

Lady Whisky

**Lady Whisky's such a sad sight,
Stumbling as she walks
She even hates herself sometimes.
Keep well clear of her on Saturday night.
Drowns her sorrow, eases her pain,
Wait till tomorrow, she'll do the same again.**

**Lady Whisky's got a man,
And he's just like her,
Trying to fit the key in the door
When he comes home Saturday night.
Drowns his sorrow, eases his pain,
Wait for tomorrow, he'll do the same again.**

**Lady Whisky's got a son,
Got a daughter too.
Sons ok,
But the daughter's on the way
When she comes home on Saturday night.
Drowns her sorrow, eases her pain,
Wait till tomorrow, she'll do the same again.**

Lady Whisky she gets sick

When she goes downtown

One day drink's gonna put her down

She won't come home on Saturday night.