

**Jesse Rice****"Sad Songs, Cigarettes And Whiskey"**

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I'm a sucker for ones that make me cry,  
And cut through me like a switchblade knife.  
Bring up the pain from deep inside,  
With a sound so good it hurts.

And I'm a sucker for a midnight drag,  
A long slow dance of smokin ash.  
I light em up and I breathe in fast,  
And hope they calm my nerves.

And I hold onto that bottle of Jim Beam,  
Like he's my only friend.  
But when he's gone I think of her,  
And I start all over again.

Some say be this way will kill me,  
But she already has.  
I'm just a ghost among the living,  
No soul, just bones and flesh.  
Yeah, she used to be my only love,  
But now I have three:  
Sad songs, cigarettes and whiskey.

I write em down on this old guitar,  
As if a pen could mend my broken heart.  
I let the minor chords find there mark,  
Like a needle to the vein.  
And I smoke em by myself these days,  
They're bad for your health everybody says.  
But after watchin her walk away,  
I don't feel anything.

Some say be this way will kill me,  
But she already has.  
I'm just a ghost among the living,  
No soul, just bones and flesh.  
Yeah, she used to be my only love,  
But now I have three:  
Sad songs, cigarettes and whiskey.

And I hold onto that bottle of Jim Beam,

Like he's my only friend.  
But when he's gone I think of her,  
And I start all over again.  
Some say bein this way will kill me,  
Son, leave it in the past.  
It cant' be too fulfilling,  
Always starin at a half empty glass.

Some say bein this way will kill me,  
But she already has.  
I'm just a ghost among the living,  
No soul, just bones and flesh.  
Yeah, she used to be my only love,  
But now I have three:  
Sad songs, cigarettes and whiskey.

Well I'm a sucker for ones that make me cry.

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