

Twistin' Tops

[Doug Supernaw](#)

Writers: Doug Supernaw/Rick Robertson Here's to you with your champagne in hand

Although the arms around you are another man's

His million dollar house and his fine foreign car

Have left me in this dingy little bar But the dollars in your eyes

Can't hold back the tears you'll cry

When the glamour fades into a lonely night

Drink your bubbly, give me barley and hops

And on this stool I'll be standin' by

Twistin' tops 'til his champagne runs dry

Here's to me and the slow movin' hands

For you the time is flyin', but for me so still it stands

Am I right for hangin' on, just a wishful thinkin' fool

Convinced that it's a stage that you're going through But the dollars in your eyes

Can't hold back the tears you'll cry

When the glamour fades into a lonely night

Drink your bubbly, give me barley and hopes

And on this stool I'll be standin' by

Twistin' tops 'til his champagne runs dry Twistin' tops 'til his champagne runs dry

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