

# **This Bottle's A Whore**

by Bret Unplugged

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**C**                    **F**  
I'm sitting at this table  
My vision's getting blurry

**C**                    **G**  
Sipping off the bottle of rye  
I let out another sigh

**Chorus-----**

**F**                    **C**  
I don't know what I'm doing

**F**                    **G**  
Don't know where I been

**F**                    **C**  
The only thing I know... is

**F**    **G**            **C**  
This Bottle's a whore

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Another night at the spurs 'n' saddles  
Singin to every song they got  
I stumbled around to everyone in the bar  
I pose for a couple photo oportunes

bellied right up to the bar  
feeling like a country star  
I give them all a smile and a mug  
and tip my bottle another slug

**Chorus**    (2<sup>nd</sup> ... this old bottle's a whore)

I make my way thru the thick of the crowd  
I turn around, let out a belch  
I tip my glass, until there's only foam  
I head on over to the quarter juke box

I think someone grabbed my rear  
And head to the bar for another beer  
And take another swig off that bitch  
I got a little country itch

**Chorus**    (2nd 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  
I wish I had some more  
Cause.... this bottle's a whore

