

Drink It, Drug It

Hank Williams III

Well I've been high
As the mountains
Cruisin' down the road in my 65
And I've got a
Hard-rockin' band,
Baby that wants to kick it
To the other side

And we're runnin and a-gunnin
And a-jukin' and a-jumpin
And I'm lookin for some lovin'
In another damn town

We like a little country -
We like a little soul -
We like a lotta blues baby
Mixed with the rock and roll

And we're a-runnin and a-gunnin
And a-jukin' and a-jumpin
And I'm lookin for some lovin'
In another damn town

You gotta drink it
You gotta drug it
You gotta drink it
You gotta drug it

You gotta drink it
You gotta drug it
You gotta drink it
You gotta drug it

You wanna jump into the whiskey
you wanna jump into the fire
Living this life in
rock and roll band
it'll make you lose your mind

you gotta eat it-
live it-
breathe it-
suck it-
fuck it-
drug it-
all the damn time

You gotta drink it
You gotta drug it
You gotta drink it
You gotta drug it

Drinkin' drinkin' drinkin' alcohol
Drinkin' drinkin' drinkin' alcohol

Rails and rails and
rails of eight balls

Rails and rails and
rails of eight balls

Drug it drug it drug till I fall
Drink that fuckin' alcohol