

Sonja

[Lyle Lovett](#)

I've never been lucky, at pickin' up women
This life that I live is not one that I choose
She was a waitress, with hair blond and curly
With a pretty black dress, and those Japanese shoes
Man I need to impress her, 'cause I'd like to undress her
I need a song about Sonja, when I'm singing tonight
But she looked so pretty, as she poured my coffee
But she had her eye on my friend at the bar
And I watched her watch him, and I watched her thinkin'
I wish her eye was on me
Man I need to impress her, 'cause I'd like to undress her
I need a song about Sonja, when I'm singing tonight
And if I could sing her a tender love ballad
I'd hope that the audience might sing along
But I can't find the right way, to tell her my feelings
And still make the words rhyme with Sonja
No I've never been so lucky, at pickin' up women
But this life that I live is not one that I choose
And she was a waitress, now she's gone forever
And I'm stuck with this song that I never will use
Man you need to impress her, if you want to undress her
Sing a song about Sonja, when you're singing tonight
Sing a song about Sonja, when you're singing tonight

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