

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.

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/con-chapman/your-honky-tonk-heart>»

Copyright © 2013 Con Chapman. All rights reserved.

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.



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.

