

## There's All Kinds Of Smoke (In The Barroom)

Loretta Lynn

So he told you he'd take you to California  
That he had important friends in Hollywood  
I could read between his lines as he danced with you  
I could hear him thinking, "Lord her body sure looks good"

You know there's all kinds of smoke in the barrooms  
And it can blind the minds of girls like you and me  
But when the cold hard light of day breaks on the barrooms  
The smoke's all gone and the truth is all we see

Then he told you that I was just an old friend  
And he asked you to have a few drinks at his place  
And he even had the nerve to call it business  
And that's the same old smoke he once blew in my face

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But when the cold hard light of day breaks on the barrooms  
The smoke's all gone and the truth is all we see