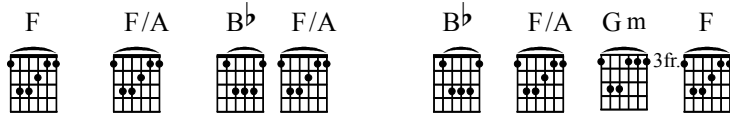
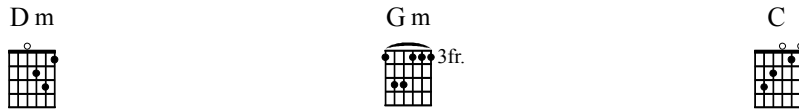


Molly's Bar and Grill

words and music by
Vic Michener and Rick Paul



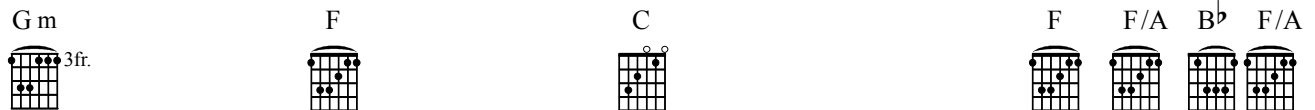
It blows in the door, then it's mud on the floor. — Oh, the snow just fits right in — with a



white tree from Sears, and Christ-mas cheer — that's run-ning kind of thin. — Yeah, there's



mis - tle - toe, — but it's hung to low, be - sides — she's not here. So I



take a stool, — pre-tend I'm cool, — ask Mol-ly for a beer. — Some-where out there