

# Tennessee

## The Whiskey Saints

I barely remember the first time I met you  
You didn't remember my name  
The alcohol might have clouded your vision  
To me its been doing the same  
But I haven't forgotten the first time I saw you  
At most on your way out of town  
Everyone warned me don't get worked up over nothing  
But nothing is all I've got now You close your eyes and you don't hear me speaking  
That's probably how it should be  
Now I realize you were close to perfection  
But I went and chose Tennessee I tried in vain but I can't rediscover  
The mirror that shows who I am  
Reflecting on you in a warm night in summer  
And all the things I couldn't have planned You close your eyes and you don't hear me speaking  
That's probably how it should be  
Now I realize you were close to perfection  
But I went and chose Tennessee  
I went and chose Tennessee

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