

Smoke Filled Bar

Moe Bandy

Smoke filled bar my guitar in my hand
The kids sure miss you and they hate the shape they'll see me in
I know I'll never love another in my time
You were my woman my inspiration my lovin' wife.

And tonight I'll sing my songs again about you
And try to face another night without you
I've tried to find someone and learn to love once more
Then I stop 'cause you knock at my mem'ry's door.

Some other bar another round and I'll get drunk again
If the party girls sing about what might have been
Do angels miss the ones they love in heaven where you are
And I'm so lonely as I play my sad guitar.

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