

| His sweetie said "my dear,| |there is this place I hear, /| | I got it straight from Mose, who brings the/ clothes. ///| It's Honky Ton- /ky Town,/ down where the gals /are brown, That's where/ the/ music// grows./// ////



Verse:

| Come Honey, let's go down/ |to Honky Tonky town,/ | It's under- neath the ground,/ |where all the fun is found./ There'll be singing waiters,// singing synco- pators,/// Dancin' to pi- ano played by Mis-ter// Brown.///

|He plays pi- ano queer,/ |he only plays by ear,/ |You want to stay a year,/ |the music that you hear, would Even start a monkey/// dancing with a don-key./// Down in Honky Tonky// Town."/// ///|