

CC CC | GG GC | C | CC CC | GG GC

In the middle of the summer, (when) the sun sits high above
The whole town gathers round, and waits for the night to come
Then we put the kids to bed, kiss and hold 'em tight
Cause we're hanging onto our barstools 'til the stroke of midnight

CC GG | CC GG | CC FF | CC GC

Put on your banjo, blow on your harp,
Pick on your guitar, 'til it gets dark
Then sing me a sad song, sing me the blues
Sing me a Hank song, 'til the clock strikes two

CC CC | GG GC | C | CC CC | GG GC

Now my toes they get to tapping and my body it moves
The gamblers lamenting all the money they're 'bout to lose
The bullfrogs are croaking underneath that floor
We'll dance 'til our feet fall off or the clock strikes four

CC GG | CC GG | CC FF | CC GC

But the ladies kept on spinning, the men they get to twirl
I'm singing the honky tonk highway, like I'm old Merle
I got no plans to leave, 'til I see sunlight
I'm dancing on a Sunday, like it's Friday night

CC CC | GG GC | C | CC CC | GG GC

I told my favorite joke, not a single person laughed
Now I'm holed up in the corner like old some day-old news that's past
As I'm packing up my guitar, about to hit the bricks
A patron turned to me, he said "buddy, it's only six"

CC GG | CC GG | CC FF | CC GC

Put on your banjo, blow on your harp,
Pick on your guitar, 'til it gets dark
Then sing me a sad song, sing me the blues
Sing me a Hank song, 'til the night is through