

## Whiskey Kind Of Way

Jerrod Niemann

I hardly ever think about her.  
I seldom say "I can't live without her",  
Till I hold a drink an' sit at the bar.  
A sip an' it all goes straight to my heart.  
Like that song on the jukebox,  
Her memory starts to play.  
Guess I still want her,  
In a whiskey kind of way.

An' when I'm sober, I say it's over,  
She can't get to me.  
I'm a million miles away from her memory.  
They say the truth comes out when you're drinkin':  
I've been drinkin' 'bout her all day.  
Guess I still want her in a whiskey kind of way.

I talk, to Joe behind the counter,  
And every fool I meet, about her.  
I steel my heart to anyone,  
Who'll buy a drink for the lonely one.  
What ran her off's had her runnin' through my mind all day.  
Guess I still need her in a whiskey kind of way.

An' when I'm sober, I say: "It's over,  
"She can't get to me.  
"I'm a million miles away from her memory."  
They say the truth comes out when you're drinkin':  
I've been drinkin' 'bout her all day.  
Guess I still love her in a whiskey kind of way.

Oh, don't the truth comes out when you're drinkin':  
I've been drinkin' 'bout her all day.  
Guess I still love her in a whiskey kind of way