

MISERY

Memories and drinks don't mix too well.
Jukebox records don't play those wedding bells.
Lookin' at the world through the bottom of a glass,
All I see is a man who's fading fast.
Tonight I need that woman again.
What I'd give for my baby to just walk in.
Sit down beside me and say: It's alright.
Take me home and make sweet love to me tonight.

But here I am again, mixin' misery and gin.
Sittin' with all my friends and talkin' to myself.
I look like I'm havin' a good time but any fool can tell,
That this Honky Tonk Heaven really makes ya' feel like hell.

I light a lonely woman's cigarette,
We both start talkin' 'bout what we want to forget.
Her life story and mine are the same.
We both lost someone and only have ourselves to blame.

But here I am again, mixin' misery and gin.
Sittin' with all my friends and talkin' to myself.
I look like I'm havin' a good time but any fool can tell,
That this Honky Tonk Heaven really makes ya' feel like hell.