Whiskey's Gone

Zac Brown Band

There's a note on the table.
Said I ain't coming back.
Till your sorry ass is gone.
I'm tired of the cheating and running around.
I never saw the wrong in anything you've done.
Whiskey's gone but I ain't leaving.
There's got to be a bottle in the back.
Whiskey's gone but I ain't leaving.
Got to get this devil off my back.
Well I stumble my way into my local bar.
Where I saw the devil in my glass.
The bartender told me it was time to go.
I told him that he could lick my sack.
Whiskey's gone but I ain't leaving.

There's got to be a bottle in the back.
Whiskey's gone but I ain't leaving.
Got to get this devil off my back.
Kentucky, Tennessee, you better find Whiskey.
Not leaving that's a fact.
Small batch sour mash.
Red nose, red face, gonna wreck the whole place.
Looking through the bare glass.
Bald head chapped ass gone...
It's gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone.
Lord it's a hard thing to overcome to wake up and find the
Whiskey's gone.
Whiskey's gone but I ain't leaving.
There's got to be a bottle of jim black.
Whiskey's gone but I ain't leaving.
Got to get this devil off my back.

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