

# Bobby Bare, Winner

The hulk of a man with a beer in his hand he looked like a drunk old fool  
And I knew if I hit him right why I could knock him off of that stool  
But everybody they said watch out hey that's the Tiger Man McCool  
He's had the whole lotta fights and he's always come out winner yeah he's a winner  
But I had myself about five too many and I walked up tall and proud  
I faced his back and I faced the fact that he had never stooped or bowed  
I said Tiger Man you're a pussycat and a hush fell on the crowd  
I said let's you and me go outside and see who's the winner  
Well he gripped the bar with one big hairy hand then he braced against the wall  
He slowly looked up from his beer my God that man was tall  
He said boy I see you're a scrapper so just before you fall  
I'm gonna tell you just a little bout what it means to be a winner  
He said now you see these bright white smilin' teeth you know they ain't my own  
Mine rolled away like Chicklets down the street in San Antone  
But I left that person cursin' nursin' seven broken bones  
And he only broke ah three of mine that makes me the winner  
He said now behind this grin I got a steel pin that holds my jaw in place  
A trophy of my most successful motorcycle race  
And each morning when I wake and touch this scar across my face  
It reminds me of all I got by bein' a winner  
Now this broken back was the dyin' act of a handsome Harry Clay  
That sticky Cincinnati night I stole his wife away  
But that woman she gets uglier and she gets meaner every day  
But I got her boy that's what makes me a winner  
He said you gotta speak loud when you challenge me son cause it's hard for me to hear  
With this twisted neck and these migraine pains and this big ole cauliflower ear  
And if it wadn't for this glass eye of mine why I'd shed a happy tear  
To think of all that you gonna get by bein' a winner  
I got arthritic elbows boy I got dislocated knees  
From pickin' fights with thunderstorms and chargin' into trees  
And my nose been broke so often I might lose if I sneeze  
And son you say you still wanna be a winner  
Now you remind me a lotta my younger days with your knuckles a clenchin' white  
But boy I'm gonna sit right here and sip this beer all night  
And if there's somethin' that you gotta gain to prove by winnin' some silly fight  
Well okay I quit I lose you're the winner  
So I stumbled from that barroom not so tall and not so proud  
And behind me I still hear the hoots of laughter of the crowd  
But my eyes still see and my nose still works and my teeth're still in my mouth  
And you know I guess that makes me the winner