

David Alan Coe**"Lost"**

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By David Allan Coe

SHE'S JUST A TEAR I USED TO CRY

LONG BEFORE WE SAID GOOD BYE

NOW SHE'S JUST A LADY THAT I USED TO KNOW

WHEN THE BOTTLE TOOK HER PLACE

SHE WAS A MIRROR I HAD TO FACE

AND A DREAM I DARED TO DREAM SOME TIME AGO

I LOST HER EYES TO A WHOLE BUNCH OF PENA
COLADAS

AFTER A FEW MARGARITAS I TOOK ALL THE BLAME

FOR DRINKING MANHATTANS AT TREE IN THE MORNING
I LOST HER

BETWEEN THE VODKA AND GIN AND THE BEER AND
CHAMPAGNE

I LOST HER LIPS LATE ONE NIGHT ON A STRAWBERRY
DAIQUIRI

JACK DANIELS, WHISKEY AND RUM COULDN'T HELP ME
THAT TIME

I LOST HER ARMS AND HER HANDS TO A GLASS OF
TEQUILA

I LOST HER HEART AND HER SOUL TO A BOTTLE OF
WINE

I LOST A BET THAT OUR LOVE WOULD LAST FOREVER

SLOE GIN AND TONIC WAS MAKING MY HEART HARD TO
FIND

WITH TWO BLOODY MARY'S I RAN OUT OF VODKA THIS
MORNING

LOSING MY CHANCES OF DRINKING HER OFF OF MY
MIND

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