

Third Rate Romance

Roy Drusky

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 applying booze
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"

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He said, "I'll even tell you that I love you if you want me to"
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They left the bar, they got in his car and they drove away
They drove to the Family Inn
She didn't even have to pretend, she didn't know what for
He went to the desk and made his request while she waited outside
He came back with the key
She said, "Give it to me and I'll unlock the door"
She kept saying, "I've never really done
This kind of thing before, have you?"

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He said, "Yes I have but only a time or two"
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