

Porter Wagoner, Sorrow On The Rocks

Just pour me sorrow on the rocks bartender sorrow on the rocks will do
I'm tryin' to drown my troubles so make it a double mhm mhm mhm

The seat of my pants is slick from my barstool and my hand's in the shape of a glass
My eyes look like a roadmap of Georgia and it's a shame I've lost my class
One broken heart can do strange things to a fellow who can't take pain
But in this hundred proof condition I'm in no position to take her back again
So pour me sorrow on the rocks...

Looks like the hair on my head ain't never met a comb and my face is a bearded mess
My hand shakes slightly and I have to walk lightly or I'll weave from right to left
The music on the jukebox don't mean a thing cause I'm too far gone for a song
I sure feel bad cause my baby ain't here and I'm sorry that I done her wrong
So pour me sorrow on the rocks...
So pour me sorrow on the rocks...