

WHISKEY BENT, HELL BOUND

I've got a good woman at home
Who thinks I do no wrong
But sometimes, Lord, she just ain't always around

And you know that's when I fall
Now I can't help myself at all
And I get whiskey bent and hell bound

Play me some songs about a ramblin' man
Put a cold one in my hand
'Cause you know I love to hear those guitar sounds
Don't you play, "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry"
'Cause I'll get all balled up inside
And I'll get whiskey bent and hell bound

Sure enough about closin' time
'Bout stoned out of my mind
And I end up with some honkytonk special I found

Just as sure as the mornin' sun comes
Thinkin of my sweet girl at home
And I need to get whiskey bent and hell bound

Play me the songs about a ramblin' man
Put old Jim Beam in my hand
'Cause you know I still love to get drunk
And hear country sounds
But don't you play, "Your Cheatin' Heart"
'Cause that'll tear me all apart
I'll get whiskey bent and hell bound

Yeah, old Hank's songs
Always make me feel low down