

Bradley Gaskin

"Mr. Bartender"

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Mr. Bartender could you pour me one round
Something strong to turn this frown I'm wearing upside
down
Oh please, could you give me the best drink you've got
Mr. Bartender take me out with one shot.

She left me on Friday; I'm so down and out
I never thought I'd lose her, and be so broken down
And now I'm counting on something to ease this pain
I've got.
Mr. Bartender, take me out with one shot.

How about some blended whiskey or some high-octane
rum
I'm in need of a stiff drink to make these feelings all go
numb
I'm counting on something to ease this pain I've got
Mr. Bartender, take me out with one shot.

She left me on Friday; I'm so down and out
I never thought I'd lose her, and be so broken down
And now I'm counting on something to ease this pain
I've got.
Mr. Bartender, take me out with one shot.

Yeah, Mr. Bartender, take me out with one shot

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