

## 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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