

Barfly Blues

[Music: Tero Arteli Lyrics: Jouni Hellman]

All you queers and pussies why don't you take hike,  
I'm sitting at my table as long as I like,  
You bouncer at the door could you shut your face,  
Call me a cab cause I'll be leaving with glory and  
grace.

No silk or lace on these bar stools,  
and I'm sick of these honky tonk dudes,  
seeing reflection of my face from your shoes,  
boy am I stuck in this fucking barfly blues.

That pretty bitch she should have married me,  
Now she's got a hard time with kids and family,  
yes I have got this bitter barhopping shiny life,  
and maybe from the gloryhole I will find my wife.

No silk or lace on these bar stools,  
and I'm sick of these honky tonk dudes,  
seeing reflection of my face from your shoes,  
boy am I stuck in this fucking barfly blues.

Yesterday I had a rare minute of soberness,  
I thought of all the good old pals that I have less,  
Lady Luck she's really been putting me on,  
But it's the real life that screwed me upon.

No silk or lace on these bar stools,  
and I'm sick of these honky tonk dudes,  
seeing reflection of my face from your shoes,

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boy am I stuck in this fucking barfl y blues.  
Gotta get me out of this fucking barfl y blues.