

# Your Honky-Tonk Heart

by Con Chapman

You said you were goin' outside for a smoke.  
A half hour later I called up your folks.  
They said you weren't there and just laughed at your joke.  
And you weren't in bed when I next awoke.

I got in the car to drive around town.  
I'd find you if I had to hunt you down.  
Our life is a circus, and I play the clown.  
If I let myself cry, I'd most likely drown.



I wish I could break your honky-tonk heart  
Into little pieces and tear them apart  
Then throw them away like sharp little darts  
At the next man who falls for your honky-tonk heart.

I found you at Darrell's, the bar down the street.  
A place where loose women and tight men might meet.

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Available online at [«http://fictionaut.com/stories/con-chapman/your-honky-tonk-heart»](http://fictionaut.com/stories/con-chapman/your-honky-tonk-heart)

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I looked on the dance floor, my vision complete,  
And you there a twirlin' so light on your feet.



I said "Come on home, your babies need you."  
You said "They'll be fine, I'm losin' my blues."  
You knocked back a drink, and kicked off your shoes.  
Tomorrow the whole town will all know the news.



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