

## Whiskey Do My Talkin'

Brooks & Dunn

I'm not some c'mon strong, Romeo cowboy,  
No, I'm not that type.  
Without a little help, I'd prob'ly have two left feet.  
But you ain't gonna let that happen tonight.  
Turn up that jukebox, sit me at the bar.  
I promised her the moon, you throw in the stars.

Whiskey, do my talkin',  
Say all the things I can't.  
Here's to you, my hundred proof friend,  
Oh, go on an' do your thing.  
She's just a line away from fallin',  
Goin' wild, an' honky-tonkin'...  
Whiskey, do my talkin'.

I'm better on the street in the broad daylight.  
If I could bring myself to speak or get a word out right.  
But you put me in a bar-room, you put a drink in my hand...  
I'm a cool, calm, collected, silver-tongued ladies man.

Whiskey, do my talkin',  
Say all the things I can't.  
Here's to you, my hundred proof friend,  
Oh, go on an' do your thing.  
She's just a line away from fallin',  
Goin' wild, an' honky-tonkin'...  
Whiskey, do my talkin'.

Oh, I... tell her all the things I can't.  
Here's to you, my hundred proof friend,  
Go on an' do your thing.  
She's just a line away from fallin',  
Goin' wild, an' honky-tonkin'...  
Hey.

Whiskey, do my talkin',  
Say all the things I can't.  
Here's to you, my hundred proof friend,  
Oh, go on an' do your thing.  
She's just a line away from fallin',  
Goin' wild, an' honky-tonkin'...  
Whiskey, do my talkin'.

Oh, I.