

I met a gin-soaked bar-room queen in Memphis  
She tried to take me upstairs for a ride  
She had to heave me right across her shoulder  
'Cause I just can't seem to drink you off my mind

(It's the honky tonk women)  
(That gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues)

I laid a divorcee in New York City  
I had to put up some kind of a fight  
The lady, then she covered me in roses  
She (Blew my nose and then she blew my mind)

(It's the honky tonk women)  
(That gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues)

[Interlude]

(It's the honky tonk women)  
(That gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues)

(It's the honky tonk women)  
(That gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues)