

Dan McCafferty, Honky Tonk Downstairs

It won't be long now, until that ol' sun gets down
And up the stairs I hide, my shameful tears

My wife works all night long, for a man who's halfway gone
She's a barmaid in the honky tonk downstairs

bridge:

And it's a shame she wears the name
Of a man that's locked in chains
To a bottle that destroys her hopes and cares

To a man with hungry eye's, she works and hides her pride
She's a barmaid in the honky tonk downstairs

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