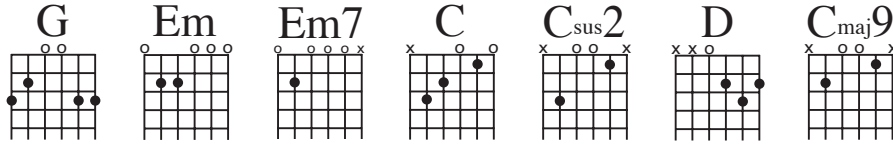


GIRLWHISKEY

words and music by Danny Schmidt



INTRO: G - Em - Em7 - C - Csus2 - C - D (x2)

G Em G Em
Kinda layin low - a little girl and hands of silk

D G D
A quick game of touch and go and the loss of words

G Em G Em
It's just the way things go - flowers open, petals wilt

D G D G Intro Cycle (x1)
Fingers lock and people close and minds wander down down down

G Em
Lips pressed together too tight to speak

C Em G D
A little taste to top the night then drift off to sleep

Em-walkdown (The walkdown is: Em/Em7/C/Cmaj9/D)
And my girlwhiskey . . .

D G
She goes down smooth and sweet

It's hard to know what's exception, what's the rule
And when the honest blade is cruel - or when it's kisses that carve the soul
Sitting in the park - children play and children fall
And children tear their friends apart - rebuilt to run again again again
Mamas teach your babies - your babies teach the rest
There's some things those that know the least, well they know the best
And my girlwhiskey - can you teach me to forget?

Now all alone - a little bourbon wet and warm
Off to dig yourself as whole - a little trickle fills right in
It's still good to know - with all the cracks there's still no leaks
And with the lights down soft and low - no need to see so far so far so far
It's too soon to write her but too late to call
It's all spent in gettin there - then free for the fall
And my girlwhiskey - don't need the girl at all

SONG NOTES:

This song is in standard tuning, capoed up on the seventh fret.

I've told this story a million times, so if you've seen me play this song live, you've probably heard this story already. Sorry you have to listen to it again, honey.

I got the inspiration for this song from one of my friends and songwriting heroes, Tom House, who tells a story about going to these backroom hootenanny songwriter shows at this place in Nashville . . . and he and his buddy and their respective wives would sneak in liquor from the store down the street. And the boys would maximize their cash, and buy something cheap and on the sour side of the sour mash scale. And the girls would buy Maker's Mark, or bourbon of some similar pedigree and sweetness. And the boys would rib the girls about their upscale taste in "Girlwhiskey". But, of course, by the end of the evening, they'd have drained their Manly bourbon, and they'd come groveling up to the girls, trying to get them to share what was left of their Girlwhiskey.

First off, Tom could tell any story and I'd find some sort of comic tragedy in it. He has this way of talking about things, and how they transpired, that harkens back to the days of old mountain life, and real country music, with a sorta everyday plain matter-of-fact poignancy.

Anyway, the Girlwhiskey story stuck with me, in part cause I really liked the term. So I nabbed it from him and tried to write a song that was simultaneously a love song to a girl and to the whiskey. . . maybe leaning a little toward the girl at the beginning, and the whiskey as things progress. I love the ambiguity of love.

I think this song's pretty straight forward to play. Straight-up regular normal chords. They just cycle in a slightly unintuitive way, for some reason.

Try and get someone to sing harmonies with you on it. It's about 10 times better with harmonies. 100 times better if you are lucky enough to get Joia Wood to sing with you!