

Hank Williams Jr. "Glass"

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You walk in a tavern and you order yourself a drink
And wonder if she brings the glass
You try to imagine what kind of person had a drink
from at last
Was he a rich man who stopped in on his way to make
another big business deal
Or maybe just a poor man in old clothes who spent his
last hard earned dollar bill
Was he dreamin' of his future or drawnin' his past or
maybe just spendin' some time
A meetin' his sweetheart or somebody's wife
Or a barmaid he couldn't get off his mind
How many times did he refill the glass or just how long
did he stay
And just how much money did he leave behind before
he finally went on his way
Did he drink up the groceries or maybe the rent or even
the baby's new pair of shoes
And what kind of music I wonder did he use to play
I'm sure his selection was the blues
This glass has been held in the hands of a hundred or
so at one time
And been pressed to the lips of the fairest young girl
Who sat there sippin' on beer whiskey or wine
God just what would happened if this glass could talk
and let the secret come true
I guess it's better that he'd never learned it might
mean trouble for you

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