

He Brings Out The Whiskey In Me

Amy Millan

He brings out the whiskey in me
When it's later than night-time and all that's good is asleep
He brings out the whiskey in me

We were just thirteen years old
When my daddy's liquor cabinet
That was usually closed
Is where we found Canadian gold
When you're gettin over troubles around
When you're gettin over lovers that have let you down
When you're paying for the past It all don't seem so bad
When ice is ringing in your whiskey glass

I can hear the first morning train

It's quarter to dawn and the bottle's gone
Go to sleep before the sun gets strong
It's all wrong while your gone
It's all wrong while your gone
When you're gettin over troubles around
When you're gettin over lovers that have let you down
When you're paying for that past
It all don't seem so bad
When ice is ringing in your whiskey glass

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