

Tom T. Hall, Beer Drinker's Waltz

The band played and everyone talked
Through the plain old beer drinker's waltz.

Well, they sweated and swore, and they spit on the floor
Where the cigarette butts were all thrown
They wrote on the wall and hid out from the law
And the whole gang was drunk-drivin' home.

(refrain)

Some little snuff queen who was barely sixteen
Played an out of tune yamaha guitar
Some old boy named wink who brought his own drinks
Had his fiddle stoled out of his car.

(refrain)

The man tendin' bar told the boy on guitar
He was a-drinkin' a little too much
They announced on the mic that they left on the lights
In a dark blue chevrolet truck.

(refrain)

Well, somewhere in the heavens there's a seven-o-seven
And they're a-servin' champagne in first class
Somewhere upstairs a child says it's prayers
Oh, but downstairs they're havin' a blast.

(refrain)