

Stuart Marty

"Dim Lights, Thick Smoke"

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Lester: I'll tell you what lets do. Lets do one of the real old ones here. Marty, Marty Stuart, if you will. Some of the neighbours wanted to here one, that, we recorded way back in the middle, fifties I guess it was. And of course we're always happy to try to do the numbers that you do ask for, and it's one entitled DIM LIGHTS, THICK SMOKE AND LOUD, LOUD MUSIC.

Dim lights, thick smoke, and loud, loud music
It's the only kind of life, you'll ever understand
Dim lights, thick smoke, and loud, loud music
You'll never make a wife to a home lovin' man

A home with little children, means nothin' to you
A house filled with love and a husband so true
You'd rather have a drink, with the first guy you meet
And the only home you know is the club down the street

Dim lights, thick smoke, and loud, loud music
It's the only kind of life, you'll ever understand
Dim lights, thick smoke, and loud, loud music
You'll never make a wife to a home lovin' man
A-drinkin' and a-dancin', to a Honky-Tonk band
Is the only kind of life, you will ever understand
Go on and have your fun, you think you played it smart
But I'm sorry for you, in your Honky-Tonk heart

Dim lights, thick smoke, and loud, loud music
It's the only kind of life, you'll ever understand
Dim lights, thick smoke, and loud, loud music
You'll never make a wife to a home lovin' man

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