

Different Currency

Bill Morrissey

She took off her apron and joined him in the booth
This wasn't any time in her life to be held back by the truth
He picked up his napkin and wiped it cross his mouth
And she'd have done just about anything that night
To get that ride down south

He told her his name, and then she made up one
That didn't match her nametag and never realized what she'd done
He said "It's two days to Atlanta if I push it hard each day."
She said "I don't have much money."
He said "You won't have to pay."

She knew strangers don't do favors and nothing comes for free
You've got to pay for everything, it's just with different currency
He asked "How soon can you leave?"
She said "I don't have much to pack."
He said "I'll meet you in my Chevrolet
I'm parked around the back."

The sidewalk was still glassy from the afternoon's ice storm
And it took her just a second to shed her waitress uniform
She left it on the floor, packed some jewelry and some clothes
Always leaves something behind her no matter where she goes

There was the car just like he said, shining in the light
She could see his silhouette behind the wheel and everything looked alright
There's only so much snow and cold you can take, so many strangers' eyes
Until you have to get yourself back home and fill your family full of lies

He wasn't much to look at but she didn't really care
She was pretty sure his car was good enough to her all the way down there
She leaned back in her seat, just another bird on the wing
He said "You know this ride's a trade-off?"
She said "Yeah, isn't everything?"

Lyrics submitted by Flower Pots.

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