

W-i-f-e

Old 97's

I've got my wife, the other women
And the whiskey killing me
The first two make it so that I see red
The third one makes it so that I can't see
If I had half a brain left after my debauchery
I'd give up the other women and the W-I-F-E

Wedding vows weren't made to be broken
These here lips weren't made to tell no lies
Somewhere along the way, I guess I must have gone astray
'Cause I'm drinking here and wishing for to die

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It's just like my little sister told me
(Dear old momma)
In the end, you reap what you sow
I've been sowing seeds from Mexico to Tennessee
And I'm reaping now an awful lot of woe

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