

The bartender

Ivy St

Mr. Bourbon and coke laughs at all of my jokes
When he's drinking
Mr. Martini stares and he never shares
What he's thinking And Miss. Sexy red wine tells me at closing time
That she'll phone me
Mr. Whiskey shot glass watches hookers walk past
When he's lonely I'm a bartender, I pour the drinks
Laugh with the sinners and cry with the saints
And even if they don't remember
I try to make their bar tender Mr. Never does tip says that none of his kids
Ever call home
Mrs. Chews on her lip tells someone she's at work
On her cell phone Mrs. Husband just died always breaks down and cries
On the weekends
Just another long night in a bartender's life
With some good friends I'm a bartender, I pour the drinks
Laugh with the sinners and cry with the saints
And even if they don't remember
I try to make their bar tender And even if they don't remember
I try to make their bar tender

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