

Devil Makes 3

Lyrics to Old Number Seven :

^{Am} guess I grew up on an old dirt road
^{E7} Pedal to the metal always did what I was told
^{D7} Till I found out that my brand new clothes
^{E7} Came second hand from the rich kids next door
^{Am} When I grew up fast I guess I grew up mean
^{E7} There's a thousand things inside my head I wish I ain't seen
^{D7} And now i just wondered through a real bad dream
^{E7} Feelin' like I'm coming apart at the seems
^{Am} Thank you Jack Daniels Old Number Seven
^{E7} Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven
^{D7} Angels start to look good to me
They're gonna have to deport me to the fiery deep
^{Am} Thank you Jack Daniels Old Number Seven
^{E7} Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven
^{D7} I know I can't stay here to long
^{E7} Cause I can't go a week without doin' wrong
^{Am} Without doing wrong
^{E7} Without doing wrong
^{D7} Without doing wrong ^{E7}

So I'm sitting as the bar stool it starts to grow roots

Feelin' like an old worn out pair of shoes

Tell me what is it I should do

When I'm swimming in the liquor only half way through

So I'm watching as his wings spread as wide as could be

Come on now and wrap them around me

Cause all I want to do now is fall to sleep

Come down here and lay next to me

Thank you Jack Daniels Old Number Seven

Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven

Up here the bottle never runs dry

And you never wake up with those tears in your eyes

Thank you Jack Daniels Old Number Seven
Tennessee Whiskey got me drinking in heaven

Angels start to look good to me
They're gonna have to deport me to the fiery deeps(Old Number Seven)
To the fiery deeps(Drinkin' in heaven)
To the fiery deeps(Old Number Seven)
To the fiery deeps(Drinkin' in heaven)