

James Taylor, Bartender's Blues

Now I'm just a bartender, and I don't like my work, but I don't mind the money at all.
I see lots of sad faces and lots of bad cases of folks with their backs to the wall.
But I need four walls around me to hold my life, to keep me from going astray,
and a honky-tonk angel to hold me tight to keep me from slipping away.

I can light up your smokes, I can laugh at your jokes,
I can watch you fall down on your knees.
I can close down this bar, I can gas up my car, I can pack up and mail in my key.
But I need four walls around me to hold my life, to keep me from going astray,
and a honky-tonk angel to hold me tight to keep me from slipping away.

Now, the smoke fills the air in this honky-tonk bar
and I'm thinking 'bout where I'd rather be.
But I burned all my bridges, I sank all my ships and I'm stranded at the edge of the sea.
But I need four walls around me to hold my life, to keep me from going astray,
and a honky-tonk angel to hold me tight to keep me from slipping away.