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 HartOn 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
THOMPSON, HANK / HART, DICKPublished by
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