The Torch Singer

The night club was burning From the torch singer's song And the sweat was floodin' her eyes The catwalk squeaked 'Neath the bartender's feet And the smoke was too heavy to rise

She sang of the love that I left her And of the woman that she'll never be Made me feel like the buck and a quarter That I paid 'em to listen and see I paid 'em to listen and see

I was born down in Kansas 'Neath the October sky Work the day shift from seven to three And the only relief that I receive Is nearer my God to Thee

She constantly throws me off timing Leaves me standing both naked and bare Makes me feel like the Sunday funnies After everything's gone off the air Everything's gone off the air

I picked through the ashes Of the torch singer's song And I ordered my money a round For whiskey and pain Both taste the same During the time they go down

She sang of the love that I left her And of the woman that she'll never be Made me feel like the buck and a quarter That I paid 'em to listen and see I paid 'em to listen and see John Prine