

Third Rate Romance

Sitting at a tiny table in a ritzy restaurant
She was staring at her coffee cup
He was trying to keep his courage up by applyin' booze

The talk was small when they talked at all
They both knew what they wanted
There was no need to talk about it
They were old enough to scope it out and keep it loose.

She said, "You don't look like my type, but I guess you'll do."
Third rate romance, low rent rendezvous

& he said, "I'll even tell you that I love you, if you want me to."
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Instrumental

When they left the bar, they got in his car, & they drove away
He drove to the family inn
She didn't even have to pretend she didn't know what for

Then he went to the desk and made his request
while she waited outside
Then he came back with the key and she said
"Give it to me and I'll unlock the door."

She kept sayin',
"I've never done this kind of thing before, have you."
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And he said, "Yes I have, but only a time or two"
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