

Pat Boone

"The Bottle"

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By Pat Boone
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Women and Whiskey, they ain't the answer, Lord I just know that this is true, but the way that I'm feeling, I just might be thinking, Lord tonight they just may have to do, I've spent a lot of long and lonely nights in honky town taverns, two fisted drinking and fighting back against the wall, And I know it's a problem, a no win situation, but I can't seem to resist that old whiskey call.

Chorus

Mister pour us a drink, Hell give us the bottle,
Set us down in the corner, until we're two sheets gone,
And don't tell me no stories, about a good hearted woman,
I want to hear "Your Cheatin' Heart", and cry all night long.

Me and my buddies, we've got a lot in common, we all wish we could take time and turn it around, take us back to the good old days, hard work and cowboy ways, take us to a swingin' door saloon, this what we'll say.

Chorus

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