

Bartender's Blues

by James Taylor (1977)

walkup (E F#m7 E/G#)

A *A7* *D* *Bm7*
Now I'm just a bartender and I don't like my work

E *E* *A* *A*
But I don't mind the money at all

A *A7* *D* *Bm7*
I see lots of sad faces and lots of bad cases

E *E* *A* *A*
Of folks with their backs to the wall

walkup (E F#m7 E/G#)

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A *A7* *D* *Bm7*
But I need four walls around me to hold my life

E *E* *A* *A*
To keep me from going a-stray

A *A7* *D* *Bm7*
And a honky-tonk angel to hold me tight

E *E* *A* *A*
To keep me from slipping away

A *A7* *D* *Bm7*
I can light up your smokes, I can laugh at your jokes

E *E* *A* *A*
I can watch you fall down on your knees

A *A7* *D* *Bm7*
I can close down this bar, I can gas up my car

E *E* *A* *A*
I can pack up and mail in my key

A *A7* *D* *Bm7*
Now, the smoke fills the air, in this honky-tonk bar

E *E* *A* *A*
And I'm thinking 'bout where I'd rather be

A *A7* *D* *Bm7*
But I burned all my bridges, I sank all my ships

E *E* *A* *A*
And I'm stranded at the edge of the sea