

## Porter Wagoner "Sorrow On The Rocks"

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Just pour me sorrow on the rocks  
Bartender, sorrow on the rocks will do  
I'm tryin' to drown my troubles  
So make it a double, hmm, hmm, hmm

The seat of my pants is slick from my barstool  
And my hand's in the shape of a glass  
My eyes look like a road map of Georgia  
And it's a shame I've lost my class

One broken heart can do strange things  
To a fellow who can't take pain  
But in this hundred proof condition I'm in no position  
To take her back again

So pour me sorrow on the rocks  
Bartender, sorrow on the rocks will do  
I'm tryin' to drown my troubles  
So make it a double, hmm, hmm, hmm

Looks like the hair on my head ain't never met a comb  
And my face is a bearded mess  
My hand shakes slightly and I have to walk lightly  
Or I'll weave from right to left

The music on the jukebox don't mean a thing  
'Cause I'm too far gone for a song  
I sure feel bad 'cause my baby ain't here  
And I'm sorry that I done her wrong

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