

# Happy Hour Hero

[moe.](#)

A pint of beer and a pretty girl, a pack of Camel Lights  
Another night, another bar...green neon lights  
Smoke acts as a camouflage for every lizard with a line  
Forget about the pretty girl, a Saranac will do just fine  
A pint of beer and a shot of Jack...a pack of Camel Lights  
Some days don't see the day and some don't see the night  
Damn bar stool wobbles, ain't no footrest at the bar  
When I pass through my water glass I can, I can see who you are  
One more bottle  
One more bottle for this happy hour hero  
One more bottle  
One more bottle

One more bottle for this happy hour hero  
A pint of beer and a pretty girl, a pack of Camel Lights  
Sweaty little men worship those Southern girls in tights  
And we keep on playin' the songs that no one wants to hear  
Sweaty little man just shot a hundred-dollar bill without a care  
And we play from ten to two, but we work from noon to four  
Try to make a guarantee, try to make points on the door  
No one tells us what to do, no one tells us where to go  
One more bottle for this happy hour hero  
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One more bottle for this happy hour hero

Songwriters

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