

Bars Shouldn't Have Mirrors

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Boots and a buckle jukebox and a bottle
Old rodeo cowboy its part of the draw
He dreams of tomorrow winnin' the next show
Till he looks in the mirror that hangs on the wall
There's a weathered old face like leather its aged
With scars you can trace that run down to his soul
The mirror can't hide what the drinks will disguise
There's a rodeo cowboy that's gettin' too old
Bars shouldn't have mirrors who wants to see the real thing
Bars shouldn't have mirrors is that cowboy I'm lookin' at there
really me

But he'll tell all his stories live over past glories
Will the whisky will make him a winner again
But every drink that is raised he'll see his face
Cause the bottles just a mirror he holds in his hand
Bars shouldn't have mirrors...