This Bottle's A Whore

by Bret Unplugged

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Song Title by Alissa(ugly)

C F C G
I'm sitting at this table Sipping off the bottle of rye
My vision's getting blurry I let out another sigh

Chorus----------
F C
I don't know what I'm doing
Don't know where I been
The only thing I know… is
D G C
This Bottle's a whore

Another night at the spurs 'n' saddles bellied right up to the bar
Dance to every song they got feeling like a country star

I stumbled around to everyone in the bar I give them all a smile and a hug
I pose for a couple photo opportunes and tip my bottle another slug

Chorus (x2 this old bottle's a whore)

I make my way thru the thick of the crowd I think someone grabbed my rear
I turn around, let out a belch And head to the bar for another beer

I tip my glass, until there's only foam And take another swig off that bitch
I head on over to the quarter juke box I got a little country itch

Chorus (x2 this damn bottle's a whore)

Solo

The end of the night has come too soon it's time to say goodbye my whore
I finished you off and put you on the bar and head my drunk ass to the door

Chorus

This dang old bottle's a whore
Bought it for 10 bucks at the store
Cause…. this bottle's a whore