

Doug Supernaw, Twistin' Tops

Writers: Doug Supernaw/Rick Robertson

Here's to you with your champagne in hand
Although the arms around you are another man's
His million dollar house and his fine foreign car
Have left me in this dingy little bar

But the dollars in your eyes
Can't hold back the tears you'll cry
When the glamour fades into a lonely night
Drink your bubbly, give me barley and hops
And on this stool I'll be standin' by
Twistin' tops 'til his champagne runs dry
Here's to me and the slow movin' hands
For you the time is flyin', but for me so still it stands
Am I right for hangin' on, just a wishful thinkin' fool
Convinced that it's a stage that you're going through

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