

This Body Is A Honky-Tonk

Chris Stuart

C **F**
The doors are all boarded up,
 C
Smoke still stains the walls.
 F
The dance floor is empty now,
 G
And the juke box plays no songs.
C **F**
Dusty bottles line the bar
 C
Where we poured the last round
 F
Just an old country honky-tonk,
 G **C**
That time has closed down.

*This body is a honky-tonk
Worn and battered by the years.
It's seen its share of good times,
Heartbreak and tears.
The hardest part is holding on
When you feel like letting go.
This body is a honky-tonk,
And it's time to go home.*

There's a key to the upstairs room
Where all the memories are kept.
Sometimes I like to go there,
Sometimes I try to forget.
The memories of those whiskey nights
When we laughed away the pain.
But there's nothing I can do tonight
To feel that way again.