

# Drinkin' Dark Whiskey

The SteelDrivers

Drinking dark whiskey  
Telling white lies  
One leads to another  
On a Saturday night

Don?t you cross your heart  
Unless you hope to die  
Drinking dark whiskey  
Telling white lies

First shot burns  
But the second one goes down smooth  
Then that old black label gets a hold of you  
It'll loosen your tongue  
But it don?t ever tell the truth

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When the bottles talking  
Be careful what he might say  
It talks in the dark  
Like it never would in the day  
Then he gets in trouble  
Just as soon as he gets his way

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Little white lie  
Don?t mean anyone no good  
When it's making the rounds  
All over the neighborhood  
Next thing ya know  
We're all misunderstood

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