

Trent Tomlinson, Cheatin' On My Honky-Tonk

I still show up at five
Let everybody know I've arrived
I order up my usual bangles
I don't want no-one to thank
I'm not the guy they've come to learn to like
Somewhere around about eight
When it's up, wall to wall, in this place
I sneak into the bathroom stall
Lift the window, out I crawl
Better things to do than drink

Hey, I'm cheatin' on my honky-tonk
'Fraid my friends are gonna talk
Tryin' hide it best as I can
Well, I don't want no-one to know
What I'm doin', where I go
Think I'm any less of a man
I know they'll really kill me
Try to pull me back if they only knew
I've been cheatin' on my honky-tonk
An' comin' home to you

First time I slipped away
I felt guilty 'bout all next day
So next night, just to throw 'em off
I got so drunk I had to fall
On my butt to save a little face
They still don't know I'm doin' wrong
But they been noticing how I've been gone
An' I'm running out of ways to lie
My poor ol' Momma's died three times

I think they're close to catchin' on

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(Oh, wontcha stand on it son)

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