

Wanda Jackson, Two Separate Barstools

(One love is breaking in two)

Two lonely people drinking alone both with a lot on their minds

Each of them thinking the others untrue killing their pain with the wine

On two separate barstools in two separate bars sit two separate fools me and you

Lost in two foolish worlds built by two doubting minds while one love is breaking in two

I picture you at a party somewhere having the time of your life

You can see me in some other man's arms pretending that I'm not your wife

On two separate barstools...

While one love is breaking in two