

Doug Balmain

"Amber Glass Bottle"

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There's an angel inside this amber glass bottle,
I feel her warmth inside me with every swallow.
When I'm with her I'm never afraid,
'cause she eases my mind and she takes away my pain.

I've got a hold of this whiskey and I ain't got a care,
With this warm amber liquor I'm free from despair.
I'll raise up my bottle and take another pull,
Sit back and smile as I feel it ease my soul.

It seems this fallen angel has lied to me,
Things with her ain't near as good as she made them out to be.
I no longer want her hangin' around,
My soul's been lost and it cannot be found.

I've got a hold of this whiskey but it's takin' hold of me,
Without my bottle it's getting hard to breathe.
I've had enough but I can't put it down,
This bottle might land me six feet in the ground.

There's a demon inside this dark baleful liquid,
It took my warm life, now I'm pale and frigid.
It said it would take my sorrow and pain,
But all its done is bring more of the same.

Now this whiskey's got a hold of me and I ain't got a prayer,
For one last time I'll raise my glass in the air.
And when the boys lower me down in that hole,
The marker at my head will read just another poor drown soul.

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