

Barstool Cinderella

Written and Composed By: Anthony Holloway

Verse

Tuesday nights, she rolls in slow
She waves at folks she used to know
Small-town queen in a smoky room
The whole place knows what happens soon

Pre-Chorus

She's got that fire still in her eyes
But she's dressing up a long goodbye

Chorus

Couple whiskeys, she starts to loose
From a light beer to that ninety proof
Every cowboy wants to take her home
Till she reminds them she's better alone
Best of luck to the next poor fella
Falling for this Barstool Cinderella

Verse

She used to be the first one gone
Now she's pinned there till the lights come on
She's burning through the closing time
Trying to drink him off her mind

Pre-Chorus

The bartender pours before she asks
Knowing well that this feeling won't last

Chorus

Feeding quarters through the old jukebox
She hasn't danced since nine o'clock
She watches every pair of boots walk in
Takes a heavy sip when it isn't him
Best of luck to the next poor fella
Falling for this Barstool Cinderella

Bridge

That day she waited in a dress of white
He never showed to change her life
Now there's one high heel under that stool
Looking like midnight came way too soon

Chorus

They're stacking chairs, the final call is done
She slides that shoe on, drinks the final one
Bartender asks, "Same time next week?"
She just smiles and says, "Don't wait on me"
Best of luck to the next poor fella
Falling for this Barstool Cinderella