

## Sour Whiskey

Dan Hill

Hand me down another whiskey sour  
I'm a willing victim to the spell and I just can't rebel  
I'm far too thirsty and too tired

Hold me like you'd hold a broken soldier  
Who's forgotten the meaning of war please don't close that door  
I'm about as pure as a children's choir

Sunshine, can you spread your warmth over me?  
Chase the clouds from the sky casually  
Make me feel like a child once again

Sunshine, how does it feel lost in the sky?  
Is it dizzy looking down from that high?  
Well you know you've always got a friend

One more drink and this day will be over  
I can already feel the cold, my jacket I sold  
For fifteen dollars worth of booze

One more drink and I'll be off on some rainbow  
Looking down at this world below I'm so high that I'm low  
But this is the only life I'd choose

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