

Lonely At The Top

Jamey Johnson

I was pourin' out my troubles
To a stranger in the bar
About the problems and the pressures
On a country music star

Half braggin', half complainin'
Bout the money and the fame
And just how lonely life can be
When you've made yourself a name

I said would you like a drink
He said thanks, I'll have a double
I've worked up a powerful thirst
Just listening to all your troubles
And while he makes that drink
I'll smoke one if you got 'em
It might be lonely at the top,
But its a bitch at the bottom

I left a hundred on the table
and didn't wait around for change
with my load a little lighter
and my thinking rearranged

That stranger made me realize
how thankful I should be
And if I forget I hope those words
he said I hope come back to me

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