I set free your ghost
It hung around for too long
I turned it in for that corner
Where a quarter plays a George Jones song

And you made yourself at home
Moved me right on out
You left me for alone
Now I'm here stoned and on my third round

And it's no longer you, it's no longer us
Just me and this barstool collecting bar dust
Fell in love again
And all of my friends say it's a good place to start
At a quarter past two
For once it ain't you, it's just bars on my heart

All these cigarette smoke rings
How they dance with shadows on the wall
I guess there's just something
'Bout a honky-tonk
It knows when I'm sad
Hell, even keeps my shot glass full
Might be bad for my health
But ah, what the hell, think it's good for my soul

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