

Sorrow on the Rocks

Porter Wagoner

Just pour me sorrow on the rocks
Bartender, sorrow on the rocks will do
I'm tryin' to drown my troubles
So make it a double, hmm, hmm, hmm
The seat of my pants is slick from my barstool
And my hand's in the shape of a glass
My eyes look like a road map of Georgia
And it's a shame I've lost my class
One broken heart can do strange things
To a fellow who can't take pain
But in this hundred proof condition I'm in no position
To take her back again
So pour me sorrow on the rocks
Bartender, sorrow on the rocks will do
I'm tryin' to drown my troubles
So make it a double, hmm, hmm, hmm
Looks like the hair on my head ain't never met a comb
And my face is a bearded mess
My hand shakes slightly and I have to walk lightly
Or I'll weave from right to left
The music on the jukebox don't mean a thing
'Cause I'm too far gone for a song
I sure feel bad 'cause my baby ain't here
And I'm sorry that I done her wrong
So pour me sorrow on the rocks
Bartender, sorrow on the rocks will do
I'm tryin' to drown my troubles
So make it a double, hmm, hmm, hmm
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