

# POUR ME

**Intro: Guitar riff**

Pour me, pour me, pour me, pour me another shot a whiskey  
Bartender hit me one more time  
He left, I cried, I'm lost inside, oh, won't you help me  
Fill it to the top, cause I hit rock bottom this time

Listen up now, well I don't wanna listen to the old jukebox  
So don't you put no quarters in the slot  
I don't wanna talk and I don't wanna dance  
I dang sure ain't lookin' for romance  
I don't wanna hang out with the crowd  
I don't wanna party and get real loud  
Believe me when I tell ya that I thought this through  
There's only one thing that I want you to do

Pour me, pour me, pour me, pour me another shot a whiskey  
Bartender hit me one more time  
He left, I cried, I'm lost inside, oh, won't you help me  
Fill it to the top, cause I hit rock bottom this time

"Aahh, pick it boys!"

**Guitar solo 8 measures**

Ahh, let's go

**Guitar solo 8 measures**

Here's my story, it's sad, but it's true  
There's so many things that I never knew  
He loved to party and he loved to dance  
He loved to get loud every time he had the chance  
I always thought he was a simple minded Okie  
But little did I know, he was the king of karaoke  
He was everything that a man should be  
Problem was that it wasn't with me

Pour me, pour me, pour me, pour me another shot a whiskey  
Bartender hit me one more time  
He left, I cried, I'm lost inside, oh, won't you help me  
Fill it to the top, cause I hit rock bottom this time

Oh, won't you fill it to the top, cause I hit rock bottom this time  
Ooo, one more, fill it to the top, cause I hit rock bottom this time  
Pour me, pour me, pour me, pour me