

She Don't Drink Whiskey Anymore

Tim Hicks

She could drink tequila straight
And never even think of me at all
She'd never call
Get her on the Jack and Coke
Swear to God before you know
I hear her voice on the phone
Asking me if I'm alone

But she don't drink whiskey anymore
She don't show up at my door
All lit up with the midnight buzz
When the midnight buzz just ain't enough
Yeah, I guess I always thought
I'd be her last call, her last shot
She drink whiskey
She don't drink whiskey anymore

Last time that I kissed her lips
She was a beautiful hungover mess
Lying in my arms cause of Maker's Mark
And if she was somewhere tonight
Sipping bourbon over ice
She'd leave the bar, leave her friends
Wind up wanting me again

But she don't drink whiskey anymore
She don't show up at my door
All lit up with the midnight buzz
When the midnight buzz just ain't enough
Man, I guess I always thought
I'd be her last call, her last shot
She drink whiskey
She don't drink whiskey anymore

Yeah, I guess I always thought
I'd be her last call, her last shot
When she drink whiskey
She don't miss me
She don't drink whiskey anymore

She could drink tequila straight
And never even think of me at all

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