

Ridley Bent

"All The Heat Is In The Whiskey"

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Well I'm barreling down Highway 41,
And I'm feeling old.
Got no heat because my boss is cheap,
And my diesel cab is cold.
This winter in Alberta's been,
The worst I've ever seen.
I step on the gas,
Because I've got no time to freeze.
My baby she's got a Christmas tree,
And she's decorating it for me.
And my daughter's got her friends over,
They're out makin' snow angels.
And my partners got a inside pocket,
And in it there's a mickey.
It's not my bag to drink and drive,

But all the heat is in the whiskey.
Everybody's countin' on me,
Yeah, it's comin' up on Christmas Eve,
And everybody needs a drink.
All the heat is in the whiskey,

Well it ain't no coincidence,
That I'm hauling Canadian rye.
Well the weather's been this bad for weeks,
And the whole damn town is dry.
My boss offered me triple time,
If I would make the drive.
But I'd have made that run for free,
Just to keep the town alive.
Because there ain't a colder Christmas,
Like a Christmas without booze.
It keeps the lonesome company,
And the married couples loose.
The black ice and white sky,
Make the drive a little tricky.
But at least I'm warm inside,

All the heat is in the whiskey.
Everybody's countin' on me,
Yeah it's comin' up on Christmas Eve,

And everybody needs a drink.
All the heat is in the whiskey.

Five kilometers from my front porch,
And my lovely wife.
I swerve to miss a reindeer,
And the truck starts to jackknife.
I hit the ditch and the trailer flips,
I nearly lost my life.
The angels on my shoulders,
They were showin' me the light.
But my brother's son and a couple friends,
Were out there on the sleds.
Luckily they got me home,
Before I froze to death.
My wife asked me to go back for the rye,
And then she kissed me.
She said, "Merry Christmas, my love"
All the heat, all the heat...

All the heat is in the whiskey,
Everybody's countin' on me.
Yeah it's comin' up on Christmas Eve,
And everybody needs a drink.
All the heat is in the whiskey.

All the heat is in the whiskey...
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