

## Atlanta Song

David Allan Coe

I met her in Atlanta  
She was a-dancing in a cafe  
With a price tag on her body  
And a tombstone in her eye  
You could tell she was not happy  
By the way she kept on staring  
Past the other side of nowhere  
At a man she'd like to try

And the make-up she had painted  
Could not hide the youthful motions  
Of her body  
From the music or the crowd  
I stared like all others  
With my right hand in my pocket  
While she showed us  
Everything the law allowed

Twenty bucks an hour later  
My one-bedroom apartment  
I was feeling weak  
From all the seeds I'd sown  
She was sweet, she was gentle  
As she introduced my body  
To some pleasures  
It had never ever known

When I woke up in the morning  
She was a-laying there beside me  
Like a kitten  
With her face turned to the sun  
And a look of satisfaction  
On her lips that made me wonder  
If she ever felt ashamed  
Of what we'd done

So I left her in atlanta  
She was a-dancing in cafe  
With a price tag on her body  
And a toimestone in her eye  
And I guess she still ain't happy  
By the way she keeps on staring  
Past the other side of nowhere