

Happy Hour Hero

Music Box Mania

A pint of beer and a pretty girl, a pack of Camel Lights

Another night, another bar...green neon lights

Smoke acts as a camouflage for every lizard with a line

Forget about the pretty girl, a Saranac will do just fine

A pint of beer and a shot of Jack...a pack of Camel Lights

Some days don't see the day and some don't see the night

Damn bar stool wobbles, ain't no footrest at the bar

When I pass through my water glass I can, I can see who you are

One more bottle

One more bottle

One more bottle for this happy hour hero

One more bottle

One more bottle

One more bottle for this happy hour hero

A pint of beer and a pretty girl, a pack of Camel Lights

Sweaty little men worship those Southern girls in tights

And we keep on playin' the songs that no one wants to hear

Sweaty little man just shot a hundred-dollar bill without a care

And we play from ten to two, but we work from noon to four

Try to make a guarantee, try to make points on the door

No one tells us what to do, no one tells us where to go

One more bottle for this happy hour hero

One more bottle

One more bottle

One more bottle for this happy hour hero

One more bottle

One more bottle

One more bottle for this happy hour hero

And Charlotte's a long way to go, just to show 'em what you got

And I hear it's worth the trip, the room gets burning hot

Let me jot down one more thing, just one more thing before I go

One more bottle for this happy hour hero

One more bottle for this happy hour, this happy hour hero

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written by CHUCK GARVEY, ROB DERHAK, AL SCHNIER
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