

## Summer 2005

Whiskey Myers

Well I woke up this morning  
Just like the days before  
There were drunks on the couch  
Beer cans on the floor  
Ya know I can't pay my bills  
Just tryin to stay alive  
It was our first house  
Summer 2005

So bring on the whiskey  
& the brown-eyed girls  
& fire up the pit out back  
While we listen to merle

That summer sun  
Is settin low  
I twist one up  
& I'm ready to go  
There's guitars on the wall  
Ready to be played  
Ya know we sit on our amps  
Sing the songs that we made

So bring on the whiskey  
& the brown-eyed girls  
Fire up the pit out back  
While we listen to merle

They say we got no life  
& we play too loud  
Well they can kiss our ass  
Cause we're on stage now  
That leap of faith  
That set our lives  
Was there in that house  
Summer 2005

So bring on the whiskey  
& the brown-eyed girls  
Fire up the pit out back  
While we listen to merle  
Aw we listen to merle  
Little hank & merle