

THIRD RATE ROMANCE

Sittin' in a tiny table in a ritzy restaurant She
was starin' at her coffee cup He was tryin' to
keep his courage up By applyin' booze

And 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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And he said, "I'll even tell you that I love you
If you want me to"
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When they left the bar They got
in his car And they drove away
He drove to the family inn She
didn't even have to pretend She
didn't know what for

And he went to the desk And
made his request While she
waited outside Then 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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And he said, "Yes I have
But only a time or two"
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