

Aphrodisiac

Loudon Wainwright III

He was checking her out at the sound check
She was sounding and looking real good
Kind of a cross between Edith Piaf
And little Red Riding Hood

She was young enough to be his daughter
And old enough to have been around
Good enough to blow him off of that stage
And good enough to bring her house down

He said, "you must be my opening act"
She said, "I've heard a lot about you"
They made small talk about her direct box
And all those record company blues

She must have gotten her dress sense from outta some comic book
He could see that she was ambitious
Underneath her waif-like look

On the show-biz merry-go-round
It's so hard to snag the reigns
But there she was just starting out
A future next-big-thing

She was bound to be a critic's darling
So you knew what she was gonna go through
At first it feels like the tunnel of love
But it can turn on you

And then you're running a gauntlet
That can seem like a marathon
The next thing you're having your first come back
And you're wondering where you gone

Well he didn't need a protege
He'd seen a star is born
But he was sorely tempted
More than slightly torn

That night she got three encores
And he got one
But he took two
They had dinner back at his hotel and
Breakfast in bed too

You know talent is an aphrodisiac
And no they don't stock it on the shelves
And they say that opposites attract
But some people just love themselves

They said good-bye in the lobby
A one-night-stand had been enough
He felt a little bit tender
She'd been a little bit rough

It hadn't been lust
It wasn't real love

They weren't even hardly lonely
It was more like looking for something he'd lost
And her morbid curiosity

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