

Pat Boone

"George's Bar"

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My brother and I used to go down to George's Bar, and drink big O's until they close down the place, we'd talk about our lives, dreams and ambitions, I still recall the smile upon his face. He took off for the bright lights of Austin, said Pat don't you know there ain't no money here, he made a billion bucks selling computers, I still go to George's and drink my beer.

He's gone, yeah he's gone, but I'm still here.
He's gone, yeah he's gone, but I'm still here.

There was this curly headed girl back in the seventh grade, she didn't even know she caught my eye, we dated for a while back in high school, I thought that one day she'd be my wife. The road took a turn somewhere around eighteen, she took off to find her own way, fell in for some Nashville high roller, I know he gonna break her heart one day.

She's gone, yeah she's gone, but I'm still here,
She's gone, yeah she's gone, but I'm still here.

I used to go to my grandpas house every Sunday, watch the football game on TV, sit around sometimes he'd tell us stories, about how simple life used to be. My grandpa died a year ago last Sunday, I thought to myself he was one helluva' man, and I know when the darkness surrounds me, he reaches out and he takes my hand.

He's gone, yeah he's gone, but I'm still here,
He's gone, yeah he's gone, I swear to God that he's still here.

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