

# Whiskey

Jana Kramer

Everybody down in Huston calls him "Texas".  
Everybody way up North calls him "Cornbread".  
You shoulda heard the way that his momma called him "baby",  
daddy called him "boy", his friends call him "crazy".

Shoulda just called it like I saw it.  
Shoulda just called for help and ran like hell that day.  
The burning, the stinging, the high and the heat and the "left-  
me-wanting-more"  
feeling when he kissed me.  
I shoulda just called him "Whiskey".

Warm my body to the core just like a blanket.  
His face was so sweet then he took my breath away.  
Hit me so hard like a rock through a window.  
I knew I was in trouble from the moment I met you, boy.

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Shoulda just called for help and ran like hell that day.  
The burning, the stinging, the high and the heat and the "left-  
me-wanting-more"  
feeling when he kissed me.  
I shoulda just called him "Whiskey"

Now the numb has set in.  
He's gone like the wind.  
And I can barely feel the pain.

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