Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers "A Little Hungover You"

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Oh, what a sin looks like I slept in
And I'm a gonna be a little bit late
My therapy began again
to mend my broken heart again
When happy hour started at eight
Now I don't keep score, no not anymore
You see I seen a slammin' door
time or two before
I know I'm gonna get through
I'm just a little hung over you…

Headaches and heartaches will end
Bring me aspirin and friends
A couple pills, a few laughs and a little bit of soul Then
I'm back on the mend,
back in the saddle again
And I'm the winner of the barstool rodeo
And when I hit the floor I don't cry anymore
You know, I've seen a barroom floor
a time or two before
I know I'm gonna pull through
I'm just a little hung over you….

(Chorus)

So barkeep won'tcha pick me
the longest hair of that goddamn dog that bit me And
pull his sharpest tooth
That'd be the highest proof
of your lowest grade booze
Yes, we sure had fun when I was her number one
But now I'm standing' in number two
But now I'm changing my shoes
I'm just a little hung over you

Meanwhile back at the bar
I show off another scar
And my friends all say it looks great
Another false start of mine,
back to the end of the line
Where true love is-a-gonna have to wait
Well I sure had fun when I was your number one

But now I'm standing in number two But now I'm changing my shoes I'm gonna sing a little blues I'm just a little hung over you

(Chorus)
Barkeep won'tcha hit me...

…there's a girl at the bar
the twinkle's burned out of her star
a hundred teardrops on her shoes…
And though her head's hung low
I think it's someone I know
Is that little hung over you?
Is that little hung over you?

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