Treaty Oak Revival, Ode To Bourbon

I remember their names, as I fan the flames to the fire
Just a stiff one and Waylon are the only two things I desire
It's been a damn long year, and it really don't help
That I really ain't been to good to myself
Cause I can't get past all this pain and depression I'm in

So sing me, sing me to sleep
And pour me another drink
Well I don't know what happened between bourbon and man
But I'll be at the gates with a glass in my hand
And tell old Saint Peter quite frankly I don't give a damn
I'm sure one day I'll pay for my sins

I've been angry and loathsome, but that really ain't no excuse
To be putting myself through all of this substance abuse
But I'll still take a trip to that old liquor store
Buy a bottle of rye and end up on the floor
They call it addiction, but I see it as an old friend

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