

Ol' Whiskey Mountain

Bourbon Crow

I've packed my bags, never coming back
Got this old guitar and a bottle of Jack
I've got no plans, but i've got no regrets
So line 'em up bartender, ain't even started yet

It's a long way up ol' whiskey mountain
And it's even a longer fall
I hope i make it up ol' whiskey mountain
Before it's last call

Now it's hard to say, if i could change
Can't teach an old dog new tricks honey, i'm set in my
ways
And it's a matter of time before i get my due
Gonna drink this all away man
There ain't a damn thing you can do

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