

# Honky Tonk Women

## The Radiators

I met a gin-soaked barroom queen in Memphis,  
She tried to take me upstairs for a ride.  
She had to heave me right across her shoulder,  
Cause I just can't seem to drink you off my mind.

(chorus)

It's the honky tonk women,  
That gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues.

I laid a divorcee in New York City,  
I had to put up some kind of a fight.  
The lady, then she covered me in roses,  
She blew my nose and then she blew my mind.

(chorus)

(chorus)

(chorus)

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