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 thinkingAnd 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 lonelyI'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 tenderMr. 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 phoneMrs. Husband just died always breaks down and cries
On the weekends
Just another long night in a bartender's life
With some good friendsI'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 tenderAnd even if they don't remember
I try to make their bar tender

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