

Thin White Rope "Bartender's Rag"

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CHORUS

Wring out that bartender's rag
And let it wipe away my blues
You ain't got a lot of call to use it
And it will help me more than it will you
Wring it over ice cubes with a cherry
Red as lips that told me we were through
Limes and lemons, words that came between us
Sour as that bartender's rag brew

CHORUS

No one could have told me I'd be singing out the
strains
Of what any man with sense would be pouring down the
drain

CHORUS

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