

Alan Jackson, If You Want To Make Me Happy

What'll it be he asked,
What do you need tonight
Something cold to drown the fire,
Something hot to stir one up
I'll make it simple I said,
Just two things I'll request
That bottle by your shoulder,
And some quarters for these dollars
[CHORUS]
Cause if you wanna make me happy
Pour me burban on the rocks
And play every sad song on the jukebox
Songs of loving and leaving lying and cheating
Songs of hurting and crying and even songs of dying
If you wanna make me happy
Pour me some bourbon on the rocks
And play every sad song on the jukebox
A woman he ask,
She left you I bet
I've seen that look that's in your eyes
On a many other face
That's right I said,
I deserved it I guess
But it still hurts me all alone
At night there by myself
[CHORUS]
If you wanna make me happy
Pour me some bourbon on the rocks
And play every sad song on the jukebox