

On Tap, In the Can or In the Bottle (Re-Recorded)

Hank Thompson

ON TAP, IN THE CAN, OR IN THE BOTTLE

Writers Hank Thompson, Dick Hart On tap, in the can or in the bottle

To me it will all taste the same

Down the hatch cause my throat's open throttle

My heart is pumping sorrow through me vanes

I could drink to the times when I was happy

But here's a toast to my misery

On tap, in the can or in the bottle

Oh bartender bring it to me

On tap, in the can or in the bottle

I wonder who's kissing her now

My life I'll have to remodel

And learn to life without her somehow

There's no place to go and hide myself

The only sanctuary I seek

Is on tap, in the can or in the bottle

Oh bartender bring it to me

There's no place to go and hide myself

The only sanctuary I seek

Is on tap, in the can or in the bottle

Oh bartender bring it to me

On tap, in the can or in the bottle

Oh bartender bring it to me

Songwriters

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