

## Old Number Seven

## The Devil Makes Three

I guess I grew up on an old dirt road  
Pedal to the metal always did what I was told  
Till I found out that my brand new clothes  
Came second hand from the rich kids next door  
Well, I grew up fast, I guess I grew up mean  
There's a thousand things inside my head I wish I ain't seen  
And now I just wandered through a real bad dream  
Feelin' like I'm coming apart at the seams

Thank you Jack Daniels, Old Number Seven,  
Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven  
Angels start to look good to me  
They're gonna have to deport me to the fiery deep

Thank you Jack Daniels Old Number Seven  
Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven  
I know I can't stay here too long  
Cause I can't go a week with out doin' wrong  
Without doing wrong  
Without doing wrong  
Without doing wrong

So I'm sitting as the bar stool it starts to grow roots  
Feelin' like an old worn out pair of shoes  
Tell me what is it I should do  
When I'm swimming in the liquor only half way through  
So I'm watching as his wings spread as wide as could be  
Come on now and wrap them around me  
Cause all I want to do now is fall to sleep  
Come down here and lay next to me

Thank you Jack Daniels Old Number Seven  
Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven  
Up here the bottle never runs dry  
And you never wake up with those tears in your eyes

Thank you Jack Daniels Old Number Seven  
Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven  
Angels start to look good to me  
They're gonna have to deport me to the fiery deep (Old Number Seven)  
To the fiery deep (Drinkin' in heaven)  
To the fiery deep (Old Number Seven)  
To the fiery deep (Drinkin' in heaven)