

Bar Room Country

John Anderson

There's a job in honky tonk on the county line
I go to lose my sanity
Ain't no trouble at all, there's a sign on the wall
No guns, no profanity

And there's sweet Sue with a new tattoo
Wearin' them low cut jeans
Long legged babo is dancin' on the table
Slams like the poker machine

Here comes Billy, comin' down from the hill
Drivin' in a Coupe Deville, we're in bar room country

Bar room country, get in line
Bar room country, leave your troubles behind
Bar room country, come in and get right
Every night's a Saturday night here in bar room country

So if you find yourself out on the town
With a whole lotta nothin' to do
They got a band with a fiddle and a steel guitar
That plays 'til the quarter past two

You can sure get loud in a honky tonk crowd
And nobody seems to care
And if you get lucky you might find somethin'
You can't find anywhere

Everyone's invited, family and friends
Y'all get out and come on in the bar room country

Bar room country, get in line
Bar room country, leave your troubles behind
Bar room country, come in and get right
Every night's a Saturday night here in bar room country

Bar room country, come in and get right
God, every night's a Saturday night here in bar room country