

It Won't Hurt

Dwight Yoakam

It won't hurt when I fall down from this bar stool
And it won't hurt when I stumble in the street
It won't hurt 'cause this whiskey eases misery
But even whiskey cannot ease your hurting me

Today I had another bout with sorrow
You know this time I almost won
If this bottle would just hold out 'til tomorrow
I know that I'd have sorrow on the run

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Your memory comes back up with each sunrise
I reach out for the bottle and find it's gone
Yeah, Lord, somewhere every night the whiskey leaves me
To face this cold, cold world on my own

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