

Cheap Whiskey

Martina McBride

He sits all alone in his easy chair,
Staring back at his lost yesterday,
Long before he encountered the bottle,
And the demons that drove her away,

In his hand he is holding her photograph,
Her image all tearstained and worn,
Tonight he's embracing reality,
And he curses the day he was born,

And the darkness still echos her warning,
You can't have two loves in your life,
And now the things that will haunt him,
'Til the day that he dies,
Is the smell of cheap whiskey,
And the sound of good-bye,

Since the hour that she left he's been somber,
And each breath that he draws makes him think,
About the light of his life gone forever,
When he traded her love for a drink,

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