

Roman Wojciechowski, Honky Tonk Women | Final

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,
give me, give me, give me the honky tonk blues.
Strollin' on the boulevards of Paris,
as naked as the day that I will die.
The sailors they're so charming there in Paris,
but they just don't seem to sail you off my mind.

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