

# Sonja

## Dead Raven Choir

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 shoesMan I need to impress her, 'cause I'd like to undress her

I need a song about Sonja, when I'm singing tonightBut 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 meMan I need to impress her, 'cause I'd like to undress her

I need a song about Sonja, when I'm singing tonightAnd 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 SonjaNo I've never been 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 useMan 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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