

## Bar Room Country

John Anderson

There's a job in honky tonk on the county line  
I go to lose my sanity  
Ain't no trouble at all, there's a sign on the wall  
No guns, no profanity

And there's sweet Sue with a new tattoo  
Wearin' them low cut jeans  
Long legged babo is dancin' on the table  
Slams like the poker machine

Here comes Billy, comin' down from the hill  
Drivin' in a Coupe Deville, we're in bar room country

Bar room country, get in line  
Bar room country, leave your troubles behind  
Bar room country, come in and get right  
Every night's a Saturday night here in bar room country

So if you find yourself out on the town  
With a whole lotta nothin' to do  
They got a band with a fiddle and a steel guitar  
That plays 'til the quarter past two

You can sure get loud in a honky tonk crowd  
And nobody seems to care  
And if you get lucky you might find somethin'  
You can't find anywhere

Everyone's invited, family and friends  
Y'all get out and come on in the bar room country

Bar room country, get in line  
Bar room country, leave your troubles behind  
Bar room country, come in and get right  
Every night's a Saturday night here in bar room country

Bar room country, come in and get right  
God, every night's a Saturday night here in bar room country