

## Dying Breed

Allison Moorer

I take a pint of whiskey  
And crack open it's lid  
I drink the bottle empty  
Just like my poor daddy did

I take after my family  
My fate's the blood in me  
No one grows old in this household  
We are a dying breed

I take a red and blue one  
From my mama's purse  
I wash 'em down with homemade wine  
To see what kicks in first

I take after my family  
My fate's the blood in me  
No one grows old in this household  
We are a dying breed

I take another needle  
Black powder and a spoon  
I set my sights on heaven  
And shoot for the moon

I take after my family  
My fate's the blood in me  
No one grows old in this household  
We are a dying breed