

Burn Another Honky Tonk Down

George Jones

I work on the mountain cuttin' the timber
I work till my fingers are sore
Cutting the timber, goes through the saw mill
To build another honky tonk bar.

While down in the valley she's spendin' my money
Havin' herself quit a ball
Spending my money I earn at the sawmill
To build another honky tonk bar.

Early each mornin' I'm back on that mountain
Wishin' her lies were the truth
Cutting the tiber that goes through the sawmil
To build another honky tonk bar.

But tonights all over
I'm through cuttin' the timber
I know right where she'll be found
I look through the window
And if she's still in there
I'm gonna burn a honky tonk down.

Yes tonights all over
I'm through cuttin' the timber
I know right where she'll be found
I'll look through the window
And if she's still in there
I'm gonna burn another honky tonk down.

I'll look through the window
And if she's still in there
I'm gonna burn another honky tonk down...