

Whiskey Drinkin' Woman

Nazareth

Close up the bar you know the gates of the brewery
Shes out there every night
And she sure aint drinkin tea
I love that woman, she's the best one that I had
But she's got this habit now and it sure is gettin bad

That whiskey drinkin woman
Is makin a poor man out of me

Shes got bottles in the kitchen
Even got them in my bed
Most times I see her now
Shes three parts out of her head
Don't know where I went wrong
I sure try to treat her right
But it sure upsets me
Seein her juiced up every night.

That whiskey drinkin woman
Is makin a poor man out of me

Got to solve this problem
Wont you help me find the key
The way that things are going
Ill have to buy the distillery
She just stands there smilin
With a whiskey in each hand
Got to think of something
Don't know how much I can stand

That whiskey drinkin woman
Is makin a poor man out of me

Got to get myself together, start workin something out
Maybe if I tried some booze, I'd know what it's about
I love that woman, she's the best one that I had
But she's got this problem now
And it sure is gettin bad.

That whiskey drinkin woman
Is makin a poor man out of me