

If You Want To Make Me Happy

Alan Jackson

What'll it be?, he asked, What do you need tonight?
Something cold to drown the fire, something hot to stir one up?
I'll make it simple, I said, Just two things I'll request
That bottle by your shoulder and some quarters for these dollars 'Cause if you wanna make me happy, pour me
Bourbon on the rocks
And play every sad song on the jukebox
Songs of loving and leaving, lying and cheating
Songs of hurting and crying and even songs of dying If you wanna make me happy, pour me Bourbon on the
rocks
And play every sad song on the jukebox A woman, he asked
She left you I bet, I've seen that look that's in your eyes
On a many other face, "That's right" I said, I deserved it I guess
But it still hurts me all alone at night, there by myself So if you wanna make me happy, pour me Bourbon on the
rocks
And play every sad song on the jukebox
Songs of loving and leaving, lying and cheating
Songs of hurting and crying and even songs of dying If you wanna make me happy, pour me Bourbon on the
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