

Pogues, Honky Tonk Woman

I met a gin-soaked barroom queen in Memphis,
She tried to take me upstairs for a ride.
She had to heave me right across her shoulder,
Cause I just can't seem to drink you off my mind.

It's the honky tonk women,
That gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues.

I laid a divorcee in New York City,
I had to put up some kind of a fight.
The lady, then she covered me in roses,
She blew my nose and then she blew my mind.

It's the honky tonk women,
That gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues.
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