

Bartender's Blues (With James Taylor

George Jones

Now I'm just a bartender
And I don't like my work
But I don't mind the money at all I see lots of sad faces
And lots of bad cases
Of folks with their backs to the wall I need four walls around me to hold my life
To keep me from going astray
And a honky-tonk angel to hold me tight
To keep me from slipping away I can light up your smokes
I can laugh at your jokes
I can watch you fall down on your knees I can close down this bar
Go and gas up my old car
I can pack up, oh Lord, and mail in the key I need four walls around me to hold my life
To keep me from going astray
And a honky-tonk angel to hold me tight
To keep me from slipping away Now the smoke fills the air in this honky-tonk bar
And I'm thinking 'bout where I'd rather be
But I burned all my bridges and I sank all ships
Now I'm stranded at the edge of the sea I still need four walls around me to hold my life
To keep me from going astray
And a honky-tonk angel to hold me tight
To keep me from slipping away

Songwriters

Horace Ott Published by

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