

Barney

Loretta Lynn

You can take Barney out of the bar room, but
You can't take the bar out of Barney

Barney likes to smoke em filter-tipped cigarettes
And if he can't get a blonde then he'll take a brunette
And all the while he's drinking from the pop top can
He'll be telling lies to a cute redhead

With a smile on his lips and a drink in his hand
That's how you can always recognize my man
Barney's plenty ugly with his eyes all red
So bring him on a'home and I'll put him to bed

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Barney wins a'playin' with the dice that he throws
But the one armed bandits get a lot of his dough
To win a game of cards, well, he might have to cheat
But he'll give it to a buddy gettin' back on his feet

Oh, that's my Barney sittin' there hardly able
I'd reckon he can drink us all under the table
I've seen him a lotta times high as a kite
They put him in jail for tryin' to fight

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Come on, Barney. Let's go home!
Barney, it's gettin' late!
Will someone please help me get him outta here?