

## Bartender's Blues (James Taylor)

G D G D

- 1 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.

**Ch** And 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 a - way.

- 2 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  
 And I can pack up and mail in my keys.

**Ch** And 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 a - way.

- 3 Now the smoke fills the air in this honky tonk bar, an' I'm thinkin' 'bout where I'd  
 rather be; But I burned all my bridges and I sank all my ships  
 Now I'm stranded at the edge of the sea.

**Ch** And 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 a - way.

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