

Honky Tonk Downstairs

George Jones

Well, it won't be long now
Until that 'ol sun goes down
And darkness helps me hide my shameful tears.
My wife works all night long
For a man who's halfway gone
She's the barmaid in the honky-tonk downstairs.

It's a shame she wears the name
Of a man who's locked and chained
To a bottle that's destroyin' all hopes and cares.
To the men with the hungry eyes
She works and hides her pride
She's the barmaid in the honky-tonk downstairs

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