

# Hank Williams Jr., Glass

You walk in a tavern and you order yourself a drink  
And wonder if she brings the glass  
You try to imagine what kind of person had a drink from at last  
Was he a rich man who stopped in on his way to make another big business deal  
Or maybe just a poor man in old clothes who spent his last hard earned dollar bill  
Was he dreamin' of his future or drawnin' his past or maybe just spendin' some time  
A meetin' his sweetheart or somebody's wife  
Or a barmaid he couldn't get off his mind  
How many times did he refill the glass or just how long did he stay  
And just how much money did he leave behind before he finally went on his way  
Did he drink up the groceries or maybe the rent or even the baby's new pair of shoes  
And what kind of music I wonder did he use to play  
I'm sure his selection was the blues  
This glass has been held in the hands of a hundred or so at one time  
And been pressed to the lips of the fairest young girl  
Who sat there sippin' on beer whiskey or wine  
God just what would happened if this glass could talk and let the secret come true  
I guess it's better that he'd never learned it might mean trouble for you