

# Napkin

Clay Walker

I said I got a chair with your name on it right there  
By the way girl, what's your name?  
There's an empty glass hangin' up on the bar rack  
Girl tell me what's your drink

I was tryin' to think real fast  
Tryin' to get your attention before you walked right past  
It might have been a little old school  
But I said the first thing on my mind

Here's a pen for the napkin  
Napkin for the number  
Number for the call girl  
I don't wanna wonder  
What I'd be missing on  
If you kept walkin' on

So how 'bout a chance girl  
How 'bout a dance girl  
Got my lips sayin' things I don't understand girl  
Then you looked down at the napkin  
And handed me your phone and started laughin'

I put my number in  
Then you said you gotta roll with your friends  
But maybe we could do us a shot  
Tell me 'bout yourself  
Maybe somethin' else  
Yeah I might never would have thought

And then the speakers started blarin' that song  
You grabbed my hand and said "boy, now it's on"  
And I was thinkin' "Thank God"  
That I had that stupid-ass pickup line

Here's a pen for the napkin  
Napkin for the number  
Number for the call girl  
I don't wanna wonder  
What I'd be missing on  
If you kept walkin' on  
So how 'bout a chance girl  
How 'bout a dance girl  
You got my lips sayin' things I don't understand girl  
You said one dance is all that's happenin'  
I spun you around, we started laughin', yeah

I was tryin' to think real fast  
Tryin' to get your attention before you walked right past  
It might have been a little old school  
Oh, oh-oh-oh-oh

Here's a pen for the napkin  
Napkin for the number  
Number for the call girl  
I don't wanna wonder  
What I'd be missing on

If you kept walkin' on  
So how 'bout a chance girl  
How 'bout a dance girl  
You got my lips sayin' things I don't understand girl  
You looked down at the napkin  
And now we're lookin' back and still laughin'