

Jerry Lee Lewis "Jack Daniels (Old Number Seven)"

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A woman wrings her hands and cries, "I've lost my man"

You should-a seen him, tote that diesel 'cross the land
Now you'll find him upon Lynchburg, Tennessee
Collecting bottles in his old dungarees

And the Silver Dollar Saloon
We're gonna break him of it soon

Jack Daniel's, old number seven
Tennessee, sour-mashed whiskey
Jack Daniel's, old number seven
Tennessee, sour-mashed whiskey
He used to be so frisky

Bogie Bogart, he cried, "Laureen, let's sail the sea"
Honey, when I'm dyin', have another drink of that stuff
for me
But now ya find him on Lynchburg all the time
But they keep him waiting at the end of the line

At that old honky tonk people prayed
My God, look at all the parts he played, I'm talkin' about
it

Jack Daniel's, old number seven
Tennessee, sour-mashed whiskey
Jack Daniel's, old number seven
Tennessee, sour-mashed whiskey
He used to be so frisky

And now you'll find him upon Lynchburg, Tennessee
Collectin' bottles in his old, old dungarees
At the honky tonk, he prayed
Think of all the parts, old Bogart played, I'm talkin'
about it

Jack Daniel's, old number seven
Tennessee, sour-mashed whiskey
Jack Daniel's, old number seven
Tennessee, sour-mashed whiskey
He used to be so frisky

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