

Happy Hour Hero

moe.

A pint of beer and a pretty girl, a pack of Camel Lights
Another night, another bar...green neon lights
Smoke acts as a camouflage for every lizard with a line
Forget about the pretty girl, a Saranac will do just fine
A pint of beer and a shot of Jack...a pack of Camel Lights
Some days don't see the day and some don't see the night
Damn bar stool wobbles, ain't no footrest at the bar
When I pass through my water glass I can, I can see who you are

One more bottle
One more bottle
One more bottle for this happy hour hero
One more bottle
One more bottle
One more bottle for this happy hour hero

A pint of beer and a pretty girl, a pack of Camel Lights
Sweaty little men worship those Southern girls in tights
And we keep on playin' the songs that no one wants to hear
Sweaty little man just shot a hundred-dollar bill without a care
And we play from ten to two, but we work from noon to four
Try to make a guarantee, try to make points on the door
No one tells us what to do, no one tells us where to go
One more bottle for this happy hour hero

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One more bottle
One more bottle
One more bottle for this happy hour hero

And Charlotte's a long way to go, just to show 'em what you got
And I hear it's worth the trip, the room gets burning hot
Let me jot down one more thing, just one more thing before I go
One more bottle for this happy hour hero
One more bottle for this happy hour hero
One more bottle for this happy hour hero
One more bottle for this happy hour hero
One more bottle for this happy hour, this happy hour hero

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