

Rolling Stones, The

"Country Honk"

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Sittin' in a bar tippling a jar in Jackson
And on the street the summer sun it shines
There's many a bar-room queen I've had in Jackson
But I just can't seem to drink you off my mind

It's those Honky-Tonk women
Gimme, gimme, gimme those Honky Tonk blues

I laid a divorcee in New York City
I had to put up some kind of a fight
The Lady she all dressed me up in roses
She blew my nose and then she blew my mind

It's those Honky Tonk women
Gimme, gimme, gimme those Honky Tonk blues

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