

Bill Anderson

"Whiskey Can't Sing"

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Whiskey can't sing and whiskey can't write
If it could I'd be singin' my song on some big ole stage
tonight
I had it all but I lost everything
Here I sit in this honky tonk livin' proof that whiskey
can't sing

I was well on my way to bein' the star that I always knew
I'd be
All over the hitparade were songs sung and played by
me
And I wrote 'em by the dozens I thought my pen never
would run dry
Fancy cars and swimmin' pools pretty girls and I was
ridin' high
But I guess I started bending my elbow more than I
should
I sang a duet with Johnnie Walker Red and I said don't
that sound good
Then before I could find a word to rhyme with wine
I was out of my mind all the time
My throat got too wet my pen got too dry and my music
died on the vine
Cause whiskey can't sing...

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