

Two Shots of Happy, One Shot of Sad

Nancy Sinatra

Two shots of happy
One shot of sad
You think he's no good
Well he knew he was bad
Took him to a place
Now he can't get back
Two shots of happy
One shot of sad

We walked together down a dead end street
Mixing the bitter with the sweet
Don't try to figure out what we might've had
Just two shots of happy
One shot of sad

He was a singer
Some say a sinner
Rolling the dice
Not always a winner
You said he was lucky
But hell, he made his own
Not part of the crowd
Not feeling alone

Under pressure
But not bent out of shape
Surrounded, he always found an escape
It drove him to drink
But hey, that's not all bad
Two shots of happy
One shot of sad

Yes he was greedy all of his life
Greedy with his children, his lovers, his wife
Greedy for the good things, as well as the bad
Two shots of happy
One shot of sad

Well maybe it was talk
Saloon singing
The chairs are all stacked
And the swingers stopped swinging
You said he hurt you
You put the finger on yourself
And after you did it
You ran crying for his help

Two shots of happy
One shot of sad
He's not complaining
Baby he's glad
You call it compromise
Well, what's that?
Two shots of happy
One shot of sad

Two shots of happy

And one shot of sad