

G-major

"Honky Tonk Women"

I met a gin soaked, bar-room queen in Memphis
She tried to take me upstairs for a ride
She had to heave me right across her shoulder
'Cause I just can't seem to drink you off my
mind

It's the honky tonk women
That gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk
blues

I laid a divorcee in New York City
I had to put up some kind of a fight
The lady then she covered me in roses
She blew my nose and then she blew my mind

It's the honky tonk women
That gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk
blues

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