

# Singles Bar (Berlin Demo)

**Tracey Thorn**

Is there room for one more at the single's bar?  
Have been working up the courage all year?  
I pull off my ring as I push my way in  
Won't be needing it here Can you guess my age in this life?  
Who'll be taking me home tonight? So pour me one more at the single's bar  
To numb all the pain I've endured  
I lay on my back for a Hollywood wax  
I'm stripped and I'm French manicured Can you guess my age in these jeans?  
Can you tell me what any of this means? I'm not a teenager anymore  
I wish you'd help me out of this mess  
I wish you'd help me out of this dress  
And let it fall down to the floor  
Oh, I want more  
What I came here for I'm back here once more at the single's bar  
It's become my regular haunt  
I think I'm resigned to take what I find  
I can't get what I want And can you tell how long I've been here?  
Can you smell the fear?

Songwriters

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