Honky Tonk Women

Amazonics

I met a gin-soaked barroom queen in Memphis,
She tried to take me upstairs for a ride.
She had to heave me right across her shoulder,
Cause I just can't seem to drink you off my mind.
(chorus)
It's the honky tonk women,
That gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues.
I laid a divorcee in New York City,
I had to put up some kind of a fight.
The lady, then she covered me in roses,
She blew my nose and then she blew my mind.
(chorus)
(chorus)
(chorus)

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