The Torch Singer

John Prine

The night club was burning
From the torch singer's song
And the sweat was floodin' her eyes
The catwalk squeaked 'neath the bartender's feet
And the smoke was too heavy to rise
She sang of the love that left her
And of the woman that she'll never be
Made me feel like the buck and a quarter
That I paid 'em to listen and see
I paid 'em to listen and see
I was born down in Kansas
'Neath the October sky
Work the day shift from seven to three
And the only relief that I receive
Is nearer my God to Thee

She constantly throws me off timing
Leaves me standing both naked and bare
Makes me feel like the Sunday funnies
After every thing's gone off the air
Every thing's gone off the air
Picked through the ashes
Of the torch singer's song
And I ordered my money around
For whiskey and pain both taste the same
During the time they go down
She sang of the love that left her
And of the woman that she'll never be
Made me feel like the buck and a quarter
That I paid 'em to listen and see
I paid 'em to listen and see

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