

Hank Williams Jr. "There's A Devil In The Bottle"

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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 because I'm breaking up our home

And she knows the hell I'm going through in this world
inside my head
There's a devil in the bottle, Lord, and he wants to see
me dead
I fall into her arms and she helps me with my clothes

Guess, she stays on with me 'cause she really knows
That I'm tryin' Lord, to find my freedom
By escaping to the only freedom I've ever known
And she knows the hell I'm going through in this world
inside my head

There's a devil in the bottle, Lord, and he won't rest
until I'm dead
There's a devil living in the bottle, Lord, and he won't
rest 'til I'm dead
And it's killing her too, watching me die this way

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