

Cool Little Bars

Ashley McBryde

There's still a cigarette machine by the shuffleboard
A coin drop jukebox full of songs you don't hear much anymore
Names and dates carved right into the tabletops
An old pickle jar sitting on the bar where ya money goes

Same old dudes every afternoons playing dominoes
Six bucks buys a cold beer and a shot

And I pray time just forgets to turn places like this
Into drive-throughs and condos, Lord knows we need those
Little holes in the wall for lost souls and old stray dogs
God bless two for ones and broken hearts and cool little bars

The faded paint is covered up with dollar bills
From regulars and amateurs that all had time to kill
It's cookie-cutter corporate on this street
So Lord as I sit me down to drink

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God bless two for ones and broken hearts and cool little bars

Now I ain't sure how long this one's been around
But I know for sure I'm on holy ground

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