

Whiskey XXX

The Walkabouts

Whiskey hold me well
And never let me spill
From the blind man's bluff
Across the frozen lake

Oh chance me, chance me not,
With the last chance that you've got
Keep it rising like the river
And sinking with my fear

Somewhere out of these
Somewhere out of these woods
Somewhere out of these
Somewhere out of these woods

Whiskey hold me well
Ain't nothing you can't kill
Now the pain is just forgiveness
In a borrowed suit of clothes

Agree to disbelieve
Leave the thinking for the thieves
Left my empties at your doorstep
Left my judgement on your trail

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Somewhere out of these woods
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