

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, hmmThe 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 classOne 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 againSo 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, hmmLooks 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 leftThe 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 wrongSo 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, hmmSo pour me sorrow on the rocks
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I'm tryin' to drown my troubles
So make it a double, hmm, hmm, hmm

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