

# Two Glasses, Joe

Ernest Tubb

Set up two glasses, Joe  
And turn the jukebox low  
And let me sit and reminisceWhile I pretend that she  
Is sittin' here with me  
The way she did not long agoWe used to paint the town red  
And dance until two  
Well, I don't paint it red no more  
But I'm paintin' it blueHe's stole her love I know  
But he can't stop me, Joe  
From having just a dream or twoSet up two glasses, Joe  
Maybe you didn't know  
But there's a memory in the roomA memory that walks  
A memory that talks  
And haunts me everywhere I goI'm just a fool who loves her  
And will till I die  
From the very first hello  
Until the last goodbyeAnd this is it you know  
So fill two glasses, Joe  
Then leave me here alone to cry

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