

Lee Greenwood

"After Six"

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Hey there Mr Bartender now have a little pity on me
Time is rough and a fuss is tough and I'm where I'm not
supposed to be
I'll give you my watch for a fifth of Scotch
If you don't make fun cause it don't run no better than I
do after six

Hey there Mr Bartender lots of things are botherin' me
There's the hydrogen bomb in VietNam and I'm out of
sigarettes since three
I'll give you my stickpen for a pint of gin
If you don't joke cause the diamond's broke
And it don't shine no better than I do after six
[ac.guitar]

Hey there Mr Bartender you better get a drip on me
My pulse is slow when I'm about to go I need a little
charity
I'll give you my shoes for a glass of booze
If you won't tell they don't smell no better than I do
after six

(Oh bartender I'll do anything for you I'll pick my guitar
Bartender you listen to me bartender)

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