

The Devil Makes Three "Old Number Seven"

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I guess I grew up on an old dirt road
Pedal to the metal always did what I was told
Till I found out that my brand new clothes
Came second hand from the rich kids next door
When I grew up fast I guess I grew up mean
There's a thousand things inside my head I wish I ain't
seen
And now i just wondered through a real bad dream
Feelin' like I'm coming apart at the seems

Thank you Jack Daniels Old Number Seven
Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven
Angels start to look good to me
They're gonna have to deport me to the firey deep

Thank you Jack Daniels Old Number Seven
Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven
I know I can't stay here to long
Cause I can't go a week with out doin' wrong
Without doing wrong
Without doing wrong
Without doing wrong

So I'm sitting as the bar stool it starts to grow roots
Feelin' like an old worn out pair of shoes
Tell me what is it I should do
When I'm swimming in the liquor only half way through
So I'm watching as his wings spread as wide as could
be
Come on now and wrap them around me
Cause all I want to do now is fall to sleep
Come down here and lay next to me

Thank you Jack Daniels Old Number Seven
Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven
Up here the bottle never runs dry
And you never wake up with those tears in your eyes

Thank you Jack Daniels Old Number Seven
Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven
Angels start to look good to me
They're gonna have to deport me to the fiery

deeps(Old Number Seven)
To the fiery deeps(Drinkin' in heaven)
To the fiery deeps(Old Number Seven)
To the fiery deeps(Drinkin' in heaven)

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