

If Drinkin' Don't Kill Me (Her Memory Will)

George Jones

The bars are all closed
It's four in the morning
Must have shut 'em all down
By the shape that I'm in
I lay my head on the wheel
And the horn begins honking
The whole neighborhood knows
That I'm home drunk again

And if drinking don't kill me
Her memory will
I can't hold out much longer
The way that I feel
With the blood from my body
I could start my own still
And if drinking don't kill me
Her memory will

These old bones they move slow
But so sure of their footsteps
As I trip on the floor
And lightly touch down
Lord it's been ten bottles
Since I tried to forget her
But the memory still lingers
Lying here on the ground

And if drinking don't kill me
Her memory will
I can't hold out much longer
The way that I feel
With the blood from my body
I could start my own still
But if drinking don't kill me
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