

# Dim Lights, Thick Smoke

Dwight Yoakam

Dim Lights, Thick Smoke, and loud, loud music  
It's the only kind of live you'll ever understand  
Oh, dim lights, thick smoke and loud, loud music  
You'll never look at your wife, you go home loving mine

At home and little children, and evil  
Our house filled with love or hugs, that true  
You'd rather have a drink with the bourbon kind you need it  
And the only home you know, that tub down the street

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Good thinking and fixing to a honky-tonk made it  
When you left your loving family life back, right back where you ran  
So go on and have your fun, but you won't always look so smart  
When some day that lonely bar brake your honky-tonk heart

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