

Open Bars

Jake Banfield

She told me to go to hell
So I went right away to that hole in the wall
Yeah, and that's where I stayed
But it ain't that bad
'Cause they know what to pour me
They keep running up my tab
Yeah, and if it wasn't for me

That neon wouldn't be on
Wouldn't pour that Tennessee strong
Wouldn't play sad country songs
Talkin' 'bout how she's gone
Wouldn't need no lonely last call
Or a bartender at all
Wouldn't be no open bars
If it wasn't for them, got away girls
Givin' good ol' boys broken hearts

She said I had a problem
So I'm putting it to use
My paycheck paved the lot
Bought a new corner booth
Yeah, I'm down on my luck
But it's kinda funny, isn't it?
'Cause they're keepin' me drunk
While I'm keepin' them in business

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If she walked in
And said, "Baby, let's go"
I don't care what you did
Close it out, take me home
I wouldn't be surprised if they locked all the doors
And said, "Sit your ass down"
Then poured me one more

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