

# Tip Jar

## Frankie Ballard

Me and the boys, we played every frat house and dive  
We rocked the Razorbacks, the Vols and the Crimson Tide  
We were down and destined when she walked up to the stage  
Dropped a note in the tip jar, blew a kiss and walked away

I counted two hundred dollars, one request for the Grateful Dead  
A couple bottle caps, a business card, and a perfume note that said:

"I love hurricanes and long-necks, and guitars cranked up on ten  
Waking up with the sunset, and hanging here at the Hog's Breath  
Lighters raised up in the smoke rings, the sunburn on some new ink  
I'm hearing Drift Away while you sing, and kissing beneath the stars"  
Oh man, you find all kind of things in a tip jar

I held her that summer, living on borrowed time  
Cause once September comes, everybody says goodbye  
Now it's the last show and here she comes to the stage  
Dropped a snapshot in the tip jar, blew a kiss and walked away

I counted five hundred dollars, one request for the Grateful Dead  
And a picture of her with those long tan legs, and on the back it said:

"I love hurricanes and long-necks, and guitars cranked up on ten  
Waking up with you at sunset, and hanging here at the Hog's Breath  
Lighters raised up in the smoke rings, the sunburn on some new ink  
I'm hearing Drift Away while you sing, baby, take care of my heart"  
Man, you find all kind of things in a tip jar

I see lighters raised in the smoke rings, and sunburn on some new ink  
I'm playing Drift Away but I can't sing, as she slips off into the dark  
Man, you find all kind of things in a tip jar  
Yeah, you find all kind of things in a tip jar

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