

Devil in the Bottle

T.G. Sheppard

I come home late at night with my boots in my hands
Stumble in the back door being quiet as I can
And I know she's there in bed, cold and all alone
And she's crying 'cause I'm breaking up our home

(Chorus)

And she knows the hell I'm going through
In this world inside my head
There's a devil in the bottle
And he wants to see me dead

I fall into her arms and she helps me with my clothes
I guess she stays on with me because she really knows
That I'm trying, Lord, to find my freedom
By escaping to the only freedom I've ever known

(Chorus)

And it's killing her to watch me die this way!.

Written by Bobby David
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Lyrics submitted by Grant Horn.

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