

# Third Rate Romance

## Sammy Kershaw

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

And he went to the desk  
And made his request  
While she waited outside  
Then he came back with the key  
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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