

George's Bar

Pat Green

My brother and I used to go down to George's Bar
And drink big O's until they closed down the place
Talk about our lifelong ambitions
I still recall the smile upon his face

He took off for the bright lights down in Austin
Said, "Pat don't you know there ain't no money here"
Made a billion bucks, he was selling computers
Still go down to George's and drink my beer, drink my beer

And he's gone, he may be gone, but I'm still here
And he's gone, he may be gone, but I'm still here

Curly headed girl back in my seventh grade
She didn't even know she caught my eye
Dated for a while back in high school
I thought that one day she'd be my wife

The road took a turn somewhere around eighteen
She took off to find her own way, yeah
Fell in for a Nashville high roller
Know he gonna break her heart one day

She's gone, she may be gone, but I'm still here
Yes, she's gone, she may be gone, but I'm still here

Used to go to my grandpas house every Sunday
We'd watch the Dallas Cowboys on TV
Sit around sometimes and tell me stories
About how simple life used to be

My grandpa died a year ago last Sunday
Thought to myself, well, he was one helluva' man, he was a helluva' man
I know when the darkness surrounds me
He reaches out and he takes my hand, takes my hand

And he's gone, he may be gone, but I'm still here
And he's gone, he may be gone, but I'm still here
And he's gone, he may be gone, I swear to God, that he's still here

Well, I gotta go down to George's bar today
Gotta go down, I gotta go down, I gotta go down town
Said I gotta go down to George's bar today
I gotta go down to George's bar today

Gotta go down to George's bar
I gotta go down to George's bar
Gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah but I'm still here