

## Doug Supernaw "Twistin' Tops"

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Writers: Doug Supernaw/Rick Robertson

Here's to you with your champagne in hand  
Although the arms around you are another man's  
His million dollar house and his fine foreign car  
Have left me in this dingy little bar

But the dollars in your eyes  
Can't hold back the tears you'll cry  
When the glamour fades into a lonely night  
Drink your bubbly, give me barley and hops  
And on this stool I'll be standin' by  
Twistin' tops 'til his champagne runs dry  
Here's to me and the slow movin' hands  
For you the time is flyin', but for me so still it stands  
Am I right for hangin' on, just a wishful thinkin' fool  
Convinced that it's a stage that you're going through

But the dollars in your eyes  
Can't hold back the tears you'll cry  
When the glamour fades into a lonely night  
Drink your bubbly, give me barley and hopes  
And on this stool I'll be standin' by  
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