

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 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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