

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, A Little Hungo

Oh, what a sin looks like I slept in
And I'm a gonna be a little bit late
My therapy began again
to mend my broken heart again
When happy hour's over at eight
Now I don't keep score, no not anymore
You see I seen a slammin' door
time or two before
I know I'm gonna get through
I'm just a little hung over you

Headaches and heartaches will end
Bring me aspirin my friends
What I need is some laughs to get me back on the road
Then I'm back on the mend
back in the saddle again
And I'm the winner of the barstool rodeo
And now I don't get sore, I don't cry anymore
I've seen a barroom floor
a time or two before
I know I'm gonna pull through
I'm just a little hung over you.

(Chorus)
So barkeep won'tcha pick me
the longest hair of that goddamn dog that bit me And pull his sharpest tooth
That'd be the highest proof
of your lowest grade booze
Yes, we sure had fun when I was her number one
But now I'm standing' in number two
But now I'm changing my shoes
I'm just a little hung over you

Meanwhile back at the bar
I show off another scar
And my friends all say it looks great
Another false start of mine,
back to the end of the line
Where true love is-a-gonna have to wait
Well I sure had fun when I was your number one
But now I'm standing in number two
But now I'm changing my shoes
I'm gonna sing a little blues
I'm just a little hung over you

(Chorus)
Barkeep won'tcha hit me...

there's a girl at the bar
the twinkle's burned out of her star
a hundred teardrops on her shoes
And though her head's hung low
I think it's someone I know
Is that little hung over you?
Is that little hung over you?