It Won't Hurt

Dwight Yoakam

It won't hurt when I fall down from this bar stool
And it won't hurt when I stumble in the street
It won't hurt 'cause this whiskey eases misery
Even whiskey cannot ease your hurting me
Today I had another 'bout with sorrow
You know this time I almost won
If this bottle would just hold on 'til tomorrow
I know that I'd have sorrow on the run
It won't hurt when I fall down from this bar stool
It won't hurt when I stumble in the street
It won't hurt 'cause this whiskey eases misery
Even whiskey cannot ease your hurting me
Your memory comes back up with each sunrise
I reach out for the bottle and find it's gone, yeah
Lord, somewhere every night the whiskey leaves me
To face this cold, cold world on my own
But it won't hurt when I fall down from this bar stool
It won't hurt when I stumble in the street
It won't hurt 'cause this whiskey eases misery
Even whiskey cannot ease your hurting me
Even whiskey cannot ease your hurting me

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