

Bartender's Blues

Now I'm [G]just a bartender
And I [C]don't like my [Am]work
But I [D7]don't mind the money at [G]all [D7]
I see [G]lots of sad [G7]faces
And [C]lots of bad [Am]cases
Of [D7]folks with their backs to the [G]wall [D7]

CHORUS:

I need [G]four walls around me to [C]hold my [Am]life
To [D7]keep me from going [G]astray [D7]
And a [G]honky-tonk [G7]angel to [C]hold me [Am]tight
To [D7]keep me from slipping [G]away [D7]

I can [G]light up your smokes
I can [C]laugh at your [Am]jokes
I can [D7]watch you fall down on your [G]knees [D7]
I can [G]close down this bar
Go and [C]gas up my old [Am]car
I can [D7]pack up and mail in the [G]key [D7]

CHORUS:

Now the [G]smoke fills the air
in this [C]honky-tonk [Am]bar
And I'm [D7]thinking 'bout where I'd rather [G]be [D7]
But I [G]burned all my bridges
and [C]I sank all [Am]ships.
Now I'm [D7]stranded at the edge of the [G]sea [D7]