

Wynn Stewart, Bar Fly

I wonder little bar fly if I crushed you in the dirt
Though the pain may kill you or would you feel the hurt
I wonder little bar fly though your brain is small
Do you ever think of bluff or do you think at all

I wish I was a bar fly and when it's time to close
I wouldn't have to go and I could be here all alone
I'd be in seventh heaven cause everybody's gone
I wish I was a bar fly I'd have a bottle for my home
(steel)
I'll bet you little bar fly if you could only spead
You could tell a lot of stories about strong men out turned weak
It's funny little bar fly how a man will think
And he'll praise the things he'll do when he's had too much drinks

I wish I was a bar fly cause when it's time to close
I wouldn't have to leave I'd be here all alone
And I'd be in seventh heaven when everybody's gone
I wish I was a bar fly I'd have a bottle for my home
I wish I was a bar fly I'd have a bottle for my home