

Down and Out

George Strait

Well I'm out on a tear 'cause she's tearing me apart.
If I look rough on the outside, you ought to see my heart.
And this look in my eyes shows beyond a doubt
That since my woman left I'm down and out.

Well I'm down at the bar, out of my mind.
Tighter than an eight-day clock with no way to unwind.
(Well) that jukebox cries the blues like it knows what I'm about.
Since my woman left I'm down and out.

Well I'm down to my last dollar, but I don't really care.
My friends have all got whiskey, and they don't mind if I share
. . .
They know how it feels to have your heart torn inside out.
Since my woman left I'm down and out.

Well I'm down at the bar, out of my mind.
Tighter than an eight-day clock with no way to unwind.
(Well) that jukebox cries the blues like it knows what I'm about.
Since my woman left I'm down and out.

Since my woman left, since my woman left,
Since my woman left I'm down and out.