

Hank Snow

"Face On The Barroom Floor"

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Twas a balmy summer evening and a goodly crowd
was there

Which well-nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of
the square

And as songs and witty stories came through the door

A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

Where did it come from someone said the wind has
blown it in

What does it want another cried some whiskey rum or
gin

Here Toby seek him if your stomach's equal to the work

I wouldn't touch him with a fork he's filthy as a Turk.

This baninage the poor wretch took with stocial good
grace

In fact he smiled as though he though he'd struck the
proper place

Come boys I know there'd kindly hearts among so good
a crowd

To be in such good company would make a deacon
proud.

Give me a drink that's what I want I'm out of funds you
know

When I had cash to treat the gang this hand was never
slow

What you laugh as though you thought this pocket
never held a sov

I once was fixed as well my boys as any one of you.

There thanks that's braced me nicely God bless you
one and all

Next time I pass this good saloon I'll make another call

Give you a song no I can't do that my singing days are
past

My voice is cracked my throat's worn out and my lungs
are going fast.

Say give me another whiskey and I'll tell you what I'll do

I'll tell you a funny story and a fact I promise too

That I was ever a decent man not one of you would
think

But I was some four or five years back say give me
another drink.

Fill her up Joe I want to put some life into my frame

Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserably tame

Five fingers there that's the scheme and corking
whiskey too

Well here's luck boys and landlord my best regards to
you.

You've treated me pretty kindly and I'd like to tell you
how

I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now

As I told you once I was a man with muscle frame and
health

And but for a blunder ought to have made
considerable wealth.

I was a painter not one that daubed on bricks and wood

But an artist and for my age was rated pretty good

I worked hard at my canvas and was bidding fair to rise

For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

I made a picture perhaps you've seen 'tis called the
Chase of Fame

It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and added to
my name

And then I met a woman now comes the funny part

With eyes that petrified my brain and sunk into my
heart.

Why don't you laugh 'tis funny that the vagabond you
see

Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me

But 'twas so and for a month or two her smiles were
freely given

And when his loving lips touched mine it carried me to
heaven.

Did you ever see a woman for whom your soul you'd
give

With a form like the Milo Venus too beautiful to live

With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor and a wealth
of chesnut hair

If so 'twas she for there never was another half so fair.

I was working on a portrait one afternoon in May

Of a fair haired boy a friend of mine who lived across
the way

And Madeline admired it and much to my surprise

Said that she'd like to know the man that had such
dreamy eyes.

It didn't take long to know him and before the month
had flown

My friend had stolen my darling and I was left alone

And even a year of misery had passed above my head

The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was

dead.

That's why I took to drink boys why I never saw you
smile

I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while

Why what's the matter friend there's a teardrop in your
eye

Come laugh like me 'tis only babes and woman that
should cry.

Say boys if you give me just another whiskey I'll be glad

And I'll draw right here a picture of the face that drove
me mad

Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the
baseball score

You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom
floor.

Another drink and with chalk in hand the vagabond
began

To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any
man

Then as he placed another lock upon the shapely head

With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the
picture...

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