

Whiskeytown, Bar Lights

The bar lights and the liquor
And the way all the bottles they shine

Well I got five more dollars, drink another
You'll feel fine
You'll feel fine
You'll feel fine

The bar lights and the women
The empty pool hall and you and I

Well I got five more dollars, drink another
You'll feel fine
You'll feel fine
You'll feel fine

Write your name down on a matchbook sleeve
Call me up on Sunday for a drink
Call me up on Sunday tell me anything

The bar lights and the liquor
The way all the bottles they shine

Well I've got five more dollars that won't make you mine
That won't make you mine
That won't make you mine