

## Travis Tritt "Honky Tonk Women"

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I met a gin-soaked bar-room queen in Memphis  
She tried to take me upstairs for a ride  
She had to heave me right across her shoulder  
'Cause I just can't seem to drink you off my mind

It's the honky tonk women  
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues

I laid a divorcee in New York City  
I had to put up some kind of a fight  
The lady then she covered me in roses  
She blew my nose and then she blew my mind

It's the honky tonk women, gimme, gimme  
Gimme the honky tonk blues, alright

It's the honky tonk women  
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues

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