

Whisky

Marian Hill

You are my whiskey
I'll make you mine
I can just taste it All of these shot boys think I'm divine
But I don't want to waste it They're like a second but you're like a day
yeah I used to hit it then go on my way
boy I get so tipsy with you on my mind
I like the whisky with my nursery rhyme
Throw it back
Sip it slow You're on the top shelf
And I'm looking up
Perfectly crafted Bartender tell me
What's in that cup
Yeah I got to have it I know you won't burn when I drink my glass
I know how to drink it I learn pretty fast
so take me to bed, babe, and I'll close my eyes
yeah I like the whisky with my lullaby
Throw it back
Sip it slow
Throw it back
Sip it slow

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