

Rye Whiskey

[Rick Pickren](#)

Rye Whiskey makes the band sound better,
makes your baby cuter, makes itself taste sweeter. Oh, boy!
Rye whiskey makes your heart beat louder,
makes your voice seem softer, makes the back room hotter, oh, but
rye thoughts aren't good thoughts, Boys,
have I ever told you about the time I...
Rye whiskey wraps your troubles up into a bright blue package,
ties a bow around it. Oh, boy!
Just throw it on the pile in the corner,
see, you're not alone in not being alone tonight, but

rye love isn't god love, Boys,
have I ever told you about the time I...
I used to wake up bright and early,
got my work done quickly, held my baby tightly. Oh, boy!
Rye whiskey makes the sun set faster,
makes the spirit more willing but the body weaker because
rye sleep isn't good sleep, Boys,
have I ever told you about the time I
took it and took her for granted?
How I took it and took her for granted?
Well let's take some and take them all for granted.
Oh, boy!

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