

# Nothing Fancy

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There's a bar in northern Michigan  
Where we summered in my youth  
Drank our beer and smoked our cigarettes  
At the back in a wooden booth  
Ordered burgers from the kitchen  
Pickled sausage from a jar  
Served up by Mrs. Whatsername  
Who worked behind the bar.

A lit-up jukebox in the corner  
Played old rock and country songs  
Just a nickel bought a heartbreak  
From Hank Williams or Dion  
Days off, we'd meet our girlfriends  
And maybe shoot some pool  
While the old guys traded stories  
Each a king on a tall bar stool.

I remember lots of happy times  
A few sad ones, I'll admit  
I'd give anything to go back again  
Find that old booth and just sit  
Right down and order up  
An ice cold glass of beer  
See my friends and sing our song  
"We're here because we're here."

It was a roadhouse, tavern, bar, saloon  
Neon, plastic, wood, and chrome—  
The sign outside said, "Dew Drop Inn"  
And it always felt like home  
It wasn't cool, it wasn't pretty  
Did its job without a fuss  
"Come in, sit down, have a beer"—  
Nothing fancy, just like us.