

# Hank Thompson, Drunkards' Blues

Walking slow to the graveyard I've lost everything I could lose  
Now I've even lost my baby I guess I've got the drunker's blues  
It was down at Big Joe's barroom on the corner beyond the square  
Everybody drinkin' good liquor the regular crowd was there  
So I strolled out on the sidewalk began to look around  
Looking everywhere for my baby but that sweet woman can't be found  
It was down at St James in morgue I found my baby there  
Stretched out on a long white table so cold so plain so bare  
So I strolled back down to the barroom to get another drink of gin  
The next thing you know I'm reeling rocking and drunk again  
Sixteen coal black horses all hitched up in a line  
In that pretty buggy she's ridin' goodbye ol' gal of mine  
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