

**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**

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