

Whiskey & Gin

Dance Hall Crashers

In the back room of the bar, crusty fingernails I saw him
Everything was hidden by all the greasy hair he was in
Never looking up, he seemed so sad I tried to offer him
My shot of whiskey but he said I only drink gin
We sat there quietly purposely ignoring the room
He smiled whistfully, his shirt was dirty and torn
Everlasting glances like open-ended chances
But he stole my heart when he ordered a double for me
In the back room of the bar
In the back room of the bar
We made a great couple me and him
Cause I drink whiskey and he only ever drinks gin
Well that's the way it is with him
Went to the ladies room, when I returned to my chair
His hands were in my bad, red-handed guilt everywhere
Took out a photo of an old Romeo
Threw it over his shoulder and rested his hand on my knee
We played these games where we go through the whole alphabet
He's have an Adam & Eve and I had a Dixie Julep
Went through an Artillery, Caruso, and a Diamond Fizz
Fallen Angel, Green Dragon, ending with a kiss in the dark
In the back room of the bar
In the back room of the bar
We made a great couple me and him
Cause I drink whiskey and he only ever drinks gin
Last call came right at one, glasses were empty and dry
We got our second wind but all we had was a dime
Didn't even seem to care, the bartender unaware
We jumped over the counter, took off with our hands full of booze
In the back room of the bar
In the back room of the bar
We made a great couple me and him
Cause I drink whiskey and he only ever drinks
In the back room of the bar
In the back room of the bar
We made a great couple me and him
Cause I drink whiskey and he only ever drinks gin
He only drinks gin

Songwriters

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