

Every Little Honky Tonk Bar

[George Strait](#)

Whiskey is the gasoline that lights the fire that burns the bridge

Ice creates the water that's no longer runnin' under it

Stool holds the fool that pours the whiskey on his broken heart

Cigarettes create the smoke that hides the lonesome in his eyes

The jukebox plays Hank, "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry"

Dance floor holds the folks trying to forget who they are

That's what happens in every little honky tonk bar Friday night, it's a given

We'll be L-I-V-N, livin'

We'll dance on the bar 'til we're sleeping it off in the car

Monday morning, it's a given

We'll be D-R-A-G-N, draggin'

And that's what happens in every little honky tonk bar

Neon lights flashin' bright 'til you're almost hypnotized

Red dress, short skirt, gets it on 'bout every night

Comin' and goin', always rollin' with the flow

Bartender pourin' drinks, CÃ³digo double shots

You think you're tall and bulletproof until somebody says you're not

Step outside thinkin' you're gonna show 'em you are

That's what happens in every little honky tonk bar

Friday night, it's a given

We'll be L-I-V-N, livin'

We'll dance on the bar 'til we're sleeping it off in the car

Monday morning, it's a given

I'll be D-R-A-G-N, draggin'

And that's what happens in every little honky tonk bar

Yeah that's what happens in every little honky tonk bar Whiskey is the gasoline that lights the fire that burns the
bridge

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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