

Bars

Dallas Smith

One drink led to a name, to a laugh
To a dance floor so close three songs and a half
Then your girlfriend's whirlwind rushed ya' right out the door
You were yelling your number through the window of a cab
Got a three-six-seven-four that was that
But I ain't giving up that easy
Ain't going home 'til I hit every one of these

Dive bar, beer joint, boot scoot, honky tonks
Pink martini lounge, downtown rooftops
Searching every face for your smile
Somewhere in the neon dark
I'm running out of hand stamp, cover charge dollar bills
Don't matter ain't quittin' 'til we pick up where we left off
Wherever you are, girl you gotta be in one of these bars

That's the third time I've heard Taylor karaoke
And my shirt's still wet from a drink spilled on me
And I'm kickin' myself, mad as hell, for not catching your last name
Got a blurred out photo on an iPhone camera
Askin' have ya' seen her like MC Hammer
Man, I gotta find ya' before last call
Til' then I'll keep checkin' all the

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Sittin' in a corner booth
Yeah in one of these bars
Sayin' boy I've been waiting on you
That's enough to keep me going through

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Yeah you gotta be in one of these bars
You just gotta be in one of these bars