

# 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