Dive Bar Sweetheart

Becky Warren

Ash on the carpet, stains on the wall
Everybodyâ€™s here cuz theyâ€™re better off drowning in alcohol
Singing along with the jukebox washed in grit and grease
She floated in one Saturday and redeemed the place

Sheâ€™s my dive bar sweetheart
Angel of cheap gin
I donâ€™t want to think what Iâ€™d of been
Without my dive bar sweetheart

Trading jokes with the regulars
Dancing with the Vietnam vets
Lighting the whole place up like a million cigarettes

my dive bar sweetheart
Angel of well gin
I donâ€™t want to think what Iâ€™d of been
without my dive bar sweetheart

I swear I saw it happen
under the neon glare
The smoke parted and god put a halo around her hair.

Sheâ€™s my dive bar sweetheart
?
My dive bar sweethear
?
My dive bar sweetheart angel of well gin
I donâ€™t want to think what Iâ€™d of been without my dive bar sweetheart
My dive bar sweetheart
Without my dive bar sweetheart

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/