

# Treaty Oak Revival, Ode To Bourbon

I remember their names, as I fan the flames to the fire  
Just a stiff one and Waylon are the only two things I desire  
It's been a damn long year, and it really don't help  
That I really ain't been to good to myself  
Cause I can't get past all this pain and depression I'm in

So sing me, sing me to sleep  
And pour me another drink  
Well I don't know what happened between bourbon and man  
But I'll be at the gates with a glass in my hand  
And tell old Saint Peter quite frankly I don't give a damn  
I'm sure one day I'll pay for my sins

I've been angry and loathsome, but that really ain't no excuse  
To be putting myself through all of this substance abuse  
But I'll still take a trip to that old liquor store  
Buy a bottle of rye and end up on the floor  
They call it addiction, but I see it as an old friend

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