

# 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?