

Dwight Yoakam

"Dim Lights, Thick Smoke"

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Dim Lights, Thick Smoke, and loud, loud music
It's the only kind of live you'll ever understand
Oh, dim lights, thick smoke and loud, loud music
You'll never look at your wife, you go home loving mine

At home and little children,... and evil
Our house filled with love or hugs, that true
You'd rather have a drink with the bourbon kind you
need it
And the only home you know, that á¹—ub down the
street

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You'll never look at your wife, go home loving mine

Good thinking and fixing to a honky-tonk made it
When you left your loving family life back, right back
where you ran
So go on and have your fun, but you won't always look
so smart
When some day that lonely bar brake your honky-tonk
heart

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