

Dim Lights, Thick Smoke (And Loud, Loud Music)

Jack Ingram

Dim lights, thick smoke and loud, loud music
Is the only kind of life you'll ever understand
Dim lights, thick smoke and loud, loud music
You'll never make a wife to a home lovin' man

A home and little children mean nothing to you
A house filled with love and a husband so true
You'd rather have a drink with the first guy you meet
And the only house you know is the club down the street

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A-drinkin' and a-dancin' to a honky-tonk band
Is the only kind of life you'll ever understand
Go on and have your fun, you think you've played it smart
I feel sorry for you and your honky-tonk heart

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