

Mel Tillis, She'll Be Hanging Round Somewhere

Pour me hard liquor over soft music at a table with only one chair
From the first lonely song till the last drop is gone she'll be hanging round somewhere

She may appear like an angel through a smoky crowd
Or fall in a teardrop I can't hold back now
Pour me hard liquor over soft music and she'll be hanging round somewhere

[fiddle - guitar]

She may dance softly in the candle light reflecting her old mem'ries everywhere
You may find me glancing in a sparkling wine but she'll be hanging round somewhere
Pour me hard liquor...
She'll be hanging round somewhere