

Tom T. Hall

"Brand New Bartender"

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(Tom T. Hall)

Boys we got us a brand new bartender
She's as innocent as a fly in the ole beer
Why I'm just killin' the blues with the happy hour twos
And she don't know how often we come in here.

Oh it's easy to mix for the hungover sick
Boy the same ole sorry lot
We got us a brand new bartender boys
And she don't know a saint from a sot.

She fits good in her little black britches
Lard she ain't heard no trouble till now
She ain't heard no lines of the down and out kind
And she got big innocent eyes like a cow.

She'll be sorry she came when the halls and the lame
And the crazy drift into this place
We got us a brand new bartender boys
And she's still got a smile on her face.

--- Instrumental ---

She's from somewhere way out in the country
She came in on a big Trailways Bus
Aw she ain't got a clue bout the boys and the blues
She's thinking that she's ready for us.

Well Lard there ain't no excuse for the folks they turn
loose
And send them all down to this place
Aw we got us a brand new bartender boys
And she's still got a smile on her face.

So let's drink to the last bartender boys
Or we buried her with a smile on her face...

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