

**I ran the family business, right into the ground  
When the cashflow trickled down, She was nowhere to be found  
For richer or for poorer, In bad times and in good  
Is what the preacher asked us, We both said we would**

**Gonna liquidate this whiskey, then invest in some more - CHORUS  
A golden opportunity here on the ground floor  
I know I'll make a killing, I just don't know how  
Got my assets on this barstool, in the whiskey business now**

**She loved to spend money, had a whole room full of shoes  
She was a bad investment, I was bound to loose  
I know I should've walked away from that deal  
She spent more than I could earn, beg, borrow or steal**

## **CHORUS**

**Bartender nods knowingly, as I give my account  
I ask him for another, and double the amount  
I was young and foolish, she raised my interest rate  
Not looking at the long term, I asked her for a date**

**We ventured to a restaurant to grab a little food  
As she walked in front of me, appreciation accrued  
Her bottom line looked mighty fine, and after several beers  
Judgement was all but gone, my thoughts were in arrears**

## **CHORUS**