

Laura Bryna "She Can't Save Him"

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It's one more mornin' after as she reaches for the
phone
No we won't be goin' into work today
It's aspirin for her breakfast as she puts some coffee
on
The night before still showin' on his face

He lies to her, she's learnt to lie for him
The curtains are drawn the truth can't find it's way in

She can keep his little secret
Fool everybody else, she can hide that whiskey bottle
A little higher on the shelf
But she can't save him from himself

She puts on her make up and she paints on a smile
Packs some clothes inside an old suitcase
She pulls off of the highway and she checks into a
comfort inn
Gets the key to her temporary state of grace

She's been his rock, she's been his angel
But she can't be his God
And deliver him from the gates of hell

She can keep his little secret
Fool everybody else, she can hide that whiskey bottle
A little higher on the shelf
But she can't save him from himself

And she says a prayer for both of them
'Cause she's realized at last
Without tastin' a single drop
She's been drinkin' from the very same glass

She can keep his little secret
Fool everybody else, she can hide that whiskey bottle
A little higher on the shelf
But she can't save him, she can't save him
She can't save him from himself

