

# Down And Out

[George Strait](#)

Well I'm out on a tear 'cause she's tearing me apart  
If I look rough on the outside, you ought to see my heart  
And this look in my eyes shows beyond a doubt  
Since my woman left, I'm down and out  
Well, I'm down at the bar, out of my mind  
Tighter than an eight-day clock with no way to unwind  
Well that jukebox cries the blues like it knows what I'm about  
Since my woman left, I'm down and out  
Well I'm down to my last dollar, but I don't really care

My friends have all got whiskey, and they don't mind if I share  
Well they know how it feels to have your heart torn inside out  
Since my woman left, I'm down and out  
Well, I'm down at the bar, out of my mind  
Tighter than an eight-day clock with no way to unwind  
Well that jukebox cries the blues like it knows what I'm about  
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