She didn't warn me the way she said she would she didn't say go odbye

I'd like to cheer my aching heart if I could I'd like to know t he reason why

What part of my life she couldn't buy but I'll have a drink and then I'll cry

So put a nipple on my bottle bartender warm my whiskey and be a baby's frined

A baby can't cry and tonight when I get high I'm gonna be a bab y again

Go ahead and laugh at me if you want to my friend I'm in misery This second child who won't cause my pain to end

And I suppose that child could see that it won't bring her back to me

But it might help to some degree

So put a nipple on my bottle bartender...