

Jr. Albert Hammond

"Whiskey Bent And Hell Bound"

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I've got a good woman at home who thinks I do no
wrong,
But sometimes, Lord, she just ain't always around.
And ya know that's when I fall and I can't help myself at
all.
And I get whiskey bent and hell bound.
Play me some songs about a ramblin' man,
Put a cold one in my hand.
'Cause you know I love to hear those guitar sounds.
Don't ya play 'I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry'
'Cause I get all balled up inside.
And I'll get whiskey bent and hell bound.
Sure enough about closing time, 'bout stoned out of my
mind.
And I end up with some honky tonk special I found.
Just as sure as the morning sun comes,
Thinkin' of my sweet girl at home.
And I need to get whiskey bent and hell bound.
Play me the songs about a ramblin' man,
Put old Jim Beam in my hand.
'Cause ya know I still love to get drunk and hear
country sounds.
But don't play 'Your Cheatin' Heart'
'Cause that'll tear me all apart.
I get whiskey bent and hell bound.
Yeah, old Hank songs always make me feel down.

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