

Smoky the Bar

Hank Thompson

Smoky The Bar lights dimly glow
It's good that way 'cause heartaches don't show
Each hand holds a glass, each glass holds a beer
Jukebox records play mid sorrow and cheer

Lots of them are happy, they laugh and tell their jokes
While lots of them are here because they're just lonely folks
And then there are others, who's hearts wear a scar
But you can't see them crying inside Smoky The Bar

Smoky The Bar lights glowing dim
They hardly notice when someone walks in
Order up your drink to the music that's loud
You'll find a friend some where in the crowd

While the ashes are falling from the smoke that you inhale
There's an old dream to recall or a new one that failed
Should a tear betray your eye, if a memory slips too far
Don't tell them that you're crying just say Smoky The Bar

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It's old Smoky The Bar