

Silver Date

Ultimate Fakebook

No, I don't, I tell her tongue
I tell her, still I drink it all
Now my head's so silver numb
I guess, she's crystal clear'Cause she's all a blur
Playing quarter songs
She keeps her eyes
At the jukebox on the needle 'til it fallsSummer doll, my will's so low
See her laughing on her own
See her dancing all alone, again
Tell my thoughts I will go home
Singing like a drunken dove
Dreaming like a bum in love againSomewhere down her silver song
I saw her turn and gently gaze around
My dumb eyes caught hers on me
Then she turned her heelsWe'll never go
'Cause we couldn't talk
This silver date
Slips into the somber waitress' last callSummer doll, my will's so low
See her laughing on her own
See her dancing all alone, again
Tell my thoughts I will go home
Singing like a drunken dove
Dreaming like a bum in loveSinging like a drunken dove
Dreaming like a bum in love
See her dancing all alone
See her dancing all alone

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