

# Barney

Loretta Lynn

You can take Barney out of the bar room, but  
You can't take the bar out of Barney

Barney likes to smoke em filter-tipped cigarettes  
And if he can't get a blonde then he'll take a brunette  
And all the while he's drinking from the pop top can  
He'll be telling lies to a cute redhead

With a smile on his lips and a drink in his hand  
That's how you can always recognize my man  
Barney's plenty ugly with his eyes all red  
So bring him on a home and I'll put him to bed

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Barney wins a 'playin' with the dice that he throws  
But the one armed bandits get a lot of his dough  
To win a game of cards, well, he might have to cheat  
But he'll give it to a buddy gettin' back on his feet

Oh, that's my Barney sittin' there hardly able  
I'd reckon he can drink us all under the table  
I've seen him a lotta times high as a kite  
They put him in jail for tryin' to fight

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Come on, Barney. Let's go home!  
Barney, it's gettin' late!  
Will someone please help me get him outta here?