

Whiskey Dented

Mulehead

Whiskey dented
Broken hearted
Sick and tired of the pain
Well if I had it all to do over again
I'd probably do it all the same Take gin and heartache
With a chaser of regret
And a double disappointment
'Cuz I ain't found her yet So I'll hold down this barstool
I'll muddle through somehow
You may not be Mrs. Right
But you're Mrs. Right now Whiskey dented
Broken hearted
Sick and tired of the pain
Well if I had it all to do over again
I'd probably do it all the same So put the chairs up on the tables
The floor could use a sweep
Don't mind me
I'll sit right here and
Catch up on my sleep Take whiskey
And woe is me
And a sidecar of the blues
And I'll show you how to make a drink
Called I was born to lose Take a shot of desperation
And you pour it over pain
And then you top it off with a just a little bit
Of I'll never see her again I'm whiskey dented
Broken hearted
Sick and tired of the pain
Well if I had it all to do over again
I'd probably do it all the same So put the chairs up on the tables
The floor could use a sweep
Don't mind me
I'll sit right here and
Catch up on my sleep Whiskey dented

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