

# Honky Tonk Heroes

[Mark Chesnutt](#)

Low down leaving sun  
Done, did everything that needs done  
Woe is me, why can't I see?  
I'd best be leaving well enough alone  
Them neon light nights, couldn't stay out of fights  
Keep a-haunting me in memories  
Well is one in every crowd for crying out loud  
Why was it always turning out to be me?  
Where does it go? The good Lord only knows  
Seems like it was just the other day  
I was down at Green Gables, hawking them tables  
And generally blowing all my hard earned pay  
Piano rolled blues, danced holes in my shoes  
There weren't another other way to be  
For lovable losers, no account boozers  
And honky tonk heroes like me  
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