

Plan Three

"A Six Inch Valley"

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The sheets are soaked in whiskey, I still can't stop this shaking
The sheets are soaked in whiskey, my bottle's empty again
It's getting harder to stay sober, dwelling on the dim on this shine
And you know I couldn't sell you a lie to save my life
So it's up to ugly truths to scrape us by
Or down to dirty tricks to keep us blind
The sheets are soaked in whiskey, your bags are packed
I still can't stop this shaking
My bottle's empty again
The lines get blurred when there's bills to pay
Babes to bury, babes to feed
You bought forever with a better man
Did you remember forever never ends?

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