

## Hoyt Axton

### "Whiskey"

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(Hoyt Axton)

I think it was early this mornin' Whiskey came to my door

I could tell ny her eyes that she had been cryin'

Said I can't go home anymore

Her daddy was a rock'n roll singer the head of a popular band

The last thing he said before he put her to bed

Was Whiskey you just don't understand.

Whiskey come in out of the pourin' rain

He left you before he's gonna leave you again

He's fying high on some silver liner or hidin' in a Hiliday Inn

He thinks that the livin' is finer keepin' all that heavy bread comin' in

Doesn't that put your head in a spin girl keepin' all that heavy bread comin' in

But does he love you does he love you.

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