

(Leslie Winn Satcher)

He was strong and of sound mind
'Til the day he crossed the line
Between an east Kentucky girl and his wife
In his heart there wasn't room
So they tore his heart in two
And he survived by pouring whiskey on the wound

Another faithless heart
Locked inside a neon tomb
Hiding in the dark and
Pouring whiskey on the wound

Well the girl was just the first
In a string of bad to worse
Yet the bourbon seems to deaden all that hurts
But closin' time comes way too soon
He can't abide a cold bedroom
So he survives by pouring whiskey on the wound

Another faithless heart
Locked inside a neon tomb
Hiding in the dark and
Pouring whiskey on the wound

By tomorrow he'll be gone
And they'll say he left alone
But that old bar stool won't be empty long
'Cause some other hopeless fool
Trying to escape the truth
Will sit right down
And pour some whiskey on the wound

Now it's another faithless heart
Locked inside a neon tomb
Hiding in the dark and
Pouring whiskey on the wound