

## 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