

# If You Want to Make Me Happy

Alan Jackson

What'll it be he asked,  
What do you need tonight  
Something cold to drown the fire,  
Something hot to stir one up  
I'll make it simple I said,  
Just two things I'll request  
That bottle by your shoulder,  
And some quarters for these dollars

Cause if you wanna make me happy  
Pour me burban on the rocks  
And play every sad song on the jukebox  
Songs of loving and leaving lying and cheating  
Songs of hurting and crying and even songs of dying  
If you wanna make me happy  
Pour me some bourbon on the rocks  
And play every sad song on the jukebox

A woman he ask,  
She left you I bet  
I've seen that look that's in your eyes  
On a many other face  
That's right I said,  
I deserved it I guess  
But it still hurts me all alone  
At night there by myself

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