

# 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?"

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Lyrics submitted by Flower Pots.

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