Dying Breed

Allison Moorer

I take a pint of whiskey
And crack open its lid
I drink the bottle empty
Just like my poor daddy didI take after my family
My fate's the blood in me
No one grows old in this household
We are a dying breedI take a red and blue one
From my mama's purse
I wash 'em down with homemade wine
To see what kicks in firstI take after my family
My fate's the blood in me
No one grows old in this household
We are a dying breedI take another needle
Black powder and a spoon
I set my sights on Heaven
And shoot for the moonI take after my family
My fate's the blood in me
No one grows old in this household
We are a dying breed
No one grows old in this household
We are a dying breed

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