Pour 'Em Kinda Strong

Corb Lund

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Bartender, I know you're a reasonable man
Looks like you got the run of this place
Set me up a round so's that I can see your hands
And wipe the goddamned smile off of your face
I'm sure you must have heard of me, I'm lightning with my Smith
And my reputation burns all through the west
So if you know what is good for you, shut up and get the whiskey
And not that trade stuff, I want nothin' but your best
And pour 'em kinda strong 'cause I won't be here long
You best not do me wrong, just pour 'em kinda strong
I ain't got time to savour 'em, I gotta drink 'em quick
I've conveyed my urgency, I hope
If they catch me it's all over, I'll be way on up the creek
And I'll be swingin' on the wrong end of a rope
The posse's been behind me now for six or seven days
Only two hours back and chewin' on my dust
I got a powerful thirst I come in here to try to slake
So serve it up or draw down if you must
Well I wasn't really watchin' you, my eyes was on the door
Imagine my surprise to hear the cock
Of that .32 that left me here to bleed out on your floor
I'm too far gone to bother with the doc
Well I wasn't really watchin' you, my eyes was to the east
You know, to dull the pain I could use one more
You surely won't deny a man a dyin' drink at least
I'm awful embarrassed at how I spoke to you before
So pour 'em kinda strong 'cause I won't be here long
Mister, please don't do me wrong, just pour 'em kinda strong
You surely won't deny a dyin' man a drink at least
I'm awful embarrassed at how I spoke to you before

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