

Third Rate Romance

David Hartley

Sittin' in a tiny table in a ritzy restaurant
She was starin' at her coffee cup
He was tryin' to keep his courage up
By applyin' booze
And talk was small when they talked at all
They both knew what they wanted
There was no need to talk about it
They were old enough to scope it out and keep it loose
She said, "You don't look like my type
But I guess you'll do"
Third rate romance, low rent rendezvous
And he said, "I'll even tell you that I love you if you want me to"
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When they left the bar they got in his car
And they drove away
He drove to the Family Inn
She didn't even have to pretend, she didn't know what for
Then he went to the desk and made his request
While she waited outside
Then he came back with the key
And she said, "Give it to me and I'll unlock the door"
She kept saying
"I've never really done this kind of thing before, have you?"
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And he said, "Yes I have but only a time or two"
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