

Waitin' on the Whiskey to Work

Drake White

I don't smoke but I bought some cigarettes
Might as well, I mean what the heck
One thing or another's bound to kill me
Neon smoke rings and pool balls click
Tattooed Ruby in her red lipstick
Pours me up another and one more's bound to kill me Well I'm just waitin' on the whiskey to work
Got some money in my shirt
And I'll stay here all night long if I have to
Oh, I'm just waitin' on the band to start
To play a little tune for a busted up heart
A little something to numb this world of hurt
Waitin' on the whiskey to work
Feels like home bellied up here
It's as good a place as any to disappear
Even if she wanted, she could not find me
Hours turn to days and days into weeks
They know my name, they know what I drink
When I drink too much, they sure don't mind me Oh, I'm just waitin' on the whiskey to work
Got some money in the pocket of my cowboy shirt
And I'll stay here all night long if I have to
Oh, I'm just waitin' on the band to start
To play a little tune for a busted up heart
A little something to numb this world of hurt
Waitin' on the whiskey to work
Oh, I'm just waitin' on the whiskey to work
Got some money in the pocket of my shirt
And I'll stay here all night long if I have to
Well I'm just waitin' on the band to start
To play a little tune for a busted up heart
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Waitin' on the whiskey to work Waitin' on the whiskey to work
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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