

## **Planes Mistaken For Stars "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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