

Whiskey Kind Of Way

Jerrold Niemann

I hardly ever think about her.
I seldom say "I can't live without her",
Till I hold a drink an' sit at the bar.
A sip an' it all goes straight to my heart.
Like that song on the jukebox,
Her memory starts to play.
Guess I still want her,
In a whiskey kind of way.

An' when I'm sober, I say it's over,
She can't get to me.
I'm a million miles away from her memory.
They say the truth comes out when you're drinkin':
I've been drinkin' 'bout her all day.
Guess I still want her in a whiskey kind of way.

I talk, to Joe behind the counter,
And every fool I meet, about her.
I steel my heart to anyone,
Who'll buy a drink for the lonely one.
What ran her off's had her runnin' through my mind all day.
Guess I still need her in a whiskey kind of way.

An' when I'm sober, I say: "It's over,
"She can't get to me.
"I'm a million miles away from her memory."
They say the truth comes out when you're drinkin':
I've been drinkin' 'bout her all day.
Guess I still love her in a whiskey kind of way.

Oh, don't the truth comes out when you're drinkin':
I've been drinkin' 'bout her all day.
Guess I still love her in a whiskey kind of way