

# Hank Thompson, Bubbles In My Beer

Tonight in a bar alone I'm sitting  
Apart from the laughter and the cheer  
While scenes from the past rise before me  
I'm watching the bubbles in my beer  
A vision of someone who loves me  
Brings along solty tears to my eyes  
So I know that my life's been a failure  
Just watching the bubbles in my beer  
[ steel - fiddle ]  
I'm seeing the road that I've travelled  
A road paved with heartaches and tears  
And I'm seeing the past that I've wasted  
While watching the bubbles in my beer  
As I think of the heart that I've broken  
And of the golden chances that have passed me by  
And the dreams that I had now are empty  
As empty as the bubbles in my beer