

## High Shelf Booze

Eilen Jewell

If my man asks 'bout what I'll do  
Now that he's turned me loose  
Tell him I've gone to meet all the girls  
And drink all that high shelf booze

The high shelf booze, the high shelf booze  
You won't catch me dead with no blues  
The high shelf booze, the high shelf booze  
You won't catch me dead with no blues

I always said I'd be his slave  
Before I would be his dog  
But it looks like he's got me rambling 'round  
And sleeping in a hollow log

A hollow log, a hollow log  
Sleeping in a hollow log  
A hollow log, a hollow log  
Sleeping in a hollow log

Well it's one man on Sunday, another on Monday  
Two on Tuesday afternoon  
Easy come, easy go  
You won't hear me sing no lonesome tune

Easy come, easy go  
You won't hear me sing no lonesome tune  
Easy come, easy go  
You won't hear me sing no lonesome tune