, we go way back
That first half pint in a paper sack
It ain't been a time we were carrying on
With some kind of something that could go wrong Hard as I try again and again
Gotta face the facts, we can't be friends
Whiskey and I, we don't get along Much as I hate to say it
Gotta keep it separated
Can't leave the two of us alone 'Cause whiskey and I, we go way back
That first half pint in a paper sack
It ain't been a time we were carrying on
With some kind of something that could go wrong Hard as I try again and again
Gotta face the facts, we can't be friends
Whiskey and I, we don't get along Hard as I try again and again
Gotta face the facts, we can't be friends
Whiskey and I, we don't get along

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