

# Tom T. Hall, Beer Drinker's Waltz

The band played and everyone talked  
Through the plain old beer drinker's waltz.

Well, they sweated and swore, and they spit on the floor  
Where the cigarette butts were all thrown  
They wrote on the wall and hid out from the law  
And the whole gang was drunk-drivin' home.

(refrain)

Some little snuff queen who was barely sixteen  
Played an out of tune yamaha guitar  
Some old boy named wink who brought his own drinks  
Had his fiddle stoled out of his car.

(refrain)

The man tendin' bar told the boy on guitar  
He was a-drinkin' a little too much  
They announced on the mic that they left on the lights  
In a dark blue chevrolet truck.

(refrain)

Well, somewhere in the heavens there's a seven-o-seven  
And they're a-servin' champagne in first class  
Somewhere upstairs a child says it's prayers  
Oh, but downstairs they're havin' a blast.

(refrain)